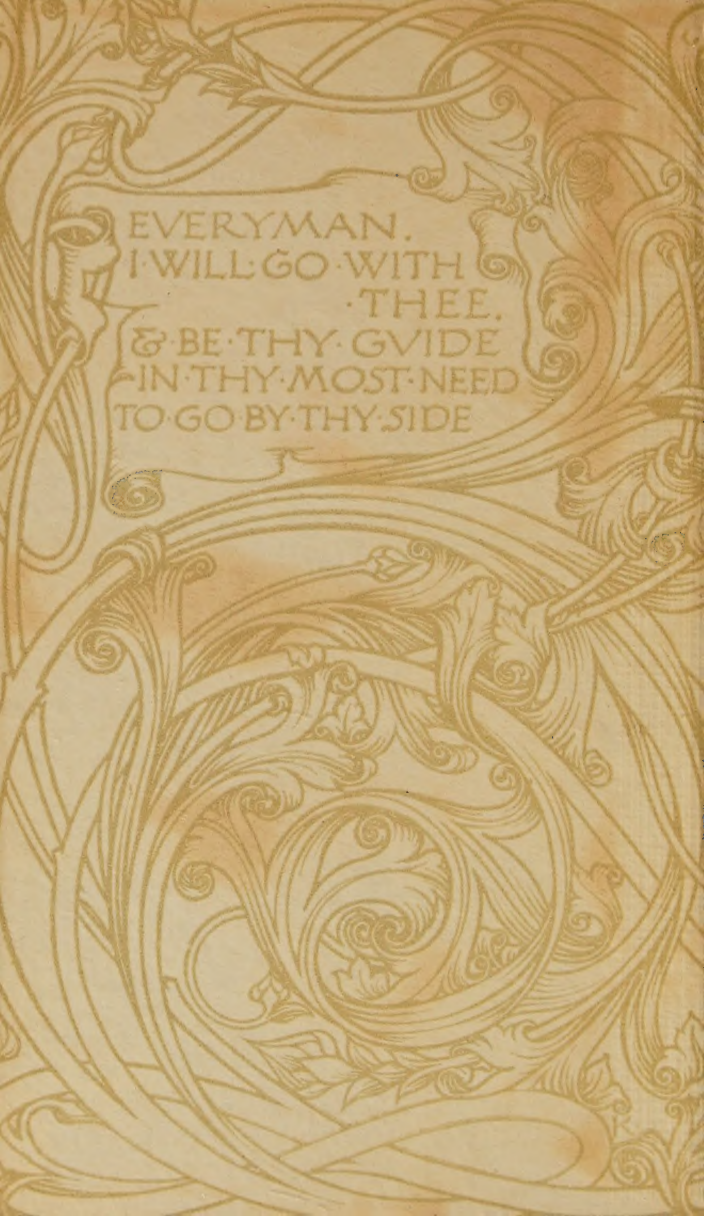

EVERYMAN.
I WILL GO WITH
THEE.
& BE THY GVIDE
IN THY MOST NEED
TO GO BY THY SIDE

280.

EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY
EDITED BY ERNEST RHYS

CLASSICAL

THE AENEID OF VIRGIL

THE PUBLISHERS OF *EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY* WILL BE PLEASED TO SEND FREELY TO ALL APPLICANTS A LIST OF THE PUBLISHED AND PROJECTED VOLUMES TO BE COMPRISED UNDER THE FOLLOWING THIRTEEN HEADINGS:

TRAVEL ❦ SCIENCE ❦ FICTION
THEOLOGY & PHILOSOPHY
HISTORY ❦ CLASSICAL
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE
ESSAYS ❦ ORATORY
POETRY & DRAMA
BIOGRAPHY
REFERENCE
ROMANCE

IN FOUR STYLES OF BINDING: CLOTH, FLAT BACK, COLOURED TOP; LEATHER, ROUND CORNERS, GILT TOP; LIBRARY BINDING IN CLOTH, & QUARTER PIGSKIN

LONDON: J. M. DENT & SONS, LTD.
NEW YORK: E. P. DUTTON & CO.

THE
SAGES
OF OLD
LIVE
AGAIN
IN US
GLANVILL

The ÆNEID OF VIRGIL TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE BY E·FAIRFAX-TAYLOR

53.15.8.

LONDON: PUBLISHED by J·M·DENT·&·SONS·LTD AND IN NEW YORK BY E·P·DUTTON&CO

First issue of this Edition 1907.
Reprinted 1910.

INTRODUCTION

VIRGIL—PUBLIUS VERGILIUS MARO—was born at Andes near Mantua, in the year 70 B.C. His life was uneventful, though he lived in stirring times, and he passed by far the greater part of it in reading his books and writing his poems, undisturbed by the fierce civil strife which continued to rage throughout the Roman Empire, until Octavian, who afterwards became the Emperor Augustus, defeated Antony at the battle of Actium. Though his father was a man of humble origin, Virgil received an excellent education, first at Cremona and Milan, and afterwards at Rome. He was intimate with all the distinguished men of his time, and a personal friend of the Emperor. After the publication of his second work, the *Georgics*, he was recognized as being the greatest poet of his age, and the most striking figure in the brilliant circle of literary men, which was centred at the Court. He died at Brindisi in the spring of 19 B.C. whilst returning from a journey to Greece, leaving his greatest work, the *Aeneid*, written but unrevised. It was published by his executors, and immediately took its place as the great national Epic of the Roman people. Virgil seems to have been a man of simple, pure, and loveable character, and the references to him in the works of Horace clearly show the affection with which he was regarded by his friends.

Like every cultivated Roman of that age, Virgil was a close student of the literature and philosophy of the

Greeks, and his poems bear eloquent testimony to the profound impression made upon him by his reading of the Greek poets. His first important work, the *Eclogues*, was directly inspired by the pastoral poems of Theocritus, from whom he borrowed not only much of his imagery but even whole lines; in the *Georgics* he took as his model the *Works and Days* of Hesiod, and though in the former case it must be confessed that he suffers from the weakness inherent in all imitative poetry, in the latter he far surpasses the slow and simple verses of the Boeotian. But here we must guard ourselves against a misapprehension. We moderns look askance at the writer who borrows without acknowledgment the thoughts and phrases of his forerunners, but the Roman critics of the Augustan Age looked at the matter from a different point of view. They regarded the Greeks as having set the standard of the highest possible achievement in literature, and believed that it should be the aim of every writer to be faithful, not only to the spirit, but even to the letter of their great exemplars. Hence it was only natural that when Virgil essayed the task of writing the national Epic of his country, he should be studious to embody in his work all that was best in Greek Epic poetry.

It is difficult in criticizing Virgil to avoid comparing him to some extent with Homer. But though Virgil copied Homer freely, any comparison between them is apt to be misleading. A primitive epic, like the *Iliad* or the *Nibelungenlied*, produced by an imaginative people at an early stage in its development, telling its stories simply for the sake of story telling, cannot be judged by the same canons of criticism as a literary epic like the *Aeneid* or *Paradise Lost*, which is the work of a great poet in an

age of advanced culture, and sets forth a great idea in a narrative form. The Greek writer to whom Virgil owes most perhaps, is Apollonius of Rhodes, from whose *Argonautica* he borrowed the love interest of the *Aeneid*. And though the Roman is a far greater poet, in this instance the advantage is by no means on his side, for, as Professor Gilbert Murray has so well said, 'the Medea and Jason of the *Argonautica* are at once more interesting and more natural than their copies, the Dido and Aeneas of the *Aeneid*. The wild love of the witch-maiden sits curiously on the queen and organizer of industrial Carthage; and the two qualities which form an essential part of Jason—the weakness which makes him a traitor, and the deliberate gentleness which contrasts him with Medea—seem incongruous in the father of Rome.' But though Virgil turned to the Greek epics for the general framework and many of the details of his poem, he always remains master of his materials, and stamps them with the impress of his own genius. The spirit which inspires the *Aeneid* is wholly Roman, and the deep faith in the National Destiny, and stern sense of duty to which it gives expression, its profoundly religious character and stately and melodious verse, have always caused it to be recognized as the loftiest expression of the dignity and greatness of Rome at her best. But the sympathetic reader will be conscious of a deeper and more abiding charm in the poetry of Virgil. Even in his most splendid passages his verses thrill us with a strange pathos, and his sensitiveness to unseen things—things beautiful and sad—has caused a great writer, himself a master of English prose, to speak of 'his single words and phrases, his pathetic half lines, giving utterance as the voice of Nature herself to that pain

and weariness, yet hope of better things, which is the experience of her children in every age.'

The task of translating such a writer at all adequately may well seem to be an almost impossible one; and how far any of the numerous attempts to do so have succeeded, is a difficult question. For not only does the stated ideal at which the translator should aim, vary with each generation, but perhaps no two lovers of Virgil would agree at any period as to what this ideal should be. Two general principles stand out from the mass of conflicting views on this point. The translation should read as though it were an original poem, and it should produce on the modern reader as far as possible the same effect as the original produced on Virgil's contemporaries. And here we reach the real difficulty, for the scholar who can alone judge what that effect may have been, is too intimate with the original to see clearly the merits of a translation, and the man who can only read the translation can form no opinion. However, it seems clear that a prose translation can never really satisfy us, because it must always be wanting in the musical quality of continuous verse. And our critical experience bears this out, since even Professor Mackail with all his literary skill and insight has failed to make his version of the *Aeneid* more than a very valuable aid to the student of the original. The meaning of the poet is fully expressed, but his music has been lost. That oft-quoted line—

'Sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt'

haunts us like Tennyson's

'When unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square,'

and no prose rendering can hope to convey the poignancy and pathos of the original. The ideal translation, then, must be in verse, and perhaps the best way for us to determine which style and metre are most suited to convey to the modern reader an impression of the charm of Virgil, will be to take a brief glance at some of the best-known of the verse translations which have appeared.

The first translation of the *Aeneid* into English verse was that of Gawin Douglas, bishop of Dunkeld in Scotland, which was published in 1553. It is a spirited translation, marked by considerable native force and verisimilitude, and it was certainly unsurpassed until that of Dryden appeared. In the best passages it renders the tone and feeling of the original with extreme felicity—indeed, all but perfectly. Take for instance this passage from the Sixth Book—

'Thai walking furth fa dyrk, oneth thai wyst
Quhidder thai went, amyd dym schaddowys thar,
Quhar evir is nycht, and nevir lyght dois repar,
Throwout the waist dongion of Pluto Kyng,
Thai voyd boundis, and that gowsty ryng:
Siklyke as quha wold throw thik woddis wend
In obscure licht, quhen moyn may nocht be kenned;
As Jupiter the kyng etheryall,
With erdis skug hydis the hevynnys all
And the myrk nycht, with her vissage gray,
From every thing hes reft the hew away.'

But in spite of its merits, its dialect wearies the modern reader, and gives it an air of grotesqueness which is very alien to the spirit of the Latin. One other sixteenth-century translation deserves notice, as it was written by

one who was himself a distinguished poet; namely, the version of the second and fourth books of the *Aeneid* written by Henry, Earl of Surrey. It gained the commendation of that stern critic Ascham, who praises Surrey for avoiding rhyme, but considers that he failed to 'fully hit perfect and true versifying'; which is hardly a matter for wonder since English blank verse was then in its infancy. But it has some fine passages—notably the one which relates the death of Dido—

'As she had said, her damsell might perceue
Her with these wordes fal pearced on a sword
The blade embrued and hands besprent with gore.
The clamor rang unto the pallace toppe,
The brute ranne throughout al thastoined towne,
With wailing great, and women's shrill yelling,
The roofs gan roare, the aire resound with plaint,
As though Cartage, or thauncient town of Tyre
With prease of entred enemies swarmed full,
Or when the rage of furious flame doth take
The temples toppes, and mansions eke of men.'

Of the translations into modern English, that of Dryden may still be said to stand first, in spite of its lack of fidelity. It owes its place to its sustained vigour, and the fact that the heroic couplet is in the hands of a master. In its way nothing could be better than—

'Just in the gate, and in the jaws of hell,
Revengeful cares, and sullen sorrows dwell,
And pale diseases, and repining age—
Want, fear, and famine's unresisted rage.
Here toils and death, and death's half-brother sleep,
Forms terrible to view, their sentry keep.

With anxious pleasures of a guilty mind,
Deep frauds, before, and open force behind;
The Furies' iron beds, and strife that shakes
Her hissing tresses, and unfolds her snakes.'

But though the heroic couplet may have conveyed to Dryden's age something of the effect of the Virgilian hexameter, it does nothing of the kind to us. Probably we are prejudiced in the matter by Pope's Homer.

Professor Conington's translation certainly has spirit and energy, but he was decidedly unfortunate in his choice of a metre. To attempt to render 'the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man' by fluent octosyllabics was bound to result in incongruity, as in the following passage, where the sombre warning of the Sibyl to Aeneas becomes merely a sprightly reminder that—

'The journey down to the abyss
Is prosperous and light,
The palace gates of gloomy Dis
Stand open day and night;
But upward to retrace the way
And pass into the light of day,
There comes the stress of labour; this
May task a hero's might.'

The various attempts that have been made to translate the poem in the metre of the original have all been sad failures. And from Richard Stanyhurst, whom Thomas Nash described as treading 'a foul, lumbering, boistrous, wallowing measure, in his translation of Virgil,' down to our own time, no one has succeeded in avoiding faults of monotony and lack of poetical quality. A short extract

from Dr. Crane's translation will illustrate this very clearly—

'No species of hardships,
Longer, O maiden, arises before me as strange and unlooked for:
All things have I foreknown, and in soul have already endured them.
One special thing I crave, since here, it is said, that the gateway
Stands of the monarch infernal, and refluent Acheron's dark pool:
Let it be mine to go down to the sight and face of my cherished
Father, and teach me the way, and the sacred avenues open.'

Nor is William Morris' attempt to devise a new metre anything but disappointing. It is surprising that so delightfully endowed a poet should have so often missed the music of Virgil's verse as he has done in his translation, and the archaisms with which his work abounds, though they might be suitable in a translation of Homer, are only a source of irritation in the case of Virgil.

For the best metre to use we must look in a different direction. Virgil made use of the dactylic hexameter because it was the literary tradition of his day that epics should be written in that metre. In the same way it might be argued, the English tradition points to blank verse as the correct medium. This may be so, but its use demands that the translator should be as great a poet as Virgil. Had Tennyson ever translated the *Aeneid*,

it would doubtless have been as nearly faultless as any translation could be, as is shown by the version of Sir Theodore Martin, which owes so much of its stately charm to its close adherence to the manner of Tennyson. A typical passage is the description of Dido's love for Aeneas—

'Soothsayers, ah! how little do they know!
Of what avail are temples, vows, and prayers,
To quell a raging passion? All the while
A subtle flame is smouldering in her veins,
And in her heart a silent aching wound.

. . . . . .

Now Dido leads
Aeneas round the ramparts, to him shows
The wealth of Sidon, all the town laid out,
Begins to speak, then stops, she knows not why.
Now, as day wanes, the feast of yesterday
She gives again, again with fevered lips
Begs for the tale of Troy and all its woes,
And hangs upon his lips, who tells the tale.
Then, when the guests are gone and in her turn
The wan moon pales her light, and waning stars
Persuade to sleep, she in her empty halls
Mourns all alone, and throws herself along
The couch where he had lain: though he be gone
Far from her side, she hears and sees him still.'

Of the merits of the present translation the reader will judge for himself; but it may perhaps be said of the usual objections urged against the Spenserian stanza—that it is cumbrous and monotonous, and presents difficulties of construction—that the two former criticisms will be just

or the reverse, according to the skill of the writer, while it is quite possible that the last is really an advantage, for the intricate machinery imposes a restraint on careless or hasty composition. And finally we must turn a deaf ear, even to so high an authority as Matthew Arnold, when he says that it is not suited to the grand manner. When he said this he cannot have remembered either the lament of Florimell in the *Faerie Queene* or the conclusion of *Childe Harold*.

J. P. Maine.

Edward Fairfax Taylor, whose translation of the *Aeneid* is now published, was descended from the Taylors of Norwich, a family well known for their culture and intellectual gifts. He was the only son of John Edward Taylor, himself an accomplished German and Italian scholar, and the first translator of the *Pentamerone* into English, who lived at Weybridge near his aunt, Mrs. Sarah Austin. Brought up among books, young Taylor early showed an intense love for classical literature, and soon after going to Marlborough he began the present translation as a boy of sixteen. His admiration for Spenser led him to adopt the Spenserian stanza, and in the preface to his translation of the first two books he gives detailed reasons for considering it peculiarly well adapted for the *Aeneid*. He was a favourite pupil of the late Dr. Bradley, Dean of Westminster, at that time head-master of Marlborough, and who much wished that he should follow in the footsteps of 'that brilliant band of Marlborough men,' as they have been called, who at that time, year after year, gained the Balliol scholarship. But

circumstances made him decide otherwise, and in 1865 he passed the necessary examination for a clerkship in the House of Lords. The long vacations gave him time to continue this labour of love, and in the intervals of much other literary work, and in spite of ill health, he completed the translation of the twelve books of the *Aeneid*. He looked forward to re-editing it and bringing it out when he should have retired from his work in the House of Lords, but this day never came, and he died from heart disease in January 1902. His was a singularly charming disposition, and he was beloved by all who knew him; while the courage and patience with which he bore ever-increasing suffering, and the stoicism he showed in fulfilling his duties in the House of Lords, have left a deep impression on all his friends.

L. M.

The *Editio Princeps* of Virgil is that printed at Rome by Sweynham and Pannartz. It was not dated, but it is almost certain that it was printed before the Venice folio edition of V. de Spira, which was issued in 1470. The best modern critical editions of the text are those of Ribbeck (4 vols. 1895) and F. A. Hirtzel (*Scriptorum Classicorum Bibliotheca Oxoniensis*, 1900). Of the editions containing explanatory notes, that of Conington and Nettleship, revised by Haverfield, is the standard English commentary. That of A. Sidgwick (2 vols. Cambridge) is more elementary, but will be found valuable. Those of Kennedy (London, 1879) and of Papillon and Haigh (Oxford, 2 vols. 1890–91) may also be referred to.

Virgil was first introduced to English readers by William Caxton in 1490. But his *Eneydos* was based, not on the *Aeneid* itself, but on a French paraphrase, the *liure des eneydes*, printed at Lyons in 1483.

The best modern prose translations are those of Mackail (London, 1885) and Conington (London, 1870).

The following is a list of the more important verse translations of the *Aeneid* which have appeared. The name of the translator, and the date at which his translation appeared, are

given :—Gawin Douglas, 1553 (see Introduction, p. xi); Henry, Earl of Surrey, 1557 (Books II. and IV. only); J. Dryden, 1697; C. R. Kennedy, 1861; J. Conington, 1866; W. Morris, 1876; W. J. Thornhill, 1886; Sir Charles Bowen, 1887 (Books I.–VI. only); J. Rhoades, 1893 (Books I.–VI. only); Sir Theodore Martin, 1896 (Books I.–VI. only); T. H. D. May, 1903; E. Fairfax Taylor, 1903.

Students of Virgil would also do well to consult Sellar, *Poets of the Augustan Age* (Oxford, 1883), and Nettleship, *Introduction to the Study of Vergil*.

THE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL

BOOK ONE

Argument

Fate sends Æneas to Latium to found Rome, but Juno's hostility long delays his success (1-45). Descrying him and his Trojans in sight of Italy, she bribes Æolus to raise a storm for their destruction (46-99). The tempest (100-116). The despair of Æneas (117-126). One Trojan ship is already lost, when Neptune learns the plot and lays the storm (127-189). Æneas escapes, lands in Libya, and heartens his men (190-261). Venus appeals to Jupiter, who comforts her with assurance that Æneas shall yet be great in Italy. His son shall found Alba and his son's sons Rome. Juno shall eventually relent, and Rome under Augustus shall be empress of the world (262-351). Mercury is sent to secure from Dido, Queen of Libya, a welcome for Æneas. Æneas and Achates, while reconnoitring, meet Venus in the forest disguised as a nymph. She tells them Dido's story. Æneas in reply bewails his own troubles, but is interrupted with promises of success. Let him but persist, all will be well (352-478). Venus changes before their eyes from nymph to goddess, and vanishes before Æneas can utter his reproaches. Hidden in a magic mist, the pair approach Carthage, which they find still building. They reach the citadel unobserved, and are encouraged on seeing pictures of scenes from the Trojan war (479-576). Dido appears and takes her state. To her enter, as suppliants, Trojan leaders, whom Æneas had imagined dead. Ilioneus, their spokesman, tells the story of the storm and asks help. "If only Æneas were here!" (577-561). Dido speaks him fair and echoes his words, "If Æneas were here!" The mist scatters. Æneas appears; thanks Dido, and greets Ilioneus (662-723). Dido welcomes Æneas to Carthage and prepares a festival in his honour. Æneas sends Achates to summon his son and bring gifts for Dido (724-774). Cupid, persuaded by Venus to personate Ascanius and inspire Dido with love for Æneas, comes with the gifts to Dido's palace, while Ascanius is carried away to Idalia. The night is passed in feasting. After the feast Iopas sings the wonders of the firmament, and Dido, bewitched by Cupid, begs Æneas to tell the whole story of his adventures (775-891).

I. Of arms I sing, and of the man, whom Fate
First drove from Troy to the Lavinian shore.
Full many an evil, through the mindful hate
Of cruel Juno, from the gods he bore,
Much tost on earth and ocean, yea, and more
In war enduring, ere he built a home,
And his loved household-deities brought o'er
To Latium, whence the Latin people come,
Whence rose the Alban sires, and walls of lofty Rome.

II. O Muse, assist me and inspire my song,
The various causes and the crimes relate,
For what affronted majesty, what wrong
To injured Godhead, what offence so great
Heaven's Queen resenting, with remorseless hate,
Could one renowned for piety compel
To brave such troubles, and endure the weight
Of toils so many and so huge. O tell
How can in heavenly minds such fierce resentment dwell?

III. There stood a city, fronting far away
The mouths of Tiber and Italia's shore,
A Tyrian settlement of olden day,
Rich in all wealth, and trained to war's rough lore,
Carthage the name, by Juno loved before
All places, even Samos. Here were shown
Her arms, and here her chariot; evermore
E'en then this land she cherished as her own,
And here, should Fate permit, had planned a world-wide throne

IV. But she had heard, how men of Trojan seed
Those Tyrian towers should level, how again
From these in time a nation should proceed,
Wide-ruling, tyrannous in war, the bane
(So Fate was working) of the Libyan reign.
This feared she, mindful of the war beside
Waged for her Argives on the Trojan plain;
Nor even yet had from her memory died
The causes of her wrath, the pangs of wounded pride,—

v. The choice of Paris, and her charms disdained,
The hateful race, the lawless honours ta'en
By ravished Ganymede—these wrongs remained.
So fired with rage, the Trojans' scanty train
By fierce Achilles and the Greeks unslain
She barred from Latium, and in evil strait
For many a year, on many a distant main
They wandered, homeless outcasts, tost by Fate;
So huge, so hard the task to found the Roman state.

vi. Scarce out of sight of Sicily, they set
Their sails to sea, and merrily ploughed the main,
With brazen beaks, when Juno, harbouring yet
Within her breast the ever-rankling pain,
Mused thus: "Must I then from the work refrain,
Nor keep this Trojan from the Latin throne,
Baffled, forsooth, because the Fates constrain?
Could Pallas burn the Grecian fleet, and drown
Their crews, for one man's crime, Oileus' frenzied son?

vii. "She, hurling Jove's winged lightning, stirred the deep
And strewed the ships. Him, from his riven breast
The flames outgasping, with a whirlwind's sweep
She caught and fixed upon a rock's sharp crest.
But I, who walk the Queen of Heaven confessed,
Jove's sister-spouse, shall I forevermore
With one poor tribe keep warring without rest?
Who then henceforth shall Juno's power adore?
Who then her fanes frequent, her deity implore?"

viii. Such thoughts revolving in her fiery mind,
Straightway the Goddess to Æolia passed,
The storm-clouds' birthplace, big with blustering wind.
Here Æolus within a dungeon vast
The sounding tempest and the struggling blast
Bends to his sway and bridles them with chains.
They, in the rock reverberant held fast,
Moan at the doors. Here, throned aloft, he reigns;
His sceptre calms their rage, their violence restrains:

IX. Else earth and sea and all the firmament
The winds together through the void would sweep.
But, fearing this, the Sire omnipotent
Hath buried them in caverns dark and deep,
And o'er them piled huge mountains in a heap,
And set withal a monarch, there to reign,
By compact taught at his command to keep
Strict watch, and tighten or relax the rein.
Him now Saturnia sought, and thus in lowly strain:

X. "O Æolus, for Jove, of human kind
And Gods the sovran Sire, hath given to thee
To lull the waves and lift them with the wind,
A hateful people, enemies to me,
Their ships are steering o'er the Tuscan sea,
Bearing their Troy and vanquished gods away
To Italy. Go, set the storm-winds free,
And sink their ships or scatter them astray,
And strew their corpses forth, to weltering waves a prey.

XI. "Twice seven nymphs have I, beautiful to see;
One, Deiopeia, fairest of the fair,
In lasting wedlock will I link to thee,
Thy life-long years for such deserts to share,
And make thee parent of an offspring fair."—
"Speak, Queen," he answered, "to obey is mine.
To thee I owe this sceptre and whate'er
Of realm is here; thou makest Jove benign,
Thou giv'st to rule the storms and sit at feasts divine."

XII. So spake the God and with her hest complied,
And turned the massive sceptre in his hand
And pushed the hollow mountain on its side.
Out rushed the winds, like soldiers in a band,
In wedged array, and, whirling, scour the land.
East, West and squally South-west, with a roar,
Swoop down on Ocean, and the surf and sand
Mix in dark eddies, and the watery floor
Heave from its depths, and roll huge billows to the shore.

xiii. Then come the creak of cables and the cries
Of seamen. Clouds the darkened heavens have drowned,
And snatched the daylight from the Trojans' eyes.
Black night broods on the waters; all around
From pole to pole the rattling peals resound
And frequent flashes light the lurid air.
All nature, big with instant ruin, frowned
Destruction. Then Æneas' limbs with fear
Were loosened, and he groaned and stretched his hands in prayer:

xiv. "Thrice, four times blest, who, in their fathers' face
Fell by the walls of Ilion far away!
O son of Tydeus, bravest of the race,
Why could not I have perished, too, that day
Beneath thine arm, and breathed this soul away
Far on the plains of Troy, where Hector brave
Lay, pierced by fierce Æacides, where lay
Giant Sarpedon, and swift Simois' wave
Rolls heroes, helms and shields, whelmed in one watery grave?"

xv. E'en as he cried, the hurricane from the North
Struck with a roar against the sail. Up leap
The waves to heaven; the shattered oars start forth;
Round swings the prow, and lets the waters sweep
The broadside. Onward comes a mountain heap
Of billows, gaunt, abrupt. These, horsed astride
A surge's crest, rock pendent o'er the deep;
To those the wave's huge hollow, yawning wide,
Lays bare the ground below; dark swells the sandy tide.

xvi. Three ships the South-wind catching hurls away
On hidden rocks, which (Latins from of yore
Have called them "Altars") in mid ocean lay,
A huge ridge level with the tide. Three more
Fierce Eurus from the deep sea dashed ashore
On quicks and shallows, pitiful to view,
And round them heaped the sandbanks. One, that bore
The brave Orontes and his Lycian crew,
Full in Æneas' sight a toppling wave o'erthrew.

xvii. Dashed from the tiller, down the pilot rolled.
Thrice round the billow whirled her, as she lay,
Then whelmed below. Strewn here and there behold
Arms, planks, lone swimmers in the surges grey,
And treasures snatched from Trojan homes away.
Now fail the ships wherein Achates ride
And Abas; old Aletes' bark gives way,
And brave Ilioneus'. Each loosened side
Through many a gaping seam lets in the baleful tide.

xviii. Meanwhile great Neptune, sore amazed, perceived
The storm let loose, the turmoil of the sky,
And ocean from its lowest depths upheaved.
With calm brow lifted o'er the sea, his eye
Beholds Troy's navy scattered far and nigh,
And by the waves and ruining heaven oppressed
The Trojan crews. Nor failed he to espy
His sister's wiles and hatred. East and West
He summoned to his throne, and thus his wrath expressed.

xix. "What pride of birth possessed you, Earth and air
Without my leave to mingle in affray,
And raise such hubbub in my realm? Beware—
Yet first 'twere best these billows to allay.
Far other coin hereafter ye shall pay
For crimes like these. Presumptuous winds, begone,
And take your king this message, that the sway
Of Ocean and the sceptre and the throne
Fate gave to me, not him; the trident is my own.

xx. "He holds huge rocks; these, Eurus, are for thee,
There let him glory in his hall and reign,
But keep his winds close prisoners." Thus he,
And, ere his speech was ended, smoothed the main,
And chased the clouds and brought the sun again.
Triton, Cymothoe from the rock's sharp brow
Push off the vessels. Neptune plies amain
His trident-lever, lays the sandbanks low,
On light wheels shaves the deep, and calms the billowy flow.

xxi. As when in mighty multitudes bursts out
Sedition, and the wrathful rabble rave;
Rage finds them arms; stones, firebrands fly about,
Then if some statesman reverend and grave,
Stand forth conspicuous, and the tumult brave
All, hushed, attend; his guiding words restrain
Their angry wills; so sank the furious wave,
When through the clear sky looking o'er the main,
The sea-king lashed his steeds and slacked the favouring rein.

xxii. Tired out, the Trojans seek the nearest land
And turn to Libya.—In a far retreat
There lies a haven; towards the deep doth stand
An island, on whose jutting headlands beat
The broken billows, shivered into sleet.
Two towering crags, twin giants, guard the cove,
And threat the skies. The waters at their feet
Sleep hushed, and, like a curtain, frowns above,
Mixt with the glancing green, the darkness of the grove.

xxiii. Beneath a precipice, that fronts the wave,
With limpid springs inside, and many a seat
Of living marble, lies a sheltered cave,
Home of the Sea-Nymphs. In this haven sweet
Cable nor biting anchor moors the fleet.
Here with seven ships, the remnant of his band,
Æneas enters. Glad at length to greet
The welcome earth, the Trojans leap to land,
And lay their weary limbs still dripping on the sand.

xxiv. First from a flint a spark Achates drew,
And lit the leaves and dry wood heaped with care
And set the fuel flaming, as he blew.
Then, tired of toiling, from the ships they bear
The sea-spoiled corn, and Ceres' tools prepare,
And 'twixt the millstones grind the rescued grain
And roast the pounded morsels for their fare:
While up the crag Æneas climbs, to gain
Full prospect far and wide, and scan the distant main.

xxv. If aught of Phrygian biremes he discern
Antheus or Capys, tost upon the seas,
Or arms of brave Caicus high astern.
No sail, but wandering on the shore he sees
Three stags, and, grazing up the vale at ease,
The whole herd troops behind them in a row.
He stops, and from Achates hastes to seize
His chance-brought arms, the arrows and the bow,
The branching antlers smites, and lays the leader low.

xxvi. Next fall the herd; and through the leafy glade
In mingled rout he drives the scattered train,
Plying his shafts, nor stays his conquering raid
Till seven huge bodies on the ground lie slain,
The number of his vessels; then again
He seeks the crews, and gives a deer to each,
Then opes the casks, which good Acestes, fain
At parting, filled on the Trinacrian beach,
And shares the wine, and soothes their drooping hearts with speech.

xxvii. "Comrades! of ills not ignorant; far more
Than these ye suffered, and to these as well
Will Jove give ending, as he gave before.
Ye know mad Scylla, and her monsters' yell,
And the dark caverns where the Cyclops dwell.
Fear not; take heart; hereafter, it may be
These too will yield a pleasant tale to tell.
Through shifting hazards, by the Fates' decree,
To Latin shores we steer, our promised land to see.

xxviii. "There quiet settlements the Fates display,
There Troy her ruined fortunes shall repair
Bear up; reserve you for a happier day."
He spake, and heart-sick with a load of care,
Suppressed his grief, and feigned a cheerful air.
All straightway gird them to the feast. These flay
The ribs and thighs, and lay the entrails bare.
Those slice the flesh, and split the quivering prey,
And tend the fires and set the cauldrons in array.

xxix. So wine and venison, to their hearts' desire,
Refreshed their strength. And when the feast was sped,
Their missing friends in converse they require,
Doubtful to deem them, betwixt hope and dread,
Alive or out of hearing with the dead.
All mourned, but good Æneas mourned the most,
And bitter tears for Amycus he shed,
Gyas, Cloanthus, bravest of his host,
Lycus, Orontes bold, all counted with the lost.

xxx. Now came an end of mourning and of woe,
When Jove, surveying from his prospect high
Shore, sail-winged sea, and peopled earth below,
Stood, musing, on the summit of the sky,
And on the Libyan kingdom fixed his eye,
To him, such cares revolving in his breast,
Her shining eyes suffused with tears, came nigh
Fair Venus, for her darling son distrest,
And thus in sorrowing tones the Sire of heaven addressed;

xxxi. "O Thou, whose nod and awful bolts attest
O'er Gods and men thine everlasting reign,
Wherein hath my Æneas so transgressed,
Wherein his Trojans, thus to mourn their slain,
Barred from the world, lest Italy they gain?
Surely from them the rolling years should see
New sons of ancient Teucer rise again,
The Romans, rulers of the land and sea.
So swar'st thou; Father, say, why changed is thy decree?

xxxii. "That word consoled me, weighing fate with fate,
For Troy's sad fall. Now Fortune, as before,
Pursues the woe-worn victims of her hate.
O when, great Monarch, shall their toil be o'er?
Safe could Antenor pass th' Illyrian shore
Through Danaan hosts, and realms Liburnian gain,
And climb Timavus and her springs explore,
Where through nine mouths, with roaring surge, the main
Bursts from the sounding rocks and deluges the plain.

xxxiii. "Yet there he built Patavium, yea, and named
The nation, and the Trojan arms laid down,
And now rests happy in the town he framed.
But we, thy progeny, to whom alone
Thy nod hath promised a celestial throne,
Our vessels lost, from Italy are barred,
O shame! and ruined for the wrath of one.
Thus, thus dost thou thy plighted word regard,
Our sceptred realms restore, our piety reward?"

xxxiv. Then Jove, soft-smiling with the look that clears
The storms, and gently kissing her, replies;
"Firm are thy fates, sweet daughter; spare thy fears.
Thou yet shalt see Lavinium's walls arise,
And bear thy brave Æneas to the skies.
My purpose shifts not. Now, to ease thy woes,
Since sorrow for his sake hath dimmed thine eyes,
More will I tell, and hidden fates disclose.
He in Italia long shall battle with his foes,

xxxv. "And crush fierce tribes, and milder ways ordain,
And cities build and wield the Latin sway,
Till the third summer shall have seen him reign,
And three long winter-seasons passed away
Since fierce Rutulia did his arms obey.
Then, too, the boy Ascanius, named of late
Iulus—Ilus was he in the day
When firm by royalty stood Ilium's state—
Shall rule till thirty years complete the destined date.

xxxvi. "He from Lavinium shall remove his seat,
And gird Long Alba for defence; and there
'Neath Hector's kin three hundred years complete
The kingdom shall endure, till Ilia fair,
Queen-priestess, twins by Mars' embrace shall bear.
Then Romulus the nation's charge shall claim,
Wolf-nursed and proud her tawny hide to wear,
And build a city of Mavortian fame,
And make the Roman race remembered by his name.

xxxvii. "To these no period nor appointed date,
Nor bounds to their dominion I assign;
An endless empire shall the race await.
Nay, Juno, too, who now, in mood malign,
Earth, sea and sky is harrying, shall incline
To better counsels, and unite with me
To cherish and uphold the imperial line,
The Romans, rulers of the land and sea,
Lords of the flowing gown. So standeth my decree.

xxxviii. "In rolling ages there shall come the day
When heirs of old Assaracus shall tame
Phthia and proud Mycene to obey,
And terms of peace to conquered Greeks proclaim.
Cæsar, a Trojan,—Julius his name,
Drawn from the great Iulus—shall arise,
And compass earth with conquest, heaven with fame,
Him, crowned with vows and many an Eastern prize,
Thou, freed at length from care, shalt welcome to the skies.

xxxix. "Then wars shall cease and savage times grow mild,
And Remus and Quirinus, brethren twain,
With hoary Faith and Vesta undefiled,
Shall give the law. With iron bolt and chain
Firm-closed the gates of Janus shall remain.
Within, the Fiend of Discord, high reclined
On horrid arms, unheeded in the fane,
Bound with a hundred brazen knots behind,
And grim with gory jaws, his grisly teeth shall grind."

xl. So saying, the son of Maia down he sent,
To open Carthage and the Libyan state,
Lest Dido, weetless of the Fates' intent,
Should drive the Trojan wanderers from her gate.
With feathered oars he cleaves the skies, and straight
On Libya's shores alighting, speeds his hest.
The Tyrians, yielding to the god, abate
Their fierceness. Dido, more than all the rest,
Warms to her Phrygian friends, and wears a kindly breast.

XLI. But good Æneas, pondering through the night
Distracting thoughts and many an anxious care,
Resolved, when daybreak brought the gladsome light,
To search the coast, and back sure tidings bear,
What land was this, what habitants were there,
If man or beast, for, far as the eye could rove,
A wilderness the region seemed, and bare.
His ships he hides within a sheltering cove,
Screened by the caverned rock, and shadowed by the grove,

XLII. Then wielding in his hand two broad-tipt spears,
Alone with brave Achates forth he strayed,
When lo, before him in the wood appears
His mother, in a virgin's arms arrayed,
In form and habit of a Spartan maid,
Or like Harpalyce, the pride of Thrace,
Who tires swift steeds, and scours the woodland glade,
And outstrips rapid Hebrus in the race.
So fair the goddess seemed, apparelled for the chase.

XLIII. Bare were her knees, and from her shoulders hung
The wonted bow, kept handy for the prey
Her flowing raiment in a knot she strung,
And loosed her tresses with the winds to play.
"Ho, Sirs!" she hails them, "saw ye here astray
Ought of my sisters, girt in huntress wise
With quiver and a spotted lynx-skin gay,
Or following on the foaming boar with cries?"
Thus Venus spake, and thus fair Venus' son replies;

XLIV. "Nought of thy sisters have I heard or seen.
What name, O maiden, shall I give to thee,
For mortal never had thy voice or mien?
O Goddess surely, whether Nymph I see,
Or Phœbus' sister; whosoe'er thou be,
Be kind, for strangers and in evil case
We roam, tost hither by the stormy sea.
Say, who the people, what the clime and place,
And many a victim's blood thy hallowed shrine shall grace."

xlv. "Nay, nay, to no such honour I aspire."
Said Venus, "But a simple maid am I,
And 'tis the manner of the maids of Tyre
To wear, like me, the quiver, and to tie
The purple buskin round the ankles high.
The realm thou see'st is Punic; Tyrians are
The folk, the town Agenor's. Round them lie
The Libyan plains, a people rough in war.
Queen Dido rules the land, who came from Tyre afar,

xlvi. "Flying her brother. Dark the tale of crime,
And long, but briefly be the sum supplied.
Sychæus was her lord, in happier time
The richest of Phœnicians far and wide
In land, and worshipped by his hapless bride.
Her, in the bloom of maidenhood, her sire
Had given him, and with virgin rites allied.
But soon her brother filled the throne of Tyre,
Pygmalion, swoln with sin; 'twixt whom a feud took fire.

xlvii. "He, reckless of a sister's love, and blind
With lust of gold, Sychæus unaware
Slew by the altar, and with impious mind
Long hid the deed, and flattering hopes and fair
Devised, to cheat the lover of her care.
But, lifting features marvellously pale,
The ghost unburied in her dreams laid bare
His breast, and showed the altar and the bale
Wrought by the ruthless steel, and solved the crime's dark tale.

xlviii. "Then bade her fly the country, and revealed,
To aid her flight, an old and unknown weight
Of gold and silver, in the ground concealed.
Thus roused, her friends she gathers. All await
Her summons, who the tyrant fear or hate.
Some ships at hand, chance-anchored in the bay,
They seize and load them with the costly freight,
And far off o'er the deep is borne away
Pygmalion's hoarded pelf. A woman leads the way.

XLIX. "Hither, where now the walls and fortress high,
Of Carthage, and her rising homes are found,
They came, and there full cheaply did they buy,
Such space—called Byrsa from the deed—of ground
As one bull's-hide could compass and surround.
But who are ye, pray answer? on what quest
Come ye? and whence and whither are ye bound?"
Her then Æneas, from his inmost breast
Heaving a deep-drawn sigh, with labouring speech addressed:

L. "O Goddess, should I from the first unfold,
Or could'st thou hear, the annals of our woe,
Eve's star were shining, ere the tale were told.
From ancient Troy—if thou the name dost know—
A chance-met storm hath driven us to and fro,
And tost us on the Libyan shores. My name
Is good Æneas; from the flames and foe
I bear Troy's rescued deities. My fame
Outsoars the stars of heaven; a Jove-born race, we claim

LI. "A home in fair Italia far away.
With twice ten ships I climbed the Phrygian main,
My goddess-mother pointing out the way,
As Fate commanded. Now scarce seven remain,
Wave-worn and shattered by the tempest's strain.
Myself, a stranger, friendless and unknown,
From Europe driven and Asia, roam in vain
The wilds of Libya"—Then his plaintive tone
No more could Venus bear, but interrupts her son;

LII. "Stranger," she answered, "whosoe'er thou be;
Not unbeloved of heavenly powers, I ween,
Thou breath'st the vital air, whom Fate's decree
Permits a Tyrian city to have seen.
But hence, and seek the palace of the queen.
Glad news I bear thee, of thy comrades brought,
The North-wind shifted and the skies serene;
Thy ships have gained the harbour which they sought,
Else vain my parents' lore the augury they taught.

LIII. "See yon twelve swans, in jubilant array,
Whom late Jove's eagle scattered through the sky;
Now these alight, now those the pitch survey.
As they, returning, sport with joyous cry,
And flap their wings and circle in the sky,
E'en so thy vessels and each late-lost crew
Safe now and scatheless in the harbour lie,
Or, crowding canvas, hold the port in view.
But hence, where leads the path, thy forward steps pursue."

LIV. So saying, she turned, and all refulgent showed
Her roseate neck, and heavenly fragrance sweet
Was breathed from her ambrosial hair. Down flowed
Her loosened raiment, streaming to her feet,
And by her walk the Goddess shone complete.
"Ah, mother mine!" he chides her, as she flies,
"Art thou, then, also cruel? Wherefore cheat
Thy son so oft with images and lies?
Why may I not clasp hands, and talk without disguise?"

LV. Thus he, reproaching. Towards the town they fare
In haste. But Venus round them on the way
Wrapt a thick mist, a mantle of dark air,
That none should see them, none should touch nor stay,
Nor, urging idle questions, breed delay.
Then back, rejoicing, through the liquid air
To Paphos and her home she flies away,
Where, steaming with Sabæan incense rare,
An hundred altars breathe with garlands fresh and fair.

LVI. They by the path their forward steps pursued,
And climbed a hill, whose fronting summit frowned
Steep o'er the town. Amazed, Æneas viewed
Tall structures rise, where whilom huts were found,
The streets, the gates, the bustle and the sound.
Hotly the Tyrians are at work. These draw
The bastions' lines, roll stones and trench the ground;
Or build the citadel; those clothe with awe
The Senate; there they choose the judges for the law.

LVII. These delve the port; the broad foundations there
They lay for theatres of ample space,
And columns, hewn from marble rocks, prepare,
Tall ornaments, the future stage to grace.
As bees in early summer swarm apace
Through flowery fields, when forth from dale and dell
They lead the full-grown offspring of the race,
Or with the liquid honey store each cell,
And make the teeming hive with nectarous sweets to swell.

LVIII. These ease the comers of their loads, those drive
The drones afar. The busy work each plies,
And sweet with thyme and honey smells the hive.
"O happy ye, whose walls already rise!"
Exclaimed Æneas, and with envious eyes
Looked up where pinnacles and roof-tops showed
The new-born city; then in wondrous wise,
Clothed in the covering of the friendly cloud,
Passed through the midst unseen, and mingled with the crowd.

LIX. A grove stood in the city, rich in shade,
Where storm-tost Tyrians, past the perilous brine,
Dug from the ground, by royal Juno's aid,
A war-steed's head, to far-off days a sign
That wealth and prowess should adorn the line.
Here, by the goddess and her gifts renowned,
Sidonian Dido built a stately shrine.
All brazen rose the threshold; brass was round
The door-posts; brazen doors on grating hinges sound.

LX. Here a new sight Æneas' hopes upraised,
And fear was softened, and his heart was mann'd.
For while, the queen awaiting, round he gazed,
And marvelled at the happy town, and scanned
The rival labours of each craftsman's hand,
Behold, Troy's battles on the walls appear,
The war, since noised through many a distant land,
There Priam and th' Atridæ twain, and here
Achilles, fierce to both, still ruthless and severe.

LXI. Pensive he stood, and with a rising tear,
"What lands, Achates, on the earth, but know
Our labours? See our Priam! Even here
Worth wins her due, and there are tears to flow,
And human hearts to feel for human woe.
"Fear not," he cries, "Troy's glory yet shall gain
Some safety." Thus upon the empty show
He feeds his soul, while ever and again
Deeply he sighs, and tears run down his cheeks like rain.

LXII. He sees, how, fighting round the Trojan wall,
Here fled the Greeks, the Trojan youth pursue,
Here fled the Phrygians, and, with helmet tall,
Achilles in his chariot stormed and slew.
Not far, with tears, the snowy tents he knew
Of Rhesus, where Tydides, bathed in blood,
Broke in at midnight with his murderous crew,
And drove the hot steeds campward, ere the food
Of Trojan plains they browsed, or drank the Xanthian flood.

LXIII. There, reft of arms, poor Troilus, rash to dare
Achilles, by his horses dragged amain,
Hangs from his empty chariot. Neck and hair
Trail on the ground; his hand still grasps the rein;
The spear inverted scores the dusty plain.
Meanwhile, with beaten breasts and streaming hair,
The Trojan dames, a sad and suppliant train,
The veil to partial Pallas' temple bear.
Stern, with averted eyes the Goddess spurns their prayer.

LXIV. Thrice had Achilles round the Trojan wall
Dragged Hector; there the slayer sells the slain.
Sighing he sees him, chariot, arms and all,
And Priam, spreading helpless hands in vain.
Himself he knows among the Greeks again,
Black Memnon's arms, and all his Eastern clan,
Penthesilea's Amazonian train
With moony shields. Bare-breasted, in the van,
Girt with a golden zone, the maiden fights with man.

xv. Thus while Æneas, with set gaze and long,
Hangs, mute with wonder, on the wildering scene,
Lo! to the temple, with a numerous throng
Of youthful followers, moves the beauteous Queen.
Such as Diana, with her Oreads seen
On swift Eurotas' banks or Cynthus' crest,
Leading the dances. She, in form and mien,
Armed with her quiver, towers above the rest,
And tranquil pleasure thrills Latona's silent breast.

xvi. E'en such was Dido; so with joyous mien,
Urging the business of her rising state,
Among the concourse passed the Tyrian queen;
Then, girt with guards, within the temple's gate
Beneath the centre of the dome she sate.
There, ministering justice, she presides,
And deals the law, and from her throne of state,
As choice determines or as chance decides,
To each, in equal share, his separate task divides.

xvii. Sudden, behold a concourse. Looking down,
His late-lost friends Æneas sees again,
Sergestus, brave Cloanthus of renown,
Antheus and others of the Trojan train,
Whom the black squall had scattered o'er the main,
And driven afar upon an alien strand.
At once, 'twixt joy and terror rent in twain,
Amazed, Æneas and Achates stand,
And long to greet old friends and clasp a comrade's hand.

xviii. Yet wildering wonder at so strange a scene
Still holds them mute, while anxious thoughts divide
Their doubtful minds, and in the cloud unseen,
Wrapt in its hollow covering, they abide
And note what fortune did their friends betide,
And whence they come, and why for grace they sue,
And on what shore they left the fleet to bide,
For chosen captains came from every crew,
And towards the sacred fane with clamorous cries they drew.

CXIX. Then, audience granted, as the fane they filled,
Thus calmly spake the eldest of the train,
Ilioneus: "O queen, whom Jove hath willed
To found this new-born city, here to reign,
And stubborn tribes with justice to refrain,
We, Troy's poor fugitives, implore thy grace,
Storm-tost and wandering over every main,—
Forbid the flames our vessels to deface,
Mark our afflicted plight, and spare a pious race.

CXX. "We come not hither with the sword to rend
Your Libyan homes, and shoreward drive the prey.
Nay, no such violence our thoughts intend,
Such pride suits not the vanquished. Far away
There lies a place—Greeks style the land to-day
Hesperia—fruitful and of ancient fame
And strong in arms. Œnotrian folk, they say,
First tilled the soil. Italian is the name
Borne by the later race, with Italus who came.

CXXI. "Thither we sailed, when, rising with the wave,
Orion dashed us on the shoals, the prey
Of wanton winds, and mastering billows drave
Our vessels on the pathless rocks astray.
We few have floated to your shore. O say,
What manner of mankind is here? What land
Is this, to treat us in this barbarous way?
They grudge the very shelter of the sand,
And call to arms and bar our footsteps from the strand!

CXXII. "If human kind and mortal arms ye scorn,
Think of the Gods, who judge the wrong and right.
A king was ours, Æneas; ne'er was born
A man more just, more valiant in the fight,
More famed for piety and deeds of might.
If yet he lives and looks upon the sun,
Nor cruel death hath snatched him from the light,
No fear have we, nor need hast thou to shun
A Trojan guest, or rue kind offices begun.

xxiii. "Towns yet for us in Sicily remain,
And arms, and, sprung from Trojan sires of yore,
Our kinsman there, Acestes, holds his reign.
Grant us to draw our scattered fleet ashore,
And fit new planks and branches for the oar.
So, if with king and comrades brought again,
The Fates allow us to reach Italia's shore,
Italia gladly and the Latian plain
eek we; but else, if thoughts of safety be in vain,

xxiv. "If thee, dear Sire, the Libyan deep doth hide,
Nor hopes of young Iulus more can cheer,
Back let our barks to the Sicanian tide
And proffered homes and king Acestes steer."
He spake; the Dardans answered with a cheer.
Then Dido thus, with downcast look sedate;
"Take courage, Trojans, and dismiss your fear.
My kingdom's newness and the stress of Fate
orce me to guard far off the frontiers of my state.

xxv. "Who knows not Troy, th' Æneian house of fame,
The deeds and doers, and the war's renown
That fired the world? Not hearts so dull and tame
Have Punic folk; not so is Phœbus known
To turn his back upon our Tyrian town.
Whether ye sail to great Hesperia's shore
And Saturn's fields, or seek the realms that own
Acestes' sway, where Eryx reigned of yore,
afe will I send you hence, and speed you with my store.

xxvi. "Else, would ye settle in this realm, the town
I build is yours; draw up your ships to land.
Trojan and Tyrian will I treat as one.
Would that your king Æneas here could stand,
Driven by the gale that drove you to this strand!
Natheless, to scour the country, will I send
Some trusty messengers, with strict command
To search through Libya to the furthest end,
est, cast ashore, through town or lonely wood he wend."

LXXVII. Roused by these words, long since the sire of Troy
Yearned, like his friend, their comrades to surprise
And burst the cloud. Then first with eager joy
"O Goddess-born," the bold Achates cries,
"How now—what purpose doth thy mind devise?
Lo! all are safe—ships, comrades brought again;
One only fails us, who before our eyes
Sank in the midst of the engulfing main.
All else confirms the tale thy mother told thee plain."

LXXVIII. Scarce had he said, when straight the ambient cloud
Broke open, melting into day's clear light,
And bathed in sunshine stood the chief, endowed
With shape and features most divinely bright.
For graceful tresses and the purple light
Of youth did Venus in her child unfold,
And sprightly lustre breathed upon his sight,
Beauteous as ivory, or when artists mould
Silver or Parian stone, enchased in yellow gold.

LXXIX. Then to the queen, all wondering, he exclaimed,
"Behold me, Troy's Æneas; I am here,
The man ye seek, from Libyan waves reclaimed.
Thou, who alone Troy's sorrows deign'st to hear,
And us, the gleanings of the Danaan spear,
Poor world-wide wanderers and in desperate case,
Hast ta'en to share thy city and thy cheer,
Meet thanks nor we, nor what of Dardan race
Yet roams the earth, can give to recompense thy grace.

LXXX. "The gods, if gods the good and just regard,
And thy own conscience, that approves the right,
Grant thee due guerdon and a fit reward.
What happy ages did thy birth delight?
What godlike parents bore a child so bright?
While running rivers hasten to the main,
While yon pure ether feeds the stars with light,
While shadows round the hill-slopes wax and wane,
Thy fame, where'er I go, thy praises shall remain."

xxxi. So saying, Æneas with his left hand pressed
Serestus, and Ilioneus with his right,
Brave Gyas, brave Cloanthus and the rest.
Then Dido, struck with wonder at the sight
Of one so great and in so strange a plight,
"O Goddess-born! what fate through dangers sore,
What force to savage coasts compels thy flight?
Art thou, then, that Æneas, whom of yore
enus on Simois' banks to old Anchises bore?

xxxii. "Ay, well I mind me how in days of yore
To Sidon exiled Teucer crossed the main,
To seek new kingdoms and the aid implore
Of Belus. He, my father Belus, then
Ruled Cyprus, victor of the wasted plain,
Since then thy name and Ilion's fate are known,
And all the princes of Pelasgia's reign.
Himself, a foe, oft lauded Troy's renown,
nd claimed the Teucrian sires as kinsmen of his own.

xxxiii. "Welcome, then, heroes! Me hath Fortune willed
Long tost, like you, through sufferings, here to rest
And find at length a refuge. Not unskilled
In woe, I learn to succour the distrest."
So to the palace she escorts her guest,
And calls for festal honours in the shrine.
Then shoreward sends beeves twenty to the rest,
A hundred boars, of broad and bristly chine,
hundred lambs and ewes and gladdening gifts of wine.

xxxiv. Meanwhile with regal splendour they arrayed
The palace-hall, where feast and banquet high
All in the centre of the space is laid,
And forth they bring the broidered tapestry,
With purple dyed and wrought full cuuningly.
The tables groan with silver; there are told
The deeds of prowess for the gazer's eye,
A long, long series, of their sires of old,
raced from the nation's birth, and graven in the gold.

LXXXV. But good Æneas—for a father's care
No rest allows him—to the ships sends down
Achates, to Ascanius charged to bear
The welcome news, and bring him to the town.
The father's fondness centres on the son.
Rich presents, too, he sends for, saved of old
From Troy, a veil, whose saffron edges shone
Fringed with acanthus, glorious to behold,
A broidered mantle, stiff with figures wrought in gold.

LXXXVI. Fair Helen's ornaments, from Argos brought,
The gift of Leda, when the Trojan shore
And lawless nuptials o'er the waves she sought.
Therewith the royal sceptre, which of yore
Ilione, Priam's eldest daughter, bore;
Her shining necklace, strung with costly beads,
And diadem, rimmed with gold and studded o'er
With sparkling gems. Thus charged, Achates heeds,
And towards the ships forthwith in eager haste proceeds.

LXXXVII. But crafty Cytherea planned meanwhile
New arts, new schemes,—that Cupid should conspire,
In likeness of Ascanius, to beguile
The queen with gifts, and kindle fierce desire,
And turn the marrow of her bones to fire.
Fierce Juno's hatred rankles in her breast;
The two-faced house, the double tongues of Tyre
She fears, and with the night returns unrest;
So now to wingèd Love this mandate she addressed:

LXXXVIII. "O son, sole source of all my strength and power,
Who durst high Jove's Typhoean bolts disdain,
To thee I fly, thy deity implore.
Thou know'st, who oft hast sorrowed with my pain,
How, tost by Juno's rancour, o'er the main
Thy brother wanders. Him with speeches fair
And sweet allurements doth the queen detain;
But Juno's hospitality I fear;
Scarce at an hour like this will she her hand forbear.

xxix. "Soft snares I purpose round the queen to weave,
And wrap her soul in flames, that power malign
Shall never change her, but her heart shall cleave
Fast to Æneas with a love like mine.
Now learn, how best to compass my design.
To Tyrian Carthage hastes the princely boy,
Prompt at the summons of his sire divine,
My prime solicitude, my chiefest joy,
raught with brave store of gifts, saved from the flames of Troy.

c. "Him on Idalia, lulled into a dream,
Will I secrete, or on the sacred height
Of lone Cythera, lest he learn the scheme,
Or by his sudden presence mar the sleight.
Take thou his likeness, only for a night,
And wear the boyish features that are thine;
And when the queen, in rapture of delight,
Amid the royal banquet and the wine,
hall lock thee in her arms, and press her lips to thine,

ci. "Then steal into her bosom, and inspire
Through all her veins with unsuspected sleight
The poisoned sting of passion and desire."
Young Love obeys, and doffs his plumage light,
And, like Iulus, trips forth with delight.
She o'er Ascanius rains a soft repose,
And gently bears him to Idalia's height,
Where breathing marjoram around him throws
weet shade, and odorous flowers his slumbering limbs compose.

cii. Forth Cupid, at his mother's word, repairs,
And merrily, for brave Achates led,
The royal presents to the Tyrians bears.
There, under gorgeous curtains, at the head
Sate Dido, throned upon a golden bed.
There, flocking in, the Trojans and their King
Recline on purple coverlets outspread.
Bread, heaped in baskets, the attendants bring,
owels with smooth-shorn nap, and water from the spring.

XCIII. Within are fifty maidens, charged with care
To dress the food, and nurse the flames divine.
A hundred more, and youths like-aged, prepare
To load the tables and arrange the wine.
There, entering too, on broidered seats recline
The Tyrians, crowding through the festive court.
They praise the boy, his glowing looks divine,
The words he feigned, the royal gifts he brought,
The robe, the saffron veil with bright acanthus wrought.

XCIV. Doomed to devouring Love, the hapless queen
Burns as she gazes, with insatiate fire,
Charmed by his presents and his youthful mien:
He, fondly clinging to his fancied sire,
Gave all the love that parents' hearts desire,
Then seeks the queen. She, fixing on the boy
Her eyes, her soul, impatient to admire,
Now, fondling, folds him to her lap with joy;
Weetless, alas! what god is plotting to destroy.

XCV. True to his Paphian mother, trace by trace,
Slowly the Love-god with prevenient art,
Begins the lost Sychæus to efface,
And living passion to a breast impart
Long dead to feeling, and a vacant heart.
Now, hushed the banquet and the tables all
Removed, huge wine-bowls for each guest apart
They wreathe with flowers. The noise of festival
Rings through the spacious courts, and rolls along the hall.

XCVI. There, blazing from the gilded roof, are seen
Bright lamps, and torches turn the night to day.
Now for the ponderous goblet called the Queen,
Of jewelled gold, which Belus used and they
Of Belus' line, and poured the wine straightway,
And prayed, while silence filled the crowded hall:
"Great Jove, the host's lawgiver, bless this day
To these my Tyrians and the Trojans all.
Long may our children's sons this solemn feast recall.

xcvii. "Come, jolly Bacchus, giver of delight;
Kind Juno, come; and ye with fair accord
And friendly spirit hold the feast aright."
So spake the Queen, and on the festal board
The prime libation to the gods outpoured,
Then lightly to her lips the goblet pressed,
And gave to Bitias. Challenged by the word,
He dived into the brimming gold with zest,
And quaffed the foaming bowl, and after him, the rest.

xcviii. His golden lyre long-haired Iopas tunes,
And sings what Atlas taught in loftiest strain;
The suns' eclipses and the changing moons,
Whence man and beast, whence lightning and the rain,
Arcturus, watery Hyads and the Wain;
What causes make the winter nights so long,
Why sinks the sun so quickly in the main;
All this he sings, and ravished at the song,
Tyrians and Trojan guests the loud applause prolong.

xcix. With various talk the night poor Dido wore,
And drank deep love, and nursed her inward flame,
Of Priam much she asks, of Hector more,
Now in what arms Aurora's offspring came,
Of Diomede's horses and Achilles' fame.
"Tell me," she says, "thy wanderings; stranger, come,
Thy friends' mishaps and Danaan wiles proclaim;
For seven long summers now have seen thee roam
O'er every land and sea, far from thy native home."

BOOK TWO

Argument

Æneas' story.—The Greeks, baffled in battle, built a wooden horse, in which their leaders took ambush. Their fleet sailed to Tenedos. The Trojans, but for Capys and Laocoon, had dragged the horse forthwith as a trophy into Troy (1-72). Sinon, a Greek, brought before Priam, feigns righteous indignation against Greece. The Trojans sympathise and believe his story of wrongs done him by Ulysses (73-126). "When Greek plans of flight had often," says Sinon, "been foiled by storms, oracles foretold that only a human sacrifice could purchase their escape." Chosen for victim, Sinon had fled. He solemnly declares the horse to be an offering to Pallas. "Destroy it, and you are lost. Preserve it in your citadel, your revenge is assured" (127-222). Treachery triumphs. Laocoon's cruel fate is ascribed to his sacrilegious attack upon the horse, which is brought with rejoicing into Troy, despite a last warning, from Cassandra (223-288). While Troy sleeps, the fleet returns, and Sinon releases the Greeks from the horse (289-315). Hector's wraith warns Æneas in a dream to flee with the sacred vessels and images (316-351), and Panthus brings news of Sinon's treachery. The city is in flames. Æneas heads a forlorn hope of rescue (352-441). He and his followers exchange armour with certain Greeks slain in the darkness. The ruse succeeds until they are taken for enemies by their friends. The Greeks rally. The Trojans scatter. At Priam's palace a last stand is made, but Pyrrhus forces the great gates, and the defenders are massacred (442-603). Priam's fate.—The sight of his headless corse draws Æneas' thoughts to his own father's danger. Hastening homewards he espies Helen, and is pausing to take vengeance and her life, when (604-711) Venus intervening opens his eyes to see the gods aiding the Greeks (712-756). Æneas regains his home. Anchises obstinately refuses to flee, until a halo is seen about the head of Ascanius (757-828), whereupon he accepts the omen and yields. The escape.—In a sudden panic Creusa is lost (829-900). Æneas, at peril of his life, is seeking her throughout the city, when her wraith appears and bids him away. "She is dead in Troytown: in Italy empire awaits him." She vanishes: day dawns: and Æneas, with Anchises and the surviving Trojans, flees to the hills (901-972).

. All hushed intent, when from his lofty seat
Troy's sire began, "O queen, a tale too true,
Too sad for words, thou biddest me repeat;
How Ilion perished, and the Danaan crew
Her power and all her wailful realm o'erthrew:
The woes I saw, thrice piteous to behold,
And largely shared. What Myrmidon, or who
Of stern Ulysses' warriors can withhold
His tears, to tell such things, as thou would'st have re-told?

1. "And now already from the heaven's high steep
The dewy night wheels down, and sinking slow,
The stars are gently wooing us to sleep.
But, if thy longing be so great to know
The tale of Troy's last agony and woe,
The toils we suffered, though my heart doth ache,
And grief would fain the memory forego
Of scenes so sad, yet, Lady, for thy sake
I will begin,"—and thus the sire of Troy outspake;

11. "Broken by war, long baffled by the force
Of fate, as fortune and their hopes decline,
The Danaan leaders build a monstrous horse,
Huge as a hill, by Pallas' craft divine,
And cleft fir-timbers in the ribs entwine.
They feign it vowed for their return, so goes
The tale, and deep within the sides of pine
And caverns of the womb by stealth enclose
Armed men, a chosen band, drawn as the lots dispose.

17. "In sight of Troy lies Tenedos, an isle
Renowned and rich, while Priam held command,
Now a mere bay and roadstead fraught with guile.
Thus far they sailed, and on the lonely strand
Lay hid, while fondly to Mycenæ's land
We thought the winds had borne them. Troy once more
Shakes off her ten years' sorrow. Open stand
The gates. With joy to the abandoned shore,
The places bare of foes, the Dorian lines we pour.

v. "Here camped the brave Dolopians, there was set
The tent of fierce Achilles; yonder lay
The fleet, and here the rival armies met
And mingled. Some with wonder and dismay
The maid Minerva's fatal gift survey.
Then first Thymætes cries aloud, to go
And through the gates the monstrous horse convey
And lodge it in the citadel. E'en so
His fraud or Troy's dark fates were working for our woe.

vi. "But Capys and the rest, of sounder mind,
Urge us to tumble in the rolling tide
The doubtful gift, for treachery designed,
Or burn with fire, or pierce the hollow side,
And probe the caverns where the Danaans hide.
Thus while they waver and, perplext with doubt,
Urge diverse counsels, and in parts divide,
Lo, from the citadel, foremost of a rout,
Breathless Laocoon runs, and from afar cries out;

vii. "'Ah! wretched townsmen! do ye think the foe
Gone, or that guileless are their gifts? O blind
With madness! *Thus* Ulysses do ye know?
Or Grecians in these timbers lurk confined,
Or 'tis some engine of assault, designed
To breach the walls, and lay our houses bare,
And storm the town. Some mischief lies behind.
Trust not the horse, ye Teucrians. Whatso'er
This means, I fear the Greeks, for all the gifts they bear.'

viii. "So saying, his mighty spear, with all his force,
Full at the flank against the ribs he drave,
And pierced the bellying framework of the horse.
Quivering, it stood; the hollow chambers gave
A groan, that echoed from the womb's dark cave,
Then, but for folly or Fate's adverse power,
His word had made us with our trusty glaive
Lay bare the Argive ambush, and this hour
Should Ilion stand, and thou, O Priam's lofty tower!

IX. "Lo, now to Priam, with exulting cries,
The Dardan shepherds drag a youth unknown,
With hands fast pinioned, and in captive guise.
Caught on the way, by cunning of his own,
This end to compass, and betray the town.
Prepared for either venture, void of fear,
The crafty purpose of his mind to crown,
Or meet sure death. Around, from far and near,
The Trojans throng, and vie the captive youth to jeer.

X. "Mark now the Danaans' cunning; from one wrong
Learn all. As, scared the Phrygian ranks to see,
Confused, unarmed, amid the gazing throng,
He stood, 'Alas! what spot on earth or sea
Is left,' he cried, 'to shield a wretch like me,
Whom Dardans seek in punishment to kill,
And Greeks disown?'—Touched by his tearful plea,
We asked his race, what tidings, good or ill,
He brings, for hope, perchance, may cheer a captive still.

XI. "Then he, at length his show of fear laid by,
'Great King, all truly will I own, whate'er
The issue, nor my Argive race deny.
This first; if fortune, spiteful and unfair,
Hath made poor Sinon wretched, fortune ne'er
Shall make me false or faithless;—if the name
Of Palamedes thou hast chanced to hear,
Old Belus' progeny, if ever came
To thee or thine in talk the rumour of his fame,

XII. "'Whom, pure of guilt, on charges false and feigned,
Wroth that his sentence should the war prevent,
By perjured witnesses the Greeks arraigned,
And doomed to die, but now his death lament,
His kinsman, by a needy father sent,
With him in boyhood to the war I came,
And while in plenitude of power he went,
And high in princely counsels waxed his fame,
I too could boast of credit and a noble name.

xiii. "'But when, through sly Ulysses' envious hate,
He left the light,—alas! the tale ye know,—
Stricken, I mused indignant on his fate,
And dragged my days in solitude and woe,
Nor in my madness kept my purpose low,
But vowed, if e'er should happier chance invite,
And bring me home a conqueror, even so
My comrade's death with vengeance to requite.
My words aroused his wrath; thence evil's earliest blight;

xiv. "'Thenceforth Ulysses sought with slanderous tongue
To daunt me, scattering in the people's ear
Dark hints, and looked for partners of his wrong:
Nor rested, till with Calchas' aid, the seer—
But why the thankless story should ye hear?
Why stay your hand? If Grecians in your sight
Are all alike, ye know enough; take here
Your vengeance. Dearly will my death delight
Ulysses, well the deed will Atreus' sons requite.'

xv. "Then, all unknowing of Pelasgian art
And crimes so huge, the story we demand,
And falteringly the traitor plays his part.
'Oft, wearied by the war, the Danaans planned
To leave—and oh! had they but left—the land.
As oft, to daunt them, in the act to fly,
Storms lashed the deep, and Southern gales withstand,
And louder still, when towered the horse on high
With maple timbers, pealed the thunder through the sky.

xvi. "'In doubt, we bade Eurypylus explore
Apollo's oracle, and back he brought
The dismal news: *With blood, a maiden's gore,*
Ye stilled the winds, when Trojan shores ye sought.
With blood again must your return be bought;
An Argive victim doth the God demand.
Full fast the rumour 'mong the people wrought;
Cold horror chills us, and aghast we stand;
Whom doth Apollo claim, whose death the Fates demand?

xvii. "'Then straight Ulysses, 'mid tumultuous cries,
Drags Calchas forth, and bids the seer unfold
The dark and doubtful meaning of the skies.
Many e'en then the schemer's crime foretold,
And, silent, saw my destiny unrolled.
Ten days the seer, as shrinking to reply
Or name a victim, did the doom withhold;
Then, forced by false Ulysses' clamorous cry,
Spake the concerted word, and sentenced me to die.

xviii. "'All praised the sentence, pleased that one alone
Should suffer, glad that one poor wretch should bear
The doom that each had dreaded for his own.
The fatal day was come; the priests prepare
The salted meal, the fillets for my hair.
I fled, 'tis true, and saved my life by flight,
Bursting my bonds in frenzy of despair,
And hidden in a marish lay that night,
Waiting till they should sail, if sail, perchance, they might.

xix. "'No hope have I my ancient fatherland,
Or darling boys, or long-lost sire to see,
Whom now perchance, the Danaans will demand,
Poor souls! for vengeance, and their death decree,
To purge my crime, in daring to be free.
O by the gods, who know the just and true,
By faith unstained,—if any such there be,—
With mercy deign such miseries to view;
Pity a soul that toils with evils all undue.'

xx. "So, moved at length to pity by his tears,
We spare him. Priam bids the cords unbind,
And thus with friendly words the captive cheers;
'Whoe'er thou art, henceforward blot from mind
The Greeks, and leave thy miseries behind.
Ours shalt thou be; but mark, and tell me now,
What means this monster, for what use designed?
Some warlike engine? or religious vow?
Who planned the steed, and why? Come, quick, the truth avow.'

xxi. "Then schooled in cunning and Pelasgian sleights,
His hands unshackled to the stars he spread;
'Ye powers inviolate, ever-burning lights!
Ye ruthless swords and altars, which I fled,
Ye sacred fillets, that adorned my head!
Freed is my oath, and I am free to lay
Their secrets bare, and wish the Danaans dead.
Thou, Troy, preserved, to Sinon faithful stay,
If true the tale I tell, if large the price I pay.

xxii. "'All hopes on Pallas, since the war begun,
All trust was stayed. But when Ulysses, fain
To weave new crimes, with Tydeus' impious son
Dragged the Palladium from her sacred fane,
And, on the citadel the warders slain,
Upon the virgin's image dared to lay
Red hands of slaughter, and her wreaths profane,
Hope ebbed and failed them from that fatal day,
The Danaans' strength grew weak, the goddess turned away.

xxiii. "'No dubious signs Tritonia's wrath declared.
Scarce stood her image in the camp, when bright
With flickering flames her staring eyeballs glared.
Salt sweat ran down her; thrice, a wondrous sight!
With shield and quivering spear she sprang upright.
"Back o'er the deep," cries Calchas; "nevermore
Shall Argives hope to quell the Trojan might,
Till, homeward borne, new omens ye implore,
And win the blessing back, which o'er the waves ye bore."

xxiv. "'So now to Argos are they gone, to gain
Fresh help from heaven, and hither by surprise
Shall come once more, remeasuring the main.
Thus Calchas warned them; by his words made wise
This steed, for stol'n Palladium, they devise,
To soothe the outrag'd goddess. Tall and great,
With huge oak-timbers mounting to the skies,
They build the monster, lest it pass the gate,
And like Palladium stand, the bulwark of the State.

xxv. "'Once had your hands,' said Calchas, 'dared profane
Minerva's gift, dire plagues' (which Heaven forestall
Or turn on him) 'should Priam's realm sustain;
But if by Trojan aid it scaled your wall,
Proud Asia then should Pelops' sons enthrall,
And children rue the folly of the sire.'
His arts gave credence, and forced tears withal
Snared us, whom Diomede, nor Achilles dire,
Nor thousand ships subdued, nor ten years' war could tire.

xxvi. "A greater yet and ghastlier sign remained
Our heedless hearts to terrify anew.
Laocoon, Neptune's priest, by lot ordained,
A stately bull before the altar slew,
When lo!—the tale I shudder to pursue,—
From Tenedos in silence, side by side,
Two monstrous serpents, horrible to view,
With coils enormous leaning on the tide,
Shoreward, with even stretch, the tranquil sea divide.

xxvii. "Their breasts erect they rear amid the deep,
Their blood-red crests above the surface shine,
Their hinder parts along the waters sweep,
Trailed in huge coils and many a tortuous twine;
Lashed into foam, behind them roars the brine;
Now, gliding onward to the beach, ere long
They gain the fields, and rolling bloodshot eyne
That blaze with fire, the monsters move along,
And lick their hissing jaws, and dart a flickering tongue.

xxviii. "Pale at the sight we fly; unswerving, these
Glide on and seek Laocoon. First, entwined
In stringent folds, his two young sons they seize,
With cruel fangs their tortured limbs to grind.
Then, as with arms he comes to aid, they bind
In giant grasp the father. Twice, behold,
Around his waist the horrid volumes wind,
Twice round his neck their scaly backs are rolled,
High over all their heads and glittering crests unfold.

xxix. "Both hands are labouring the fierce knots to pull;
Black gore and slime his sacred wreaths distain.
Loud are his moans, as when a wounded bull
Shakes from his neck the faltering axe and, fain
To fly the cruel altars, roars in pain.
But lo! the serpents to Tritonia's seat
Glide from their victim, till the shrine they gain,
And, coiled beside the goddess, at her feet,
Behind her sheltering shield with gathered orbs retreat.

xxx. "Fresh wonder seized us, and we shook with fear.
All say, that justly had Laocoon died,
And paid fit penalty, whose guilty spear
Profaned the steed and pierced the sacred side.
'On with the image to its home,' they cried,
'And pray the Goddess to avert our woe';
We breach the walls, and ope the town inside.
All set to work, and to the feet below
Fix wheels, and hempen ropes around the neck they throw.

xxxi. "Mounting the walls, the monster moves along,
Teeming with arms. Boys, maidens joy around
To touch the ropes, and raise the festive song.
Onward it came, smooth-sliding on the ground,
And, beetling, o'er the midmost city frowned.
O native land! O Ilion, now betrayed!
Blest home of deities, in war renowned!
Four times beside the very gate 'twas stayed;
Four times within the womb the armour clashed and brayed.

xxxii. "But heedless, blind with frenzy, one and all
Up to the sacred citadel we strain,
And there the ill-omened prodigy install.
E'en then—alas! to Trojan ears in vain—
Cassandra sang, and told in utterance plain
The coming doom. We, sunk in careless joy,
Poor souls! with festive garlands deck each fane,
And through the town in revelry employ
The day decreed our last, the dying hours of Troy!

xxxiii. "And now the heaven rolled round. From ocean rushed
The Night, and wrapt in shadow earth and air
And Myrmidonian wiles. In silence hushed,
The Trojans through the city here and there,
Outstretched in sleep, their weary limbs repair.
Meanwhile from neighbouring Tenedos once more,
Beneath the tranquil moonbeam's friendly care,
With ordered ships, along the deep sea-floor,
Back came the Argive host, and sought the well-known shore.

xxxiv. "Forth from the royal galley sprang the flame,
When Sinon, screened by partial Fate, withdrew
The bolts and barriers of the pinewood frame,
And from its inmost caverns, bared to view,
The fatal horse disgorged the Danaan crew.
With joy from out the hollow wood they bound;
First, dire Ulysses, with his captains two,
Thessander bold and Sthenelus renowned,
Down by a pendent rope come sliding to the ground.

xxxv. "Then Thoas comes; and Acamas, athirst
For blood; and Neoptolemus, the heir
Of mighty Peleus; and Machaon first;
And Menelaus; and himself is there,
Epeus, framer of the fatal snare.
Now, stealing forward, on the town they fall,
Buried in wine and sleep, the guards o'erbear,
And ope the gates; their comrades at the call
Pour in and, joining bands, all muster by the wall.

xxxvi. "'Twas now the time, when on tired mortals crept
First slumber, sweetest that celestials pour.
Methought I saw poor Hector, as I slept,
All bathed in tears and black with dust and gore,
Dragged by the chariot and his swoln feet sore
With piercing thongs. Ah me! how sad to view,
How changed from him, that Hector, whom of yore
Returning with Achilles' spoils we knew,
When on the ships of Greece his Phrygian fires he threw.

xxxvii. "Foul is his beard, his hair is stiff with gore,
And fresh the wounds, those many wounds, remain,
Which erst around his native walls he bore.
Then, weeping too, I seem in sorrowing strain
To hail the hero, with a voice of pain.
'O light of Troy, our refuge! why and how
This long delay? Whence comest thou again,
Long-looked-for Hector? How with aching brow,
Worn out by toil and death, do we behold thee now!

xxxviii. "'But oh! what dire indignity hath marred
The calmness of thy features? Tell me, why
With ghastly wounds do I behold thee scarred?'
To such vain quest he cared not to reply,
But, heaving from his breast a deep-drawn sigh,
'Fly, Goddess-born! and get thee from the fire!
The foes,' he said, 'are on the ramparts. Fly!
All Troy is tumbling from her topmost spire.
No more can Priam's land, nor Priam's self require.

xxxix. "'Could Troy be saved by mortal prowess, mine,
Yea, mine had saved her. To thy guardian care
She doth her Gods and ministries consign.
Take them, thy future destinies to share,
And seek for them another home elsewhere,
That mighty city, which for thee and thine
O'er traversed ocean shall the Fates prepare.'
He spake, and quickly snatched from Vesta's shrine
The deathless fire and wreaths and effigy divine.

xl. "Meanwhile a mingled murmur through the street
Rolls onward,—wails of anguish, shrieks of fear,
And though my father's mansion stood secrete,
Embowered in foliage, nearer and more near
Peals the dire clang of arms, and loud and clear,
Borne on fierce echoes that in tumult blend,
War-shout and wail come thickening on the ear.
I start from sleep, the parapet ascend,
And from the sloping roof with eager ears attend.

LI. "Like as a fire, when Southern gusts are rude,
Falls on the standing harvest of the plain,
Or torrent, hurtling with a mountain flood,
Whelms field and oxens' toil and smiling grain,
And rolls whole forests headlong to the main,
While, weetless of the noise, on neighbouring height,
Tranced in mute wonder, stands the listening swain,
Then, then I see that Hector's words were right,
And all the Danaan wiles are naked to the light.

LII. "And now, Deiphobus, thy halls of pride,
Bowed by the flames, come ruining through the air;
Next burn Ucalegon's, and far and wide
The broad Sigean reddens with the glare.
Then come the clamour and the trumpet's blare.
Madly I rush to arms; though vain the fight,
Yet burns my soul, in fury and despair,
To rally a handful and to hold the height:
Sweet seems a warrior's death and danger a delight.

LIII. "Lo, Panthus, flying from the Grecian bands,
Panthus, the son of Othrys, Phœbus' seer,
Bearing the sacred vessels in his hands,
And vanquished home-gods, to the door draws near,
His grandchild clinging to his side in fear.
'Panthus,' I cry, 'how fares the fight? what tower
Still hold we?'—Sighing, he replies ''Tis here,
The final end of all the Dardan power,
The last, sad day has come, the inevitable hour.

LIV. "'Troy was, and we were Trojans, now, alas!
No more, for perished is the Dardan fame.
Fierce Jove to Argos biddeth all to pass,
And Danaans rule a city wrapt in flame.
High in the citadel the monstrous frame
Pours forth an armèd deluge to the day,
And Sinon, puffed with triumph, spreads the flame.
Part throng the gates, part block each narrow way;
Such hosts Mycenæ sends, such thousands to the fray.

XLV. "'Athwart the streets stands ready the array
Of steel, and bare is every blade and bright.
Scarce the first warders of the gates essay
To stand and battle in the blinding night.'
So spake the son of Othrys, and forthright,
My spirit stirred with impulse from on high,
I rush to arms amid the flames and fight,
Where yells the war-fiend and the warrior's cry,
Mixt with the din of strife, mounts upward to the sky.

XLVI. "Here warlike Epytus, renowned in fight,
And valiant Rhipeus gather to our side,
And Hypanis and Dymas, matched in might,
Join with us, by the glimmering moon descried.
Here Mygdon's son, Corœbus, we espied,
Who came to Troy,—Cassandra's love to gain,
And now his troop with Priam's hosts allied;
Poor youth and heedless! whom in frenzied strain
His promised bride had warned, but warned, alas! in vain.

XLVII. "So when the bold and compact band I see,
'Brave hearts,' I cry, 'but brave, alas! in vain;
If firm your purpose holds to follow me
Who dare the worst, our present plight is plain.
Troy's guardian gods have left her; altar, fane,
All is deserted, every temple bare.
The town ye aid is burning. Forward, then,
To die and mingle in the tumult's blare.
Sole hope to vanquished men of safety is despair.'

XLVIII. Then fury spurred their courage, and behold,
As ravening wolves, when darkness hides the day,
Stung with mad fire of famine uncontrolled,
Prowl from their dens, and leave the whelps to stay,
With jaws athirst and gaping for the prey.
So to sure death, amid the darkness there,
Where swords, and spears, and foemen bar the way,
Into the centre of the town we fare.
Night with her shadowy cone broods o'er the vaulted air.

XLIX. "Oh, who hath tears to match our grief withal?
What tongue that night of havoc can make known
An ancient city totters to her fall,
Time-honoured empress and of old renown;
And senseless corpses, through the city strown,
Choke house and temple. Nor hath vengeance found
None save the Trojans; there the victors groan,
And valour fires the vanquished. All around
Wailings, and wild affright and shapes of death abound.

L. "First of the Greeks approaches, with a crowd,
Androgeus; friends he deems us unaware,
And thus, with friendly summons, cries aloud:
'Haste, comrades, forward; from the fleet ye fare
With lagging steps but now, while yonder glare
Troy's towers, and others sack and share the spoils?'
Then straight—for doubtful was our answer there—
He knew him taken in the foemen's toils;
Shuddering, he checks his voice, and back his foot recoils.

LI. "As one who, in a tangled brake apart,
On some lithe snake, unheeded in the briar,
Hath trodden heavily, and with backward start
Flies, trembling at the head uplift in ire
And blue neck, swoln in many a glittering spire.
So slinks Androgeus, shuddering with dismay;
We, massed in onset, make the foe retire,
And slay them, wildered, weetless of the way.
Fortune, with favouring smile, assists our first essay.

LII. "Flushed with success and eager for the fray,
'Friends,' cries Corœbus, 'forward; let us go
Where Fortune newly smiling, points the way.
Take we the Danaans' bucklers; with a foe
Who asks, if craft or courage guide the blow?
Themselves shall arm us.'—Then he takes the crest,
The shield and dagger of Androgeus; so
Doth Rhipeus, so brave Dymas and the rest;
All in the new-won spoils their eager limbs invest.

LIII. "Thus we, elate, but not with Heaven our friend,
March on and mingle with the Greeks in fight,
And many a Danaan to the shades we send,
And many a battle in the blinding night
We join with those that meet us. Some in flight
Rush diverse to the ships and trusty tide;
Some, craven-hearted, in ignoble fright,
Make for the horse and, clambering up the side,
Deep in the treacherous womb, their well-known refuge, hide.

LIV. "Ah! vain to boast, if Heaven refuse to aid!
Dragged by her tresses from Minerva's fane,
Cassandra comes, the Priameian maid,
Stretching to heaven her burning eyes in vain,
Her eyes, for bonds her tender hands constrain.
That sight Corœbus brooked not. Stung with gall
And mad with rage, nor fearing to be slain,
He plunged amid their columns. One and all,
With weapons massed, press on and follow at his call.

LV. "Here first with missiles, from a temple's height
Hurled by our comrades, we are crushed and slain,
And piteous is the slaughter, at the sight
Of Argive helms for Argive foes mista'en.
Now too, with shouts of fury and disdain
To see the maiden rescued, here and there
The Danaans gathering round us, charge amain;
Fierce-hearted Ajax, the Atridan pair,
And all Thessalia's host our scanty band o'erbear.

LVI. "So, when the tempest bursting wakes the war,
The justling winds in conflict rave and roar,
South, West and East upon his orient car,
The lashed woods howl, and with his trident hoar
Nereus in foam upheaves the watery floor.
Those too, whom late we scattered through the town,
Tricked in the darkness, reappear once more.
At once the falsehood of our guise is known,
The shields, the lying arms, the speech of different tone.

LVII. "O'erwhelmed with odds, we perish; first of all,
Struck down by fierce Peneleus by the fane
Of warlike Pallas, doth Corœbus fall.
Next, Rhipeus dies, the justest, but in vain,
The noblest soul of all the Trojan train.
Heaven deemed him otherwise; then Dymas brave
And Hypanis by comrades' hands are slain.
Nor, Panthus, thee thy piety can save,
Nor e'en Apollo's wreath preserve thee from the grave.

LVIII. "Witness, ye ashes of our comrades dear,
Ye flames of Troy, that in your hour of woe
Nor darts I shunned, nor shock of Danaan spear.
If Fate my life had called me to forego,
This hand had earned it, forfeit to the foe.
Thence forced away, brave Iphitus, and I,
And Pelias,—Iphitus with age was slow,
And Pelias by Ulysses lamed—we fly
Where round the palace rings the war-shout's rallying cry.

LIX. "There raged a fight so fierce, as though no fight
Raged elsewhere, nor the city streamed with gore.
We see the War-God glorying in his might;
Up to the roof we see the Danaans pour;
Their shielded penthouse drives against the door.
Close cling their ladders to the walls; these, fain
To clutch the doorposts, climb from floor to floor,
Their right hands strive the battlements to gain,
Their left with lifted shield the arrowy storm sustain.

LX. "There, roof and pinnacle the Dardans tear—
Death standing near—and hurl them on the foe,
Last arms of need, the weapons of despair;
And gilded beams and rafters down they throw,
Ancestral ornaments of days ago.
These, stationed at the gates, with naked glaive,
Shoulder to shoulder, guard the pass below.
Hearts leap afresh the royal halls to save,
And cheer our vanquished friends and reinspire the brave.

LXI. "Behind the palace, unobserved and free,
There stood a door, a secret thoroughfare
Through Priam's halls. Here poor Andromache
While Priam's kingdom flourished and was fair,
To greet her husband's parents would repair
Alone, or carrying with tendance fain
To Hector's father Hector's son and heir.
By this I reached the roof-top, whence in vain
The luckless Teucrians hurled their unavailing rain.

LXII. "Sheer o'er the highest roof-top to the sky,
Skirting the parapet, a watch-tower rose,
Whence camp and fleet and city met the eye.
Here plying levers, where the flooring shows
Weak joists, we heave it over. Down it goes
With sudden crash upon the Danaan train,
Dealing wide ruin. But anon new foes
Come swarming up, while ever and again
Fast fall the showers of stones, and thick the javelins rain.

LXIII. "Just on the threshold of the porch, behold
Fierce Pyrrhus stands, in glittering brass bedight:
As when a snake, that through the winter's cold
Lay swoln and hidden in the ground from sight,
Gorged with rank herbs, forth issues to the light,
And sleek with shining youth and newly drest,
Wreathing its slippery volumes, towers upright
And, glorying, to the sunbeam rears its breast,
And darts a three-forked tongue, and points a flaming crest.

LXIV. "With him, Achilles' charioteer and squire,
Automedon, huge Periphas and all
The Scyrian youth rush up, and flaming fire
Hurl to the roof, and thunder at the wall.
He in the forefront, tallest of the tall,
Poleaxe in hand, unhinging at a stroke
The brazen portals, made the doorway fall,
And wide-mouthed as a window, through the oak,
A panelled plank hewn out, a yawning rent he broke.

xv. "Bared stands the inmost palace, and behold,
The stately chambers and the courts appear
Of Priam and the Trojan Kings of old,
And warders at the door with shield and spear.
Moaning and tumult in the house we hear,
Wailings of misery, and shouts that smite
The golden stars, and women's shrieks of fear,
And trembling matrons, hurrying left and right,
Cling to and kiss the doors, made frantic by affright.

xvi. "Strong as his father, Pyrrhus onward pushed,
Nor bars nor warders can his strength sustain.
Down sinks the door, with ceaseless battery crushed.
Force wins a footing, and, the foremost slain,
In, like a deluge, pours the Danaan train.
So when the foaming river, uncontrolled,
Bursts through its banks and riots on the plain,
O'er dyke and dam the gathering deluge rolled,
From field to field sweeps on with cattle, flock and fold.

xvii. "These eyes saw Pyrrhus, rioting in blood,
Saw on the threshold the Atridæ twain,
Saw where among a hundred daughters, stood
Pale Hecuba, saw Priam's life-blood stain
The fires his hands had hallowed in the fane.
Those fifty bridal chambers I behold
(So fair the promise of a future reign)
And spoil-deckt pillars of barbaric gold,
A wreck; where fails the flame, its place the Danaans hold.

xviii. "Haply the fate of Priam thou would'st know.
Soon as he saw the captured city fall,
The palace-gates burst open, and the foe
Dealing wild riot in his inmost hall,
Up sprang the old man and, at danger's call,
Braced o'er his trembling shoulders in a breath
His rusty armour, took his belt withal,
And drew the useless falchion from its sheath,
And on their thronging spears rushed forth to meet his death.

LXIX. "Within the palace, open to the day,
There stood a massive altar. Overhead,
With drooping boughs, a venerable bay
Its shadowy foliage o'er the home-gods spread.
Here, with her hundred daughters, pale with dread,
Poor Hecuba and all her female train,
As doves, that from the low'ring storm have fled,
And cower for shelter from the pelting rain,
Crouch round the silent gods, and cling to them in vain.

LXX. "But when in youthful arms came Priam near,
'Ah, hapless lord!' she cries, 'what mad desire
Arms thee for battle? Why this sword and spear?
And whither art thou hurrying? Times so dire
Not such defenders nor such help require.
Not e'en, were Hector here, my Hector's aid
Could save us. Hither to this shrine retire,
And share our safety or our death.'—She said,
And to his hallowed seat the aged monarch led.

LXXI. "See, now, Polites, one of Priam's sons,
Scarce slipt from Pyrrhus' butchery, and lame,
Through foes, through darts, along the cloisters runs
And empty courtyards. At his heels, aflame
With rage, comes Pyrrhus. Lo, in act to aim,
Now, now, he clutches him,—a moment more,
E'en as before his parent's eyes he came,
The long spear reached him. Prostrate on the floor
Down falls the hapless youth, and welters in his gore.

LXXII. "Then Priam, though hemmed with death on every side,
Spared not his utterance, nor his wrath controlled;
'To thee, yea, thee, fierce miscreant,' he cried,
'May Heaven,—if Heaven with righteous eyes behold
So foul an outrage and a deed so bold,
Ne'er fail a fitting guerdon to ordain,
Nor worthy quittance for thy crime withhold,
Whose hand hath made me see my darling slain,
And dared with filial blood a father's eyes profane.

LXXIII. "'Not so Achilles, whom thy lying tongue
Would feign thy father; like a foeman brave,
He scorned a suppliant's rights and trust to wrong,
And sent me home in safety,—ay, and gave
My Hector's lifeless body to the grave.'
The old man spoke and, with a feeble throw,
At Pyrrhus with a harmless dart he drave.
The jarring metal blunts it, and below
The shield-boss, down it hangs, and foils the purposed blow.

LXXIV. "'Go then,' cries Pyrrhus, 'with thy tale of woe
To dead Pelides, and thy plaints outpour.
To him, my father, in the shades below,
These deeds of his degenerate son deplore;
Now die!'—So speaking, to the shrine he tore
The aged Priam, trembling with affright,
And feebly sliding in his son's warm gore.
The left hand twists his hoary locks; the right
Deep in his side drives home the falchion, bared and bright.

LXXV. "Such close had Priam's fortunes; so his days
Were finished, such the bitter end he found,
Now doomed by Fate with dying eyes to gaze
On Troy in flames and ruin all around,
And Pergamus laid level with the ground.
Lo, he to whom once Asia bowed the knee,
Proud lord of many peoples, far-renowned,
Now left to welter by the rolling sea,
A huge and headless trunk, a nameless corpse is he.

LXXVI. "Grim horror seized me, and aghast I stood.
Uprose the image of my father dear,
As there I see the monarch, bathed in blood,
Like him in prowess and in age his peer.
Uprose Creusa, desolate and drear,
Iulus' peril, and a plundered home.
I look around for comrades; none are near.
Some o'er the battlements leapt headlong, some
Sank fainting in the flames; the final hour was come.

LXXVII. "I stood alone, when lo, in Vesta's fane
I see Tyndarean Helen, crouching down.
Bright shone the blaze around me, as in vain
I tracked my comrades through the burning town.
There, mute, and, as the traitress deemed, unknown,
Dreading the Danaan's vengeance, and the sword
Of Trojans, wroth for Pergamus o'erthrown,
Dreading the anger of her injured lord,
Sat Troy's and Argos' fiend, twice hateful and abhorred.

LXXVIII. "Then, fired with passion and revenge, I burn
To quit Troy's downfall and exact the fee
Such crimes deserve. Sooth, then, shall *she* return
To Sparta and Mycenæ, ay, and see
Home, husband, sons and parents, safe and free,
With Ilian wives and Phrygians in her train,
A queen, in pride of triumph? Shall this be,
And Troy have blazed and Priam's self been slain,
And Trojan blood so oft have soaked the Dardan plain?

LXXIX. "Not so; though glory wait not on the act;
Though poor the praise, and barren be the gain,
Vengeance on feeble woman to exact,
Yet praised hereafter shall his name remain,
Who purges earth of such a monstrous stain.
Sweet is the passion of vindictive joy,
Sweet is the punishment, where just the pain,
Sweet the fierce ardour of revenge to cloy,
And slake with Dardan blood the funeral flames of Troy.

LXXX. "So mused I, blind with anger, when in light
Apparent, never so refulgent seen,
My mother dawned irradiate on the night,
Confessed a Goddess, such her form, and mien
And starry stature of celestial sheen.
With her right hand she grasped me from above,
And thus with roseate lips: 'O son, what mean
These transports? Say, what bitter grief doth move
Thy soul to rage untamed? Where vanished is thy love?

LXXXI. "'Wilt thou not see, if yet thy sire survive,
Worn out with age, amid the war's alarms?
And if thy wife Creusa be alive,
And young Ascanius? for around thee swarms
The foe, and but for my protecting arms,
Fierce sword or flame had swept them all away.
Not oft-blamed Paris, nor the hateful charms
Of Helen; Heaven, unpitying Heaven to-day
Hath razed the Trojan towers and reft the Dardan sway.

LXXXII. "'Look now, for I will clear the mists that shroud
Thy mortal gaze, and from the visual ray
Purge the gross covering of this circling cloud.
Thou heed, and fear not, whatsoe'er I say,
Nor scorn thy mother's counsels to obey.
Here, where thou seest the riven piles o'erthrown,
Mixt dust and smoke, rock torn from rock away,
Great Neptune's trident shakes the bulwarks down,
And from its lowest base uproots the trembling town.

LXXXIII. "'Here, girt with steel, the foremost in the fight,
Fierce Juno stands, the Scæan gates before,
And, mad with fury and malignant spite,
Calls up her federate forces from the shore.
See, on the citadel, all grim with gore,
Red-robed, and with the Gorgon shield aglow,
Tritonian Pallas bids the conflict roar.
E'en Jove with strength reanimates the foe,
And stirs the powers of heaven to work the Dardan's woe.

LXXXIV. "'Haste, son, and fly; the fruitless toil give o'er.
I will not leave thee, but assist thy flight,
And set thee safely at thy father's door.'
She spake, and vanished in the gloom of night.
Dread shapes and forms terrific loomed in sight,
And hostile deities, whose faces frowned
Destruction. Then, amid the lurid light,
I see Troy sinking in the flames around,
And mighty Neptune's walls laid level with the ground.

LXXXV. "So, when an aged ash on mountain tall
Stout woodmen strive, with many a rival blow,
To rend from earth; awhile it threats to fall,
With quivering locks and nodding head; now slow
It sinks and, with a dying groan lies low,
And spreads its ruin on the mountain side.
Down from the citadel I haste below,
Through foe, through fire, the goddess for my guide.
Harmless the darts give way, the sloping flames divide.

LXXXVI. "But when Anchises' ancient home I gain,
My father,—he, whom first, with loving care,
I sought and, heedful of my mother, fain
In safety to the neighbouring hills would bear,
Disdains Troy's ashes to outlive and wear
His days in banishment: 'Fly ye, who may,
Whom age hath chilled not, nor the years impair.
For me, had Heaven decreed a longer day,
Heaven too had spared these walls, nor left my home a prey.

LXXXVII. "'Enough and more, to live when Ilion fell,
And once to see Troy captured. Leave me, pray,
And bid me, as a shrouded corpse, farewell.
For death—this hand will find for me the way,
Or foes who spoil will pity me and slay.
Light is the loss of sepulchre or pyre,
Loathed have I lived and useless, since the day
When man's great monarch and the God's dread sire
Breathed his avenging blast and scathed me with his fire.'

LXXXVIII. "So spake he, on his purpose firmly bent.
We—wife, child, family and I—with prayer
And tears entreat the father to relent,
Nor doom us all the common wreck to share,
And urge the ruin that the Fates prepare.
He heeds not—stirs not. Then again I fly
To arms—to arms, in frenzy of despair,
And long in utter misery to die.
What other choice was left, what other chance to try?

LXXXIX. "'What, *I* to leave thee helpless, and to flee?
O father! could'st thou fancy it? Could e'er
A parent speak of such a crime to me?
If Heaven of such a city naught should spare,
And thou be pleased that thou and thine should share
The common wreck, that way to death is plain.
Wide stands the door; soon Pyrrhus will be there,
Red with the blood of Priam; he hath slain
The son before his sire, the father in the fane.

XC. "'Dost thou for *this*, dear mother, me through fire
And foemen safely to my home restore;
To see Creusa, and my son and sire
Each foully butchered in the other's gore,
And Danaans dealing slaughter at the door?
Arms—bring me arms! Troy's dying moments call
The vanquished. Give me to the Greeks. Once more
Let me revive the battle; ne'er shall all
Die unrevenged this day, nor tamely meet their fall.'

XCI. "Once more I girt me with the sword and shield,
And forth had soon into the battle hied,
When lo, Creusa at the doorway kneeled,
And reached Iulus to his sire and cried:
'If death thou seekest, take me at thy side
Thy death to share, but if, expert in strife,
Thou hop'st in arms, here guard us and abide.
To whom dost thou expose Iulus' life,
Thy father's, yea, and mine, once called, alas! thy wife.'

XCII. "So wailed Creusa, and in wild despair
Filled all the palace with her sobs and cries,
When lo! a portent, wondrous to declare.
For while, 'twixt sorrowing parents' hands and eyes,
Stood young Iulus, wildered with surprise,
Up from the summit of his fair, young head
A tuft was seen of flickering flame to rise.
Gently and harmless to the touch it spread
Around his tender brows, and on his temples fed.

xciii. "In haste we strive to quench the flame divine,
Shaking the tresses of his burning hair.
But gladly sire Anchises hails the sign,
And gazing upward through the starlit air,
His hands and voice together lifts in prayer:
'O Jove omnipotent, dread power benign,
If aught our piety deserve, if e'er
A suppliant move thee, hearken and incline
This once, and aid us now and ratify thy sign.'

xciv. "Scarce spake the sire when lo, to leftward crashed
A peal of thunder, and amid the night
A sky-dropt star athwart the darkness flashed,
Trailing its torchfire with a stream of light.
We mark the dazzling meteor in its flight
Glide o'er the roof, till, vanished from our eyes,
It hides in Ida's forest, shining bright
And furrowing out a pathway through the skies,
And round us far and wide the sulphurous fumes arise.

xcv. "Up rose my sire, submissive to the sign,
And briefly to the Gods addressed his prayer,
And bowed adoring to the star divine.
'Now, now,' he cries, 'no tarrying; wheresoe'er
Ye point the path, I follow and am there.
Gods of my fathers! O preserve to-day
My home, preserve my grandchild; for your care
Is Troy, and yours this omen. I obey;
Lead on, my son, I yield and follow on thy way.'

xcvi. "He spake, and nearer through the city came
The roar, the crackle and the fiery glow
Of conflagration, rolling floods of flame.
'Quick, father, mount my shoulders; let us go.
That toil shall never tire me. Come whatso
The Fates shall bring us, both alike shall share
One common welfare or one common woe.
Let young Iulus at my side repair;
Keep thou, my wife, aloof, and follow as we fare.

xcvii. "'Ye too, my servants, hearken my commands.
Outside the city is a mound, where, dear
To Ceres once, but now deserted, stands
A temple, and an aged cypress near,
For ages hallowed with religious fear,
There meet we. Father, in thy charge remain
Troy's gods; for me, red-handed with the smear
Of blood, and fresh from slaughter, 'twere profane
To touch them, ere the stream hath cleansed me of the stain.'

xcviii. "So saying, my neck and shoulders I incline,
And round them fling a lion's tawny hide,
Then lift the load. His little hand in mine,
Iulus totters at his father's side;
Behind me comes Creusa. On we stride
Through shadowy ways; and I who rushing spear
And thronging foes but lately had defied,
Now fear each sound, each whisper of the air,
Trembling for him I lead, and for the charge I bear.

xcix. "And now I neared the gates, and thought my flight
Achieved, when suddenly a noise we hear
Of trampling feet, and, peering through the night,
My father cries, 'Fly, son, the Greeks are near;
They come, I see the glint of shield and spear,
Fierce foes in front and flashing arms behind.'
Then trembling seized me and, amidst my fear,
What power I know not, but some power unkind
Confused my wandering wits, and robbed me of my mind.

c. "For while, the byways following, I left
The beaten track, ah! woe and well away!
My wife Creusa lost me;—whether reft
By Fate, or faint or wandering astray,
I know not, nor have seen her since that day,
Nor sought, nor missed her, till in Ceres' fane
We met at length, and mustered our array.
There she alone was wanting of our train,
And husband, son and friends all looked for her in vain!

ci. "Whom then did I upbraid not, wild with woe,
Of gods or men? What sadder sight elsewhere
Had Troy, now whelmed in utter wreck, to show?
Troy's gods commending to my comrades' care,
With old Anchises and my infant heir,
I hide them in a winding vale from view,
Then, sheathed again in shining arms, prepare
Once more to scour the city through and through,
Resolved to brave all risks, all ventures to renew.

cii. "I reach the ramparts and the shadowy gates
Whence first I issued, backward through the night
My studied steps retracing. Horror waits
Around; the very silence breeds affright.
Then homeward turn, if haply in her flight,
If, haply, thither she had strayed; but ere
I came, behold, the Danaans, loud in fight,
Swarmed through the halls; roof-high the fiery glare,
Fanned by the wind, mounts up; the loud blast roars in air.

ciii. "Again to Priam's palace, and again
Up to the citadel I speed my way.
Armed, in the vacant courts, by Juno's fane,
Phœnix and curst Ulysses watched the prey.
There, torn from many a burning temple, lay
Troy's wealth; the tripods of the Gods were there,
Piled in huge heaps, and raiment snatched away,
And golden bowls, and dames with streaming hair
And tender boys stand round, and tremble with despair.

civ. "I shout, and through the darkness shout again,
Rousing the streets, and call and call anew
'Creusa,' and 'Creusa,' but in vain.
From house to house in frenzy as I flew,
A melancholy spectre rose in view,
Creusa's very image; ay, 'twas there,
But larger than the living form I knew.
Aghast I stood, tongue-tied, with stiffening hair.
Then she addressed me thus, and comforted my care.

v. "'What boots this idle passion? Why so fain
Sweet husband, thus to sorrow and repine?
Naught happens here but as the Gods ordain.
It may not be, nor doth the Lord divine
Of high Olympus nor the Fates design
That thou should'st take Creusa. Seas remain
To plough, long years of exile must be thine,
Ere thou at length Hesperia's land shalt gain,
Where Lydian Tiber glides through many a peopled plain.

vi. "'Wide rule and happy days await thee there,
And royal marriage shall thy portion be.
Weep not for lov'd Creusa, weep not; ne'er
To Grecian women shall I bow the knee,
Never in Argos see captivity,
I, who my lineage from the Dardans tell,
Allied to Venus. Now, by Fate's decree,
Here with the mother of the Gods I dwell.
Farewell, and guard in love our common child. Farewell!'

vii. "So spake she, and with weeping eyes I yearned
To answer, wondering at the words she said,
When lo, the shadowy spirit, as I turned,
Dissolved in air, and in a moment fled.
Thrice round the neck with longing I essayed
To clasp the phantom in a wild delight;
Thrice, vainly clasped, the visionary shade
Mocked me embracing, and was lost to sight,
Swift as a wingèd wind or slumber of the night.

viii. "Back to my friends I hasten. There, behold,
Matrons and men, a miserable band,
Gathered for exile. From each side they shoaled,
Resolved and ready over sea and land
My steps to follow, where the Fates command.
Now over Ida shone the day-star bright;
Greeks swarmed at every entrance; help at hand
Seemed none. I yield, and, hurrying from the fight,
Take up my helpless sire, and climb the mountain height."

BOOK THREE

Argument

In obedience to oracles the Trojans build a fleet and sail to Thrace (1-18). Seeking to found a city, they are warned away by the ghost of Polydorus and visit Anius in Ortygia (19-99). Apollo promises Æneas and his descendants world-wide empire if they return to "the ancient motherland" of Troy,—which Anchises declares to be Crete (100-144). They reach Crete, only to be again baffled. Drought and plague interrupt this second attempt to found a city. On the point of returning to ask Apollo for clearer counsel, Æneas in a dream is certified by the home-gods of Troy that the true motherland is Italy (145-207). Anchises owns his mistake, and recalls how Cassandra had in other days been mocked for prophesying that Troy should eventually be transplanted to Italy (208-225). Landing in the Strophades, they unwittingly wrong the Harpies, whose queen Celaeno thereupon threatens them with a portentous famine. Panic-stricken, they coast along to Actium, where they celebrate their national games and leave a defiance to the Greeks (226-342). At Buthrotum they find Helenus and Andromache in possession of the kingdom of Pyrrhus, and by them are entertained awhile and sent upon their way with gifts and guidance (343-577). The voyage from Dyrrhachium and the first glimpse of Italy. They land and propitiate Juno: then coast along till they sight Mount Ætna (578-666). After a description of the rescue of Achemenides and the escape from Polyphemus, the voyage and the story end with the death of Anchises at Drepanum (667-819).

"When now the Gods have made proud Ilion fall,
And Asia's power and Priam's race renowned
O'erwhelmed in ruin undeserved, and all
Neptunian Troy lies smouldering on the ground,
In desert lands, to diverse exile bound,
Celestial portents bid us forth to fare;
Where Ida's heights above Antandros frowned,
A fleet we build, and gather crews, unware
Which way the Fates will lead, what home is ours and where.

"Scarce now the summer had begun, when straight
My father, old Anchises, gave command
To spread our canvas and to trust to Fate.
Weeping, I leave my native port, the land,
The fields where once the Trojan towers did stand,
And, homeless, launch upon the boundless brine,
Heart-broken outcast, with an exiled band,
Comrades, and son, and household gods divine,
And the great Gods of Troy, the guardians of our line.

"Far off there lies, with many a spacious plain,
The land of Mars, by Thracians tilled and sown,
Where stern Lycurgus whilom held his reign;
A hospitable shore, to Troy well-known,
Her home-gods leagued in union with our own,
While Fortune smiled. Hither, with fates malign,
I steer, and landing for our purposed town
The walls along the winding shore design,
And coin for them a name 'Æneadæ' from mine.

"Due rites to Venus and the gods I bore,
The work to favour, and a sleek, white steer
To Heaven's high King was slaughtering on the shore.
With cornel shrubs and many a prickly spear
Of myrtle crowned, it chanced a mound was near.
Thither I drew, and strove with eager hold
A green-leaved sapling from the soil to tear,
To shade with boughs the altars, when behold
A portent, weird to see and wondrous to unfold!

v. "Scarce the first stem uprooted, from the wood
Black drops distilled, and stained the earth with gore.
Cold horror shook me, in my veins the blood
Was chilled, and curdled with affright. Once more
A limber sapling from the soil I tore;
Once more, persisting, I resolved in mind
With inmost search the causes to explore
And probe the mystery that lurked behind;
Dark drops of blood once more come trickling from the rind.

vi. "Much-musing, to the woodland nymphs I pray,
And Mars, the guardian of the Thracian plain,
With favouring grace the omen to allay,
And bless the dreadful vision. Then again
A third tall shaft I grasp, with sinewy strain
And firm knees pressed against the sandy ground;
When O! shall tongue make utterance or refrain?
Forth from below a dismal, groaning sound
Heaves, and a piteous voice is wafted from the mound:

vii. "'Spare, O Æneas, spare a wretch, nor shame
Thy guiltless hands, but let the dead repose.
From Troy, no alien to thy race, I came.
O, fly this greedy shore, these cruel foes!
Not from the tree—from Polydorus flows
This blood, for I am Polydorus. Here
An iron crop o'erwhelmed me, and uprose
Bristling with pointed javelins.'—Mute with fear,
Perplext, aghast I stood, and upright rose my hair.

viii. "This Polydorus Priam from the war
To Thracia's King in secret had consigned
With store of gold, when, girt with siege, he saw
Troy's towers, and trust in Dardan arms resigned.
But when our fortune and our hopes declined,
The treacherous King the conqueror's cause professed,
And, false to faith, to friendship and to kind,
Slew Polydorus, and his wealth possessed.
Curst greed of gold, what crimes thy tyrant power attest!

"Now, freed from terror, to my father first,
Then to choice friends the vision I declare.
All vote to sail, and quit the shore accurst.
So to his shade, with funeral rites, we rear
A mound, and altars to the dead prepare,
Wreathed with dark cypress. Round them, as of yore,
Pace Troy's sad matrons, with their streaming hair.
Warm milk from bowls, and holy blood we pour,
nd thrice with loud farewell the peaceful shade deplore.

"Soon as our ships can trust the deep once more,
And South-winds chide, and Ocean smiles serene,
We crowd the beach, and launch, and town and shore
Fade from our view. Amid the waves is seen
An island, sacred to the Nereids' queen
And Neptune, lord of the Ægean wave,
Which, floating once, Apollo fixed between
High Myconos and Gyarus, and gave
r man's resort, unmoved the blustering winds to brave.

"Hither we sail and on this island fair,
Worn out, find welcome in a sheltered bay,
And, landing, hail Apollo's town with prayer.
King Anius here, enwreath'd with laurel spray,
The priest of Phœbus meets us on the way;
With joy at once he recognised again
His friend Anchises of an earlier day.
And joining hands in fellowship, each fain
show a friendly heart the palace-halls we gain.

"There, in a temple built of ancient stone
I worship: 'Grant, Thymbrean lord divine,
A home, a settled city of our own,
Walls to the weary, and a lasting line,
To Troy another Pergamus. Incline
And harken. Save these Dardans sore-distrest,
The remnant of Achilles' wrath. Some sign
Vouchsafe us, whom to follow? where to rest?
al into Trojan hearts, and make thy power confessed.'

XIII. "Scarce spake I, suddenly the bays divine
Shook, and a trembling seized the temple door.
The mountain heaves, and from the opening shrine
Loud moans the tripod. Prostrate on the floor
We hear a voice; 'Brave hearts, the land that bore
Your sires shall nurse their Dardan sons again.
Seek out your ancient mother; from her shore
Through all the world the Æneian house shall reign,
And sons of sons unborn the lasting line sustain.'

XIV. "Straight rose a joyous uproar; each in turn
Ask what the walls that Phœbus hath designed?
Which way to wander, whither to return?
Then spake my sire, revolving in his mind
The ancient legends of the Trojan kind,
'Chieftains, give ear, and learn your hopes and mine;
Jove's island lies, amid the deep enshrined,
Crete, hundred-towned, a land of corn and wine,
Where Ida's mountain stands, the cradle of our line.

XV. "'Thence Troy's great sire, if I remember right,
Old Teucer, to Rhœteum crossed the flood,
And for his future kingdom chose a site.
Nor yet proud Ilion nor her towers had stood;
In lowly vales sequestered they abode.
Thence Corybantian cymbals clashed and brayed
In praise of Cybele. In Ida's wood
Her mystic rites in secrecy were paid,
And lions, yoked in pomp, their sovereign's car conveyed.

XVI. "'Come then and seek we, as the gods command,
The Gnosian kingdoms, and the winds entreat.
Short is the way, nor distant lies the land.
If Jove be present and assist our fleet,
The third day lands us on the shores of Crete.'
So spake he and on altars, reared aright,
Due victims offered, and libations meet;
A bull to Neptune and Apollo bright,
To tempest a black lamb, to Western winds a white.

vii. "Fame flies, Idomeneus has left the land,
Expelled his kingdom; that the shore lies clear
Of foes, and homes are ready to our hand.
Ortygia's port we leave, and skim the mere;
Soon Naxos' Bacchanalian hills appear,
And past Olearos and Donysa, crowned
With trees, and Paros' snowy cliffs we steer.
Far-scattered shine the Cyclades renowned,
nd clustering isles thick-sown in many a glittering sound.

viii. "Loud rise the shouts of sailors to the sky;
'Crete and our fathers,' rings for all to hear
The cry of oarsmen. Through the deep we fly;
Behind us sings the stern breeze loud and clear.
So to the shores of ancient Crete we steer.
There in glad haste I trace the wished-for town,
And call the walls 'Pergamea,' and cheer
My comrades, glorying in the name well-known,
he castled keep to raise, and guard the loved hearth-stone.

x. "Scarce stand the vessels hauled upon the beach,
And bent on marriages the young men vie
To till new settlements, while I to each
Due law dispense and dwelling place supply,
When from a tainted quarter of the sky
Rank vapours, gathering, on my comrades seize,
And a foul pestilence creeps down from high
On mortal limbs and standing crops and trees,
season black with death, and pregnant with disease.

x. "Sweet life from mortals fled; they drooped and died.
Fierce Sirius scorched the fields, and herbs and grain
Were parched, and food the wasting crops denied.
Once more Anchises bids us cross the main
And seek Ortygia, and the god constrain
By prayer to pardon and advise, what end
Of evils to expect? what woes remain?
What fate hereafter shall our steps attend?
Vhat rest for toil-worn men, and whitherward to wend?

xxi. "'Twas night; on earth all creatures were asleep,
When lo! the figures of our gods, the same
Whom erst from falling Ilion o'er the deep
I brought, scarce rescued from the midmost flame,
Before me, sleepless for my country's shame,
Stood plain, in plenteousness of light confessed,
Where streaming through the sunken lattice came
The moon's full splendour, and their speech addressed,
And I in heart took comfort, hearing their behest.

xxii. "'Lo! what Apollo from Ortygia's shrine
Would sing, unasked he sends us to proclaim.
We who have followed o'er the billowy brine
Thee and thine arms, since Ilion sank in flame,
Will raise thy children to the stars, and name
Thy walls imperial. Thou build them meet
For heroes. Shrink not from thy journey's aim,
Though long the way. Not here thy destined seat,
So saith the Delian god, not thine the shores of Crete.

xxiii. "'Far off there lies, across the rolling wave,
An ancient land, which Greeks Hesperia name;
Her soil is fruitful and her people brave.
Th' Œnotrians held it once, by later fame
The name Italia from their chief they claim.
Thence sprang great Dardanus; there lies thy seat;
Thence sire Iasius and the Trojans came.
Rise, and thy parent with these tidings greet,
To seek Ausonian shores, for Jove denies thee Crete.'

xxiv. "Awed by the vision and the voice divine
('Twas no mere dream; their very looks I knew,
I saw the fillets round their temples twine,
And clammy sweat did all my limbs bedew)
Forthwith, upstarting, from the couch I flew,
And hands and voice together raised in prayer,
And wine unmixt upon the altars threw.
This done, to old Anchises I repair,
Pleased with the rites fulfilled, and all the tale declare.

xv. "The two-fold race Anchises understands,
The double sires, and owns himself misled
By modern error 'twixt two ancient lands.
'O son, long trained in Ilian fates,' he said,
This chance Cassandra, she alone, displayed.
Oft to Hesperia and Italia's reign
She called us. Ah! who listened or obeyed?
Who dreamed that Teucrians should Hesperia gain?
Yield we to Phœbus now, nor wisdom's words disdain.'

xvi. "All hail the speech. We quit this other home,
And leaving here a handful on the shore,
Spread sail and scour with hollow keel the foam.
The fleet was on mid ocean; land no more
Was visible, naught else above, before
But sky and sea, when overhead did loom
A storm-cloud, black as heaven itself, that bore
Dark night and wintry tempest in its womb,
And all the waves grew rough and shuddered with the gloom.

xvii. "Winds roll the waters, and the great seas rise.
Dispersed we welter on the gulfs. Damp night
Has snatched with rain the heaven from our eyes,
And storm-mists in a mantle wrapt the light.
Flash after flash, and for a moment bright,
Quick lightnings rend the welkin. Driven astray
We wander, robbed of reckoning, reft of sight.
No difference now between the night and day
E'en Palinurus sees, nor recollects the way.

xviii. "Three days, made doubtful by the blinding gloom,
As many nights, when not a star is seen,
We wander on, uncertain of our doom.
At last the fourth glad daybreak clears the scene,
And rising land, and opening uplands green,
And rolling smoke at distance greet the view.
No longer tarrying; to our oars we lean.
Down drop the sails; in order ranged, each crew
Flings up the foam to heaven, and sweeps the sparkling blue.

XXIX. "Saved from the sea, the Strophades we gain,
So called in Greece, where dwells, with Harpies, dire
Celæno, in the vast Ionian main,
Since, forced from Phineus' palace to retire,
They fled their former banquet. Heavenly ire
Ne'er sent a pest more loathsome; ne'er were seen
Worse plagues to issue from the Stygian mire—
Birds maiden-faced, but trailing filth obscene,
With taloned hands and looks for ever pale and lean.

XXX. "The harbour gained, lo! herds of oxen bright
And goats untended browse the pastures fair.
We, sword in hand, make onset, and invite
The gods and Jove himself the spoil to share,
And piling couches, banquet on the fare.
When straight, down-swooping from the hills meanwhile
The Harpies flap their clanging wings, and tear
The food, and all with filthy touch defile,
And, mixt with screams, uprose a sickening stench and vile.

XXXI. "Once more, within a cavern screened from view,
Where circling trees a rustling shade supply,
The boards are spread, the altars blaze anew.
Back, from another quarter of the sky,
Dark-ambushed, round the clamorous Harpies fly
With taloned claws, and taste and taint the prey.
To arms I call my comrades, and defy
The loathsome brood to battle. They obey,
And swords and bucklers hide amid the grass away.

XXXII. "So when their screams descending fill the strand,
Misenus from his outlook sounds the fray.
All to the strange encounter, sword in hand,
Rush forth, these miscreants of the deep to slay.
No wounds they take, no weapon wins its way.
Swiftly they soar, all leaving, ere they go,
Their filthy traces on the half-gorged prey.
One perched, Celæno, on a rock, and lo,
Thus croaked the dismal seer her prophecy of woe.

xxxiii. "'War, too, Laomedon's twice-perjured race!
War do ye bring, our cattle stol'n and slain?
And unoffending Harpies would ye chase
Forth from their old, hereditary reign?
Mark then my words and in your breasts retain.
What Jove, the Sire omnipotent, of old
Revealed to Phœbus, and to me again
Phœbus Apollo at his hest foretold,
I now to thee and thine, the Furies' Queen, unfold.

xxxiv. "'Ye seek Italia and, with favouring wind,
Shall reach Italia, and her ports attain.
But ne'er the town, by Destiny assigned,
Your walls shall gird, till famine's pangs constrain
To gnaw your boards, in quittance for our slain.'
So spake the Fiend, and backward to the wood
Soared on the wing. Cold horror froze each vein.
Aghast and shuddering my comrades stood;
Down sank at once each heart, and terror chilled the blood.

xxxv. "No more with arms, for peace with vows and prayer
We sue, and pardon of these powers implore,
Or be they goddesses or birds of air
Obscene and dire; and lifting on the shore
His hands, Anchises doth the gods adore.
'O Heaven!' he cries, 'avert these threats; be kind
And stay the curse, and vex with plagues no more
A pious folk,' then bids the crews unbind
The stern-ropes, loose the sheets and spread them to the wind.

xxxvi. "The South-wind fills the canvas; on we fly
Where breeze and pilot drive us through the deep.
Soon, crowned with woods, Zacynthos we espy,
Dulichium, Same and the rock-bound steep
Of Neritos. Past Ithaca we creep,
Laertes' realms, and curse the land that bred
Ulysses, cause of all the woes we weep.
Soon, where Leucate lifts her cloud-capt head,
Looms forth Apollo's fane, the seaman's name of dread.

xxxvii. "Tired out we seek the little town, and run
The sterns ashore and anchor in the bay,
Saved beyond hope and glad the land is won,
And lustral rites, with blazing altars, pay
To Jove, and make the shores of Actium gay
With Ilian games, as, like our sires, we strip
And oil our sinews for the wrestler's play.
Proud, thus escaping from the foemen's grip,
Past all the Argive towns, through swarming Greeks, to slip.

xxxviii. "Meanwhile the sun rolls round the mighty year,
And wintry North-winds vex the waves once more.
In front, above the temple-gates I rear
The brazen shield which once great Abas bore,
And mark the deed in writing on the door,
'*Æneas these from conquering Greeks hath ta'en*';
Then bid my comrades quit the port and shore,
And man the benches. They with rival strain
And slanting oar-blades sweep the levels of the main.

xxxix. "Phæacia's heights with the horizon blend;
We skim Epirus, and Chaonia's bay
Enter, and to Buthrotum's town ascend.
Strange news we hear: A Trojan Greeks obey,
Helenus, master of the spouse and sway
Of Pyrrhus, and Andromache once more
Has yielded to a Trojan lord. Straightway
I burn to greet them, and the tale explore,
And from the harbour haste, and leave the ships and shore.

xl. "Within a grove Andromache that day,
Where Simois in fancy flowed again,
Her offerings chanced at Hector's grave to pay,
A turf-built cenotaph, with altars twain,
Source of her tears and sacred to the slain—
And called his shade. Distracted with amaze
She marked me, as the Trojan arms shone plain.
Heat leaves her frame; she stiffens with the gaze,
She swoons—and scarce at length these faltering words essays:

XLI. "'Real, then, real is thy face, and true
Thy tidings? Liv'st thou, child of heavenly seed?
If dead, then where is Hector?' Tears ensue,
And wailing, shrill as though her heart would bleed.
Then I, with stammering accents, intercede,
And, sore perplext, these broken words outthrow
To calm her transport, 'Yea, alive, indeed,—
Alive through all extremities of woe.
Doubt not, thou see'st the truth, no shape of empty show.

XLII. "'Alas! what lot is thine? What worthy fate
Hath caught thee, fallen from a spouse so high?
Hector's Andromache, art thou the mate
Of Pyrrhus?' Then with lowly downcast eye
She dropped her voice, and softly made reply.
'Ah! happy maid of Priam, doomed instead
At Troy upon a foeman's tomb to die!
Not drawn by lot for servitude, nor led
A captive thrall, like me, to grace a conqueror's bed.

XLIII. "'I, torn from burning Troy o'er many a wave,
Endured the lust of Pyrrhus and his pride,
And knew a mother's travail as his slave.
Fired with Hermione, a Spartan bride,
Me, joined in bed and bondage, he allied
To Helenus. But mad with love's despair,
And stung with Furies for his spouse denied,
At length Orestes caught the wretch unware,
E'en by his father's shrine, and smote him then and there.

XLIV. "'The tyrant dead, a portion of his reign
Devolves on Helenus, who Chaonia calls
From Trojan Chaon the Chaonian plain,
And on these heights rebuilds the Trojan walls.
But thou—what chance, or god, or stormy squalls
Have driven thee here unweeting?—and the boy
Ascanius—lives he, or what hap befalls
His parents' darling, and their only joy?
Breathes he the vital air, whom unto thee now Troy—

XLV. "'Still grieves he for his mother? Doth the name
Of sire or uncle make his young heart glow
For deeds of valour and ancestral fame?'
Weeping she spake, with unavailing woe,
And poured her sorrow to the winds, when lo,
In sight comes Helenus, with fair array,
And hails his friends, and hastening to bestow
Glad welcome, toward his palace leads the way;
But tears and broken words his mingled thoughts betray.

XLVI. "I see another but a tinier Troy,
A seeming Pergama recalls the great.
A dried-up Xanthus I salute with joy,
And clasp the portals of a Scæan gate.
Nor less kind welcome doth the rest await.
The monarch, mindful of his sire of old,
Receives the Teucrians in his courts of state.
They in the hall, the viands piled on gold,
Pledging the God of wine, their brimming cups uphold.

XLVII. "One day and now another passed; the gale
Sings in the shrouds, and calls us to depart,
When thus the prophet Helenus I hail,
'Troy-born interpreter of Heaven! whose art
The signs of Phœbus' pleasure can impart;
Thou know'st the tripod and the Clarian bay,
The stars, the voices of the birds, that dart
On wings with omens laden, speak and say,—
Since fate and all the gods foretell a prosperous way.

XLVIII. "'And point to far Italia,—One alone,
Celæno, sings of famine foul and dread,
A nameless prodigy, a plague unknown,—
What perils first to shun? what path to tread,
To win deliverance from such toils?' This said,
I ceased, and Helenus with slaughtered kine
Implores the god, and from his sacred head
Unbinds the wreath, and leads me to the shrine,
Awed by Apollo's power, and chants the doom divine:

LXIX. "'O Goddess-born, high auspices are thine,
And heaven's plain omens guide thee o'er the main.
Thus Jove, by lot unfolding his design,
Assorts the chances, and the Fates ordain.
This much may I of many things explain,
How best o'er foreign seas to urge thy keel
In safety, and Ausonian ports attain,
The rest from Helenus the Fates conceal,
And Juno's envious power forbids me to reveal.

L. "'Learn then, Italia, that thou deem'st so near,
And thither dream'st of lightly passing o'er,
Long leagues divide, and many a pathless mere.
First must Trinacrian waters bend the oar,
Ausonian waves thy vessels must explore,
First must thou view the nether world, where flows
Dark Styx, and visit that Ææan shore,
The home of Circe, ere, at rest from woes,
Thou build the promised walls, and win the wished repose.

LI. "'These tokens bear, and in thy memory store.
When, musing sad and pensive, thou hast found
Beside an oak-fringed river, on the shore,
A huge sow thirty-farrowed, and around,
Milk-white as she, her litter, mark the ground,
That spot shall see thy promised town; for there
Thy toils are ended, and thy rest is crowned.
Fear not this famine—'tis an empty scare;
The Fates will find a way, and Phœbus hear thy prayer.

LII. "'As for yon shore and that Italian coast,
Washed, where the land lies nearest, by our main,
Shun them; their cities hold a hostile host.
There Troy's old foes, the evil Argives, reign,
Locrians of Narycos her towns contain.
There fierce Idomeneus from Crete brought o'er
His troops to vex the Sallentinian plain;
There, girt with walls and guarded by the power
Of Philoctetes, stands Petelia's tiny tower.

LIII. "'Nay, when thy vessels, ranged upon her shore,
Rest from the deep, and on the beach ye light
The votive altars, and the gods adore,
Veil then thy locks, with purple hood bedight,
And shroud thy visage from a foeman's sight,
Lest hostile presence, 'mid the flames divine,
Break in, and mar the omen and the rite.
This pious use keep sacred, thou and thine,
The sons of sons unborn, and all the Trojan line.

LIV. "'When, wafted to Sicilia, dawns in sight
Pelorus' channel, keep the leftward shore,
Though long the circuit, and avoid the right.
These lands, 'tis said, one continent of yore
(Such change can ages work) an earthquake tore
Asunder; in with havoc rushed the main,
And far Sicilia from Hesperia bore,
And now, where leapt the parted lands in twain,
The narrow tide pours through, 'twixt severed town and plain.

LV. "'Here Scylla, leftward sits Charybdis fell,
Who, yawning thrice, her lowest depths laid bare,
Sucks the vast billows in her throat's dark hell,
Then starward spouts the refluent surge in air.
Here Scylla, gaping from her gloomy lair,
The passing vessels on the rocks doth hale;
A maiden to the waist, with bosom fair
And human face; below, a monstrous whale,
Down from whose wolf-like womb hangs many a dolphin's tail.

LVI. "'Far better round Pachynus' point to steer,
Though long the course, and tedious the delay,
Than once dread Scylla to behold, or hear
The rocks rebellow with her hell-hounds' bay.
This more, besides, I charge thee to obey,
If any faith to Helenus be due,
Or skill in prophecy the seer display,
And mighty Phœbus hath inspired me true,
These warning words I urge, and oft will urge anew:

LVII. "'Seek Juno first; great Juno's power adore;
With suppliant gifts the potent queen constrain,
And winds shall waft thee to Italia's shore.
There, when at Cumæ landing from the main,
Avernus' lakes and sounding woods ye gain,
Thyself shalt see, within her rock-hewn shrine,
The frenzied prophetess, whose mystic strain
Expounds the Fates, to leaves of trees consign
The notes and names that mark the oracles divine.

LVIII. "'Whate'er the maiden on those leaves doth trace,
In rows she sorts, and in the cave doth store.
There rest they, nor their sequence change, nor place,
Save when, by chance, on grating hinge the door
Swings open, and a light breath sweeps the floor,
Or rougher blasts the tender leaves disperse.
Loose then they flutter, for she recks no more
To call them back, and rearrange the verse;
Untaught the votaries leave, the Sibyl's cave to curse.

LIX. "'But linger thou, nor count thy lingering vain,
Though comrades chide, and breezes woo the fleet.
Approach the prophetess; with prayer unchain
Her voice to speak. She shall the tale repeat
Of wars in Italy, thy destined seat,—
What toils to shun, what dangers to despise,—
And make the triumph of thy quest complete.
Thou hast whate'er 'tis lawful to advise;
Go, and with deathless deeds raise Ilion to the skies.'

LX. "So spake the seer, and shipward bids his friends
Rich gifts convey, and store them in the hold.
Gold, silver plate, carved ivory he sends,
With massive caldrons of Dodona's mould;
A coat of mail, with triple chain of gold,
And shining helm, with cone and flowing crest,
The arms of Pyrrhus, glorious to behold.
Nor lacks my sire his presents; for the rest
Steeds, guides and arms he finds, and oarsmen of the best.

LXI. "Then to Anchises, as he bids us spread
The sails, with reverence speaks Apollo's seer,
'Far-famed Anchises, honoured with the bed
Of haughty Venus, Heaven's peculiar care,
Twice saved from Troy! behold Ausonia there,
Steer towards her coasts, yet skirt them; far away
That region lies, which Phœbus doth prepare.
Blest in thy son's devotion, take thy way.
Why should more words of mine the rising South delay?'

LXII. "Nor less Andromache, sore grieved to part,
Rich raiment fetches, wrought with golden thread,
And Phrygian scarf, and still with bounteous heart
Loads him with broideries. 'Take these,' she said,
'Sole image of Astyanax now dead.
Thy kin's last gifts, my handiwork, to show
How Hector's widow loved the son she bred.
Such eyes had he, such very looks as thou,
Such hands, and oh! like thine his age were ripening now!'

LXIII. "With gushing tears I bid the pair farewell.
Live happy ye, whose destinies are o'er;
We still must wander where the Fates compel.
Your rest is won; no oceans to explore,
No fair Ausonia's ever-fading shore.
Ye still can see a Xanthus and a Troy,
Reared by your hands, old Ilion to restore,
And brighter auspices than ours enjoy,
Nor tempt, like ours, the Greeks to ravage and destroy.

LXIV. "'If ever Tiber and the fields I see
Washed by her waves, ere mingling with the brine,
And build the city which the Fates decree,
Then kindred towns and neighbouring folk shall join.
Yours in Epirus, in Hesperia mine,
And linked thenceforth in sorrow and in joy,
With Dardanus the founder of each line,—
So let posterity its pains employ,
Two nations, one in heart, shall make another Troy.'

LXV. "On fly the barks o'er ocean. Near us frown
Ceraunia's rocks, whence shortest lies the way
To Italy. And now the sun goes down,
And darkness gathers on the mountains grey.
Close by the water, in a sheltered bay,
A few as guardians of the oars we choose,
Then stretched at random on the beach we lay
Our limbs to rest, and on the toil-worn crews
Sleep steals in silence down, and sheds her kindly dews.

LXVI. "Nor yet had Night climbed heaven, when up from sleep
Starts Palinurus, and with listening ear
Catches the breeze. He marks the stars, that keep
Their courses, gliding through the silent sphere,
Arcturus, rainy Hyads and each Bear,
And, girt with gold, Orion. Far away
He sees the firmament all calm and clear,
And from the stern gives signal. We obey,
And shifting camp, set sail and tempt the doubtful way.

LXVII. "The stars were chased, and blushing rose the day.
Dimly, at distance through the misty shroud
Italia's hills and lowlands we survey,
'Italia,' first Achates shouts aloud;
'Italia,' echoes from the joyful crowd.
Then sire Anchises hastened to entwine
A massive goblet with a wreath, and vowed
Libations to the gods, and poured the wine
And on the lofty stern invoked the powers divine:

LXVIII. "'Great gods, whom Earth and Sea and Storms obey,
Breathe fair, and waft us smoothly o'er the main.'
Fresh blows the breeze, and broader grows the bay,
And on the cliffs is seen Minerva's fane.
We furl the sails, and shoreward row amain.
Eastward the harbour arches, scarce descried.
Two jutting rocks, by billows lashed in vain,
Stretch out their arms the narrow mouth to hide.
Far back the temple stands, and seems to shun the tide.

LXIX. "Lo, here, first omen offered to our eyes,
Four snow-white steeds are grazing on the plain.
'Tis war thou bringest us,' Anchises cries,
'Strange land! For war the mettled steed they train,
And war these threaten. Yet in time again
These beasts are wont in harness to obey,
And bear the yoke, as guided by the rein.
Peace yet is hopeful.' So our vows we pay
To Pallas, famed in arms, whose welcome cheered the way.

LXX. "Veiled at her shrines in Phrygian hood we stand,
And chief to Juno, mindful of the seer,
Burnt-offerings pay, as pious rites demand.
This done, the sailyards to the wind we veer,
And leave the Grecians and the land of fear.
Lo, there Tarentum's harbour and the town,
If fame be true, of Hercules, and here
Lacinium's queen and Caulon's towers are known,
And Scylaceum's rocks, with shattered ships bestrown.

LXXI. "Far off is seen, above the billowy mere,
Trinacrian Ætna, and the distant roar
Of ocean and the beaten rocks we hear,
And the loud burst of breakers on the shore;
High from the shallows leap the surges hoar,
And surf and sand mix eddying. 'Behold
Charybdis!' cries Anchises, 'tis the shore,
The dreaded rocks that Helenus foretold.
Row, comrades, for dear life, and let the oars catch hold.'

LXXII. "He spake, 'twas done; and Palinurus first
Turns the prow leftward: to the left we ply
With oars and sail, and shun the rocks accurst.
Now curls the wave, and lifts us to the sky,
Now sinks and, plunging in the gulf we lie.
Thrice roar the caverned shore-cliffs, thrice the spray
Whirls up and wets the dewy stars on high.
Thus tired we drift, as sinks the wind and day,
Unto the Cyclops' shore, all weetless of the way.

LXXIII. "It was a spacious harbour, sheltered deep
From access of the winds, but looming vast
With awful ravage, Ætna's neighbouring steep
Thundered aloud, and, dark with clouds, upcast
Smoke and red cinders in a whirlwind's blast.
Live balls of flame, with showers of sparks, upflew
And licked the stars, and in combustion massed,
Torn rocks, her ragged entrails, molten new,
The rumbling mount belched forth from out the boiling stew.

LXXIV. "Here, while from Ætna's furnaces the flame
Bursts forth, Enceladus, 'tis said, doth lie,
Scorched by the lightning. As his wearied frame
He shifts, Trinacria, trembling at the cry
Moans through her shores, and smoke involves the sky.
There all night long, screened by the woods, we hear
The dreadful sounds, and know not whence nor why,
For stars are none, nor planet gilds the sphere;
Night holds the moon in clouds, and heaven is dark and drear.

LXXV. "Now rose the Day-star from the East, and cleared
The mists, that melted with advancing Morn,
When suddenly from out the woods appeared
An uncouth form, a creature wan and worn,
Scarce like a man, in piteous plight forlorn.
Suppliant his hands he stretches to the shore;
We turn and look on tatters tagged with thorn,
Dire squalor and a length of beard,—what more,
A Greek, to Troy erewhile in native arms sent o'er.

LXXVI. "He scared to see the Dardan garb once more
And Trojan arms, stood faltering with dismay,
Then rushed, with prayer and weeping, to the shore.
'O, by the stars, and by the Gods, I pray,
And life's pure breath, this light of genial day,
Take me, O Teucrians; wheresoe'er ye go,
Enough to bear me from this land away.
I once was of the Danaan crews, I know,
And came to Trojan homes and Ilion as a foe.

LXXVII. "'For that, if that be such a crime to you,
O strew me forth upon the watery waste,
And drown me in the deep. If death be due,
'Twere sweet of death by human hands to taste.'
He cried, and, grovelling, our knees embraced,
And, clasping, clung to us. We bid him stand
And tell his birth and trouble; and in haste
Himself the sire Anchises pledged his hand,
And he at length took heart, and answered our demand.

LXXVIII. "'My name is Achemenides. I come
From Ithaca. To Troy I sailed the sea
With evil-starred Ulysses, leaving home
And father, Adamastus;—poor was he,
And O! if such my poverty could be.
Me here my thoughtless comrades, hurrying fast
To quit the cruel threshold and be free,
Leave in the Cyclops' cavern. Dark and vast
That house of slaughtered men, and many a foul repast.

LXXIX. "'Himself so tall, he strikes the lofty skies
(O gods, rid earth of such a monstrous brood!),
None dare with speech accost, nor mortal eyes
Behold him. Human entrails are his food.
Myself have seen him, gorged with brains and blood.
Pluck forth two comrades, in his cave bent back,
And dash them till the threshold swam with blood,
Then crunch the gobbets in his teeth, while black
With gore the limbs still quivered, and the bones did crack:

LXXX. "'Not unavenged; nor brave Ulysses deigned
To brook such outrage. In that hour of tyne
True to himself the Ithacan remained.
When, gorged with food, and belching gore and wine,
With drooping neck, the giant snored supine,
Then, closing round him, to the gods we pray,
Each at his station, as the lots assign,
And where, beneath the frowning forehead, lay,
Huge as an Argive shield, or like the lamp of day,

xxxi. "'His one great orb, deep in the monster's head
We drive the pointed weapon, joy'd at last
To wreak such vengeance for our comrades dead.
But fly, unhappy Trojans, fly, and cast
Your cables from the shore. Such and so vast
As Polyphemus, when the cave's huge door
Shuts on his flocks, and for his night's repast
He milks them, lo! a hundred Cyclops more
oam on the lofty hills, and range the winding shore.

xxxii. "'Now thrice the Moon hath filled her horns with light,
And still in woods and lonely dens I lie,
And see the Cyclops stalk from height to height,
And hear their tramp, and tremble at their cry.
My food—hard berries that the boughs supply,
And roots of grass. Thus wandering, as I scanned
The distant ocean with despairing eye,
I saw your ships first bearing to the land,
nd vowed, whoe'er ye proved, the strangers' slave to stand.

xxxiii. "'Enough, these monsters to escape; O take
My life, and tear me as you will from day,
Rather than these devour me!'—Scarce he spake,
When from the mountains to the well-known bay,
The shepherd Polyphemus gropes his way;
Huge, hideous, horrible in shape and show,
And visionless. A pine-trunk serves to stay
And guide his footsteps, and around him go
he sheep, his only joy and solace of his woe.

xxxiv. "Down came the giant, wading in the main,
And rinsed his gory socket from the tide,
Gnashing his teeth and moaning in his pain.
On through the deep he stalks with awful stride,
So tall, the billows scarcely wet his side.
Forthwith our flight we hasten, prickt with fear,
On board—'twas due—we let the suppliant hide,
Then, mute and breathless, cut the stern-ropes clear,
nd to the emulous oar, and sweep the whitening mere.

LXXXV. "He heard, and turned his footsteps to the sound.
Short of its mark the huge arm idly fell
Outstretched, and swifter than his stride he found
The Ionian waves. Then rose a monstrous yell;
All Ocean shudders and her waves upswell;
Far off, Italia trembles with the roar,
And Ætna groans through many a winding cell,
And trooping to the call the Cyclops pour
From wood and lofty hill, and crowding fill the shore.

LXXXVI. "We see them scowling impotent, the band
Of Ætna, towering to the stars above,
An awful conclave! Tall as oaks they stand,
Or cypresses—the lofty trees of Jove,
Or cone-clad guardians of Diana's grove.
Fain were we then, in agony of fear,
To shake the canvas to the winds, and rove
At random; natheless, we obey the seer,
Who past those fatal rocks had warned us not to steer,

LXXXVII. "Where Scylla here, and there Charybdis lies,
And death lurks double. Backward we essay
Our course, when lo, from out Pelorus flies
The North-Wind, sent to waft us on our way.
We pass the place where, mingling with the spray,
Through narrow rocks Pantagia's stream outflows;
We see low-lying Thapsus and the bay
Of Megara. These shores the suppliant shows,
Known from the time he shared his wandering chieftain's woes.

LXXXVIII. "Far-stretcht against Plemmyrium's wave-beat shore
An island lies, before Sicania's bay,
Now called Ortygia—'twas its name of yore.
Hither from distant Elis, legends say,
Beneath the seas Alpheus stole his way,
And, mingling now with Arethusa here,
Mounts, a Sicilian fountain, to the day.
Here we with prayer, obedient to the seer,
Invoke the guardian gods to whom the place is dear.

xxxix. "Thence past Helorus' marish speeds the bark,
Where fat and fruitful shines the meadowy lea.
We graze the cliffs and jutting rocks, that mark
Pachynus. Camarina's fen we see,
Fixt there for ever by the fates' decree;
Then Gela's town (the river gave the name)
And Gela's plains, far-stretching from the sea,
And distant towers and lofty walls proclaim
teep Acragas, once known for generous steeds of fame.

c. "Thee too we pass, borne onward by the wind,
Palmy Selinus, and the treacherous strand
And shoals of Lilybæum leave behind.
Last, by the shore at Drepanum we stand
And take the shelter of her joyless land,
Here, tost so long o'er many a storm-lashed main,
We lose the stay and comfort of our band,
Here thou, best father, leav'st me to my pain,
hou, saved from countless risks, but saved, alas, in vain.

ci. "Not Helenus, who many an ill forecast,
Warned us to think such sorrow was in store,
Not even dire Celæno. There at last
My wanderings ended, and my toils were o'er,
And thence a God hath led me to your shore."
Thus, while mute wonder did the rest compose,
The Sire Æneas did his tale outpour,
And told his fates, his wanderings and his woes;
hen ceased at length his speech, and sought the wished repose."

BOOK FOUR

Argument

Dido opens her heart to her sister. But for her promised loyalty to the dead Sychæus, she must have yielded (1-36). Anna pleads for Æneas, and Dido half-yielding sacrifices to the marriage-gods. The growth of her passion is described (37-104). Venus feigns assent to Juno's proposal that Æneas shall marry Dido and be king of Carthage. At a hunting Juno will send a storm and the lovers will shelter in a cave, and there plight their vows (105-144). The plot is consummated. Dido yields (145-198). Description of Rumour, who bruits abroad the story and rouses the jealous Iarbas to conjure his father, Jupiter, to interpose (199-248). Jupiter sends Mercury to remind Æneas of his mission (249-298). Æneas, terrified by the message, prepares for instant flight, to the delight of his followers and the despair of Dido (299-342), who entreats him to stay, and rehearses the dangers to which he is leaving her (343-374). Æneas is obdurate. Although he loves Dido, he is the slave of a destiny which he must at all costs fulfil (375-410). After calling down a solemn curse upon him Dido swoons, but crushing the impulse to comfort her, he hastens his preparations for departure (411-468). Dido sends Anna with a last appeal to Æneas, who nevertheless, in spite of struggles, obeys the gods (469-513). In utter misery Dido, on pretext of burning all Æneas' love-gifts, prepares a pyre and summons a sorceress. Her preparations complete, she utters her last lament (514-639). Mercury repeats his warning to Æneas, who sails forthwith (640-671). Daybreak reveals his flight, and Dido—cursing her betrayer—falls by her own hand, to the despair of her sister and the consternation of her subjects (672-837).

Long since a prey to passion's torturing pains,
The Queen was wasting with the secret flame,
The cruel wound was feeding on her veins.
Back to the fancy of the lovelorn dame
Came the chief's valour and his country's fame.
His looks, his words still lingered in her breast,
Deep-fixt. And now the dewy Dawn upcame,
And chased the shadows, when her love's unrest
hus to her sister's soul responsive she confessed:

. "What dreams, dear Anna, fill me with alarms;
What stranger guest is this? like whom in face?
How proud in portance, how expert in arms!
In sooth I deem him of celestial race;
Fear argues souls degenerate and base;
But he—how oft by danger sore bestead,
What warlike exploits did his lips retrace.
Were not my purpose steadfast, ne'er to wed,
nce love first played me false, and mocked me with the dead,

. "Were I not sick of bridal torch and bower,
This once, perchance, I had been frail again.
Anna—for I will own it—since the hour
When, poor Sychæus miserably slain,
A brother's murder rent a home in twain,
He, he alone my stubborn will could tame,
And stir the balance of my soul. Too plain
I know the traces of the long-quenched flame;
ne sparks of love revive, rekindled, but the same.

"But O! gape Earth, or may the Sire of might
Hurl me with lightning to the Shades amain,
Pale shades of Erebus and abysmal Night,
Ere, wifely modesty, thy name I stain,
Or dare thy sacred precepts to profane.
Nay, he whose love first linked us long ago,
Took all my love, and he shall still retain
And guard it with him in the grave below."
e spake, and o'er her lap the gushing tears outflow.

v. Then Anna: "Sister, dearer than the day,
Why thus in loneliness and endless woe
Wilt thou for ever wear thy youth away?
Nor care sweet sons, fair Venus' gifts to know?
Think'st thou such grief concerns the shades below?
What though no husband, Libyan or of Tyre,
Could bend a heart made desolate; what though
In vain Iarbas did thy love desire,
And Africa's proud chiefs, why quench a pleasing fire?

vi. "Think too, whose lands surround thee: on this side,
Gætulian cities, an unconquered race,
Numidians, reinless as the steeds they ride,
And cheerless Syrtis hold thee in embrace;
There fierce Barcæans and a sandy space
Wasted by drought. Why tell of wars from Tyre,
A brother's threats? Well know I Juno's grace
And heaven's propitious auspices conspire
To find for Trojans here the home of their desire.

vii. "Sister, how glorious even now these towers,
What realm shall rise, with such a wondrous pair:
When Teucrian arms join fellowship with ours,
What glory shall the Punic state upbear!
Pray thou to heaven and, having gained thy prayer,
Indulge thy welcome, and thy guest entreat
To tarry. Bid him winter's storms beware;
Point to Orion's watery star, the fleet
Still shattered, and the skies for mariners unmeet."

viii. So fanned, her passion kindled into flame:
Hope scattered scruples, and her doubts gave way,
And loosed were all the lingering ties of shame.
First to the fane the sisters haste away,
And there for peace at every shrine they pray,
And chosen ewes, as ancient rites ordain,
To Sire Lyæus, to the God of Day,
And Ceres, giver of the law, are slain,
And most to Juno's power, who guards the nuptial chain.

r. Herself, the lovely Dido, bowl in hand,
O'er a white heifer's forehead pours the wine,
Or by the Gods' rich altars takes her stand,
And piles the gifts, and o'er the slaughtered kine
Pores, from the quivering heartstrings to divine
The doom of Fate. Blind seers, alas! what art
To calm her frenzy, now hath vow or shrine?
Deep in her marrow feeds the tender smart,
nseen, the silent wound is festering in her heart.

. Poor Dido burns, and roams from street to street,
Wild as a doe, whom heedless, far away,
Some swain hath pierced amid the woods of Crete,
And left, unware, the flying steel to stay,
While through the forests and the lawns his prey
Roams, with the death-bolt clinging to her side.
Now to Æneas doth the queen display
Her walls and wealth, the dowry of his bride;
ft she essays to speak, so oft the utterance died.

. Again, when evening steals upon the light,
She seeks the feast, again would fain give ear
To Troy's sad tale and, ravished with delight,
Hangs on his lips; and when the hall is clear,
And the moon sinks, and drowsy stars appear,
Alone she mourns, clings to the couch he pressed,
Him absent sees, his absent voice doth hear,
Now, fain to cheat her utter love's unrest,
asps for his sire's sweet sake Ascanius to her breast.

. No longer rise the growing towers, nor care
The youths in martial exercise to vie,
Nor ports nor bulwarks for defence prepare.
The frowning battlements neglected lie,
And lofty scaffolding that threats the sky.
Her, when Saturnian Juno saw possessed
With love so tameless, as would dare defy
The shame that whispers in a woman's breast,
rthwith the queen of Jove fair Venus thus addressed:

XIII. "Fine spoils, forsooth, proud triumph ye have won,
Thou and thy boy,—vast worship and renown!
Two gods by fraud one woman have undone.
But well I know ye fear the rising town,
The homes of Carthage offered for your own.
When shall this end? or why a feud so dire?
Let lasting peace and plighted wedlock crown
The compact. See, thou hast thy heart's desire,
Poor Dido burns with love, her blood is turned to fire.

XIV. "Come then and rule we, each with equal power,
These folks as one. Let Tyrian Dido bear
A Phrygian's yoke, and Tyrians be her dower."
Then Venus, for she marked the Libyan snare
To snatch Italia's lordship, "Who would care
To spurn such offer, or with thee contend,
Should fortune follow on a scheme so fair?
'Tis Fate, I doubt, if Jupiter intend
The sons of Tyre and Troy in common league to blend.

XV. "Thou art his consort; 'tis thy right to learn
By prayer the counsels of his breast. Lead thou,
I follow." Quickly Juno made return:
"Be mine that task. Now briefly will I show
What means our purpose shall achieve, and how.
Soon as to-morrow's rising sun is seen,
And Titan's rays unveil the world below,
Forth ride Æneas and the love-sick Queen,
With followers to the chase, to scour the woodland green.

XVI. "While busy beaters round the lawns prepare
Their feathered nets, thick sleet-storms will I shower
And rend all heaven with thunder. Here and there
The rest shall fly, and in the darkness cower.
One cave shall screen both lovers in that hour.
There will I be, if thou approve, meanwhile
And make her his in wedlock. Hymen's power
Shall seal the rite."—Not adverse, with a smile
Sweet Venus nods assent, and gladdens at the guile.

vii. Meanwhile Aurora o'er the deep appears.
At daybreak, issuing from the gates is seen
A chosen train, with nets and steel-tipt spears
And wide-meshed toils; and sleuth-hounds, staunch and keen,
Mixed with Massylian riders, scour the green.
Each on his charger, by the doorway sit
The princes, waiting for the lingering Queen.
Her steed, with gold and purple housings fit,
npatient paws the ground, and champs the foaming bit.

viii. Now forth at length, with numbers in her train,
She comes in state, majestic to behold,
Wrapped in a purpled scarf of Tyrian grain.
All golden is her quiver; knots of gold
Confine her hair; a golden clasp doth hold
Her purple cloak. Behind her throng amain
The Trojans, with Iulus, blithe and bold,
And good Æneas, with the rest, as fain,
ins in, and steps along, the comeliest of the train.

x. As when from wintry Lycia and the shore
Of Xanthus, to his mother's Delian seat
Apollo comes, the dances to restore.
Around his shrines Dryopians, sons of Crete,
And tattooed Agathyrsians shouting meet.
He, on high Cynthus moving, binds around
His flowing locks the foliage soft and sweet,
And braids with gold: his arms behind him sound,
firm Æneas strode, such grace his features crowned.

. The hill-tops and the pathless lairs they gain.
Lo! from the rocks dislodged, the goats in fear
Bound o'er the crags. In dust-clouds o'er the plain
Down from the mountains rush the frightened deer.
On mettled steed the boy, in wild career,
Outrides them, glorying in the chase. No more
He heeds such timid prey, but longs to hear
The tawny lion, issuing with a roar
rth from the lofty hills, and front the foaming boar.

xxi. Meanwhile deep mutterings vex the louring sky,
And, mixt with hail, in torrents comes the rain.
Scar'd, o'er the fields to diverse shelter fly
Troy's sons, Ascanius, and the Tyrian train.
Down from the hills the deluge pours amain.
One cave protects the pair. Earth gives the sign,
With Juno, mistress of the nuptial chain.
And heaven bears witness, and the lightnings shine,
And from the crags above shriek out the Nymphs divine.

xxii. Dark day of fate, and dismal hour of sin!
Then first disaster did the gods ordain,
And death and woe were destined to begin.
Nor shame nor scandal now the Queen restrain,
No more she meditates to hide the stain,
No longer chooses to conceal her flame.
Marriage she calls it, but the fraud is plain,
And pretexts weaves, and with a specious name
Attempts to veil her guilt, and sanctify her shame.

xxiii. Fame with the news through Libya's cities hies,
Fame, far the swiftest of all mischiefs bred;
Speed gives her force; she strengthens as she flies.
Small first through fear, she lifts a loftier head,
Her forehead in the clouds, on earth her tread.
Last sister of Enceladus, whom Earth
Brought forth, in anger with the gods, 'tis said,
Swift-winged, swift-footed, of enormous girth,
Huge, horrible, deformed, a giantess from birth.

xxiv. As many feathers as her form surround,
Strange sight! peep forth so many watchful eyes,
So many mouths and tattling tongues resound,
So many ears among the plumes uprise.
By night with shrieks 'twixt heaven and earth she flies,
Nor suffers sleep her eyelids to subdue;
By day, the terror of great towns, she spies
From towers and housetops, perched aloft in view,
Fond of the false and foul, yet herald of the true.

v. So now, exulting, with a mingled hum
Of truth and falsehood, through the crowd she sped;
How one Æneas hath from Ilion come,
A Dardan guest, whom Dido deigns to wed.
Now, lapt in dalliance and with ease o'erfed,
All winter long they revel in their shame,
Lost to their kingdoms. Such the tale she spread;
And straight the demon to Iarbas came,
nd wrath on wrath upheaped, and fanned his soul to flame.

vi. Born of a nymph, by Ammon's forced embrace,
A hundred temples and in each a shrine
He built to Jove, the father of his race,
And lit the sacred fires, that sleepless shine,
The Gods' eternal watches. Slaughtered kine
Smoke on the teeming pavement, garlands fair
Of various hues the stately porch entwine.
Stung by the bitter tidings, in despair
efore the gods he kneels, and pours a suppliant's prayer.

vii. "Great Jove, to whom our Moorish tribes, reclined
On broidered couch, the votive wine-cup drain,
See'st thou or, Father, are thy bolts but blind,
Mere noise thy thunder, and thy lightnings vain?
This woman here, who, wandering on the main,
Bought leave to build and govern as her own
Her puny town, and till the sandy plain,
Our proffered love hath ventured to disown,
nd takes a Trojan lord, Æneas, to her throne.

viii. "And now that Paris, tricked in Lydian guise,
With perfumed locks and bonnet, and his crew
Of men half-women, gloats upon the prize,
While vainly at thy so-called shrines we sue,
And nurse a faith as empty as untrue."
He prayed and clasped the altar. His request
Jove heard, and to the city bent his view,
And saw the guilty lovers, lapt in rest
nd lost to shame, and thus Cyllenius he addressed:

xxix. "Go, son, the Zephyrs call, and wing thy flight
To Carthage. Call the Dardan chief away,
Who, deaf to Fate, his destined walls doth slight.
This mandate through the wafting air convey,
Not such fair Venus did her son pourtray,
Nor twice for *this* from Grecian swords reclaim
One born to rule Italia, big with sway
And fierce for war, and spread the Teucrian name
Through Teucer's sons, and laws to conquered earth proclaim.

xxx. "If glory cannot tempt him, nor inflame
His soul to win such greatness, if indeed
He takes no trouble for his own fair fame,
Shall he, a father, envy to his seed
The towers of Rome, by destiny decreed?
What schemes he now? what hope the chief constrains
To linger 'mid a hostile race, nor heed
Ausonia's sons and the Lavinian plains?
Go, bid him sail; enough; that word the sum contains."

xxxi. Jove spake. Cyllenius to his feet binds fast
His golden sandals, that aloft in flight
O'er sea and shore upbear him with the blast,
Then takes his rod—the rod of mystic might,
That calls from Hell or plunges into night
The pallid ghosts, gives sleep or bids it fly,
And lifts the dead man's eyelids to the light.
Armed with that rod, he rules the clouds on high,
And drives the scattered gales, and sails the stormy sky.

xxxii. Now, borne along, beneath him he espies
The sides precipitous and towering peak
Of rugged Atlas, who upholds the skies.
Round his pine-covered forehead, wild and bleak,
The dark clouds settle and the storm-winds shriek.
His shoulders glisten with the mantling snow,
Dark roll the torrents down his aged cheek,
Seamed with the wintry ravage, and below,
Stiff with the gathered ice his hoary beard doth show.

XIII. Poised on his wings, here first Cyllenius stood,
Then downward shot, and in the salt sea spray
Dipped like a sea-gull, who, in quest of food,
Searches the teeming shore-cliffs for his prey,
And scours the rocks and skims along the bay.
So swiftly now, between the earth and skies,
Leaving his mother's sire, his airy way
Cyllene's god on cleaving pinions plies,
s o'er the Libyan sands along the wind he flies.

XIV. Scarce now at Carthage had he stayed his feet,
Among the huts Æneas he espied,
Planning new towers and many a stately street.
A sword-hilt, starred with jasper, graced his side,
A scarf, gold-broidered by the queen, and dyed
With Tyrian hues, was o'er his shoulders thrown.
"What, thou—wilt thou build Carthage?" Hermes cried,
"And stay to beautify thy lady's town,
nd dote on Tyrian realms, and disregard thine own?

XV. "Himself, the Sire, who rules the earth and skies,
Sends me from heaven his mandate to proclaim.
What scheme is thine? what hope allures thine eyes,
To loiter thus in Libya? If such fame
Nowise can move thee, nor thy soul inflame,
If loth to labour for thine own renown,
Think of thy young Ascanius; see with shame
His rising promise, scarce to manhood grown,
ope of the Roman race, and heir of Latium's throne."

XVI. He spake and, speaking, vanished into air.
Dumb stood Æneas, by the sight unmann'd:
Fear stifled speech and stiffened all his hair.
Fain would he fly, and quit the tempting land,
Surprised and startled by the god's command.
Ah! what to do? what opening can he find
To break the news, the infuriate Queen withstand?
This way and that dividing his swift mind,
l means in turns he tries, and wavers like the wind.

xxxvii. This plan prevails; he bids a chosen few
Collect the crews in silence, arm the fleet
And hide the purport of these counsels new,
Himself, since Dido dreams not of deceit,
Nor thinks such passion can be frail or fleet,
Some avenue of access will essay,
Some tender moment for soft speeches meet,
And wit shall find, and cunning smooth the way.
With joy the captains hear, and hasten to obey.

xxxviii. But Dido—who can cheat a lover's care?
Could guess the fraud, the coming change descry,
And in the midst of safety feared a snare.
Now wicked Fame hath bid the rumour fly
Of mustering crews. Poor Dido, crazed thereby,
Raves like a Thyiad, when the frenzied rout
With orgies hurry to Cithæron high,
And "Bacchus! Bacchus" through the night they shout.
At length the chief she finds, and thus her wrath breaks out:

xxxix. "Thought'st thou to steal in silence from the land,
False wretch! and cloak such treason with a lie?
Can neither love, nor this my plighted hand,
Nor dying Dido keep thee? Must thou fly,
When North-winds howl, and wintry waves are high?
O cruel! what if home before thee lay,
Not lands unknown, beneath an alien sky,
If Troy were standing, as in ancient day,
Would'st thou for Troy's own sake this angry deep essay?

xl. "*Me* dost thou fly? O, by these tears, thy hand
Late pledged, since madness leaves me naught beside,
But lovers' vows and wedlock's sacred band,
Scarce knit and now too soon to be untied;
If aught were pleasing in a new-won bride,
If sweet the memory of our marriage day,
O by these prayers—if place for prayer abide—
In mercy put that cruel mind away.
Pity a falling house, now hastening to decay.

XLI. "For thee the Libyans and each Nomad lord
Hate me, and Tyrians would their queen disown.
My wifely honour is a name abhorred,
And that chaste fame has perished, which alone
Perchance had raised me to a starry throne.
O think with whom thou leav'st me to thy fate,
Dear guest, no longer as a husband known.
Why stay I? till Pygmalion waste my state,
Or on Iarbas' wheels, a captive queen, to wait?

XLII. "Ah! if at least, ere thou had'st sailed away,
Some babe, the token of thy love, were born,
Some child Æneas, in my halls to play,
Like thee at least in look, I should not mourn
As altogether captive and forlorn."
She paused, but he, at Jove's command, his eyes
Keeps still unmoved, and, though with anguish torn,
Strives with his love, nor suffers it to rise,
But checks his heaving heart, and thus at length replies:

XLIII. "Never, dear Queen, will I disown the debt,
Thy love's deserts, too countless to repeat,
Nor ever fair Elissa's name forget,
While memory shall last, or pulses beat.
Few words are mine, for fewest words are meet.
Think not I meant—the very thought were shame—
Thief-like to veil my going with deceit.
I gave no promise of a husband's name,
Nor talked of ties like that, or wedlock's sacred flame.

XLIV. "Did Fate but let me shape my life at will,
And rest at pleasure, Ilion, first of all,
And Troy's sweet relics would I cling to still,
And Pergama and Priam's stately hall
Once more should cheer the vanquished for their fall.
But now Grynœan Phœbus bids me fare
To great Italia; to Italia call
The Lycian lots, and so the Fates declare.
There lies the land I love, my destined home is there.

XLV. "If thee, Tyre-born, a Libyan town detain,
What grudge to Troy Ausonia's land denies?
We too may seek a foreign realm to gain.
Me, oft as Night's damp shadows from the skies
Have shrouded Earth, and fiery stars arise,
My sire Anchises' troubled ghost in sleep
Upbraids and scares, and ever louder cries
The wrong, that on Ascanius' head I heap,
Whom from Hesperia's plains, his destined realms, I keep.

XLVI. "Now, too, Jove's messenger himself comes down—
Bear witness both—I heard the voice divine,
I saw the God just entering the town.
Cease then to vex me, nor thyself repine.
Heaven's will to Latium summons me, not mine."
Him, speaking thus and pleading but in vain,
She viewed askance, rolling her restless eyne,
Then scanned him o'er, long silent, in disdain,
And thus at length broke out, and gave her wrath the rein.

XLVII. "False traitor! Goddess never gave thee birth,
Nor of thy race was Dardanus the first.
Thy limbs were fashioned in the womb of Earth,
The rugged rocks of Caucasus accurst.
Hyrcanian tigresses thy childhood nursed.
Why fawn and feign? what more have I to fear,
What more to wait for, having known the worst?
Moved he those eyes? dropped he a single tear
Sighed he with me, or spake a lover's heart to cheer?

XLVIII. "What first? what last? Nor Juno, nay, nor Jove
With equal eyes beholds the wrongs I bear.
Faithless is earth, and false is Heaven above.
I took him in, an outcast, and bade spare,
His ships and wandering comrades, let him share
My home, and made him partner of my reign.
Ah me! the Furies drive me to despair.
Now Phœbus calls him, now the Lycian fane,
Now Jove's own herald brings the dreadful news too plain:

XLIX. "Fit task for Gods; such cares disturb their ease.
I care not to confute thee nor delay.
Go, seek thy Latin lordship o'er the seas.
May Heaven—if Heaven be righteous—make thee pay
Thy forfeit, left on ocean's rocks to pray
For help to Dido. There shall Dido go
With sulphurous flames, and vex thee far away.
My ghost in death shall haunt thee. I shall know
Thy punishment, false wretch, and hail the news below."

L. Abrupt she ceased and, sickening with despair,
Turns from his gaze, and shuns the light of day,
And leaves the Dardan, faltering in his fear,
And thinking of a thousand things to say.
Back to her marble couch the maids convey
The fainting Queen. The pious Prince, though fain
With gentle words her anguish to ally,
Sighing full sore, and racked with inward pain,
Bows to the God's behest, and hastens to the main.

LI. Stirred by his presence, at their chief's command,
The Trojan mariners, with might and main,
Bend to the work. Along the shelving strand
They launch tall ships that long had idle lain.
The tarred keel joys the waters to regain.
Timbers unshaped and many a green-leaved oar
They fetch from out the forest, glad and fain
To speed their flight, and hurrying to the shore
Forth from the town-gates fast the mustering Trojans pour.

LII. As ants that, mindful of the cold to come,
Lay waste a mighty heap of garnered grain,
And store the golden treasure in their home:
Back through the grass, with plunder, o'er the plain
In narrow column troops the sable train:
Their tiny shoulders heave, with restless moil,
The cumbrous atomies; these scourge amain
The loiterers in the rear, and guard the spoil.
Hot fares the busy work; the pathway glows with toil.

LIII. What, hapless Dido, were thy feelings then?
What groans were thine, from out thy tower to view
The ships prepared, the shores astir with men,
The turmoil'd deep, the shouting of each crew!
O tyrant love, so potent to subdue!
Again, perforce, she weeps for him; again
She stoops to try persuasion, and to sue,
And yields, a suppliant, to her love's sweet pain,
Lest aught remain untried, and Dido die in vain.

LIV. "Look yonder, look, dear Anna! all around
They crowd the shore their canvas wooes the wind!
Behold the poops with festal garlands crown'd
If I could bear this prospect, I shall find
Strength still to suffer, and a soul resign'd.
One boon I ask—O pity my distress—
For thee alone he tells his inmost mind,
To thee alone unperjur'd; thou can'st guess
The means of soft approach, the seasons of address;

LV. "Go, sister, meekly tell the haughty foe,
Not I at Aulis with the Greeks did swear
To smite the Trojans and their towers o'erthrow,
Nor sought his father's ashes to uptear.
Whom shuns he? wherefore would he spurn my prayer?
Beg him, in pity of poor love, to stay
Till flight is easy, and the winds breathe fair.
Not now for wedlock's broken vows I pray,
Nor bid him lose for me fair Latium and his sway.

LVI. "I ask but time—a respite and reprieve—
A little truce, my passion to allay,
Till fortune teach my baffled love to grieve.
Grant, sister, this, the latest grace I pray,
And Death with interest shall the debt repay."
She spake; sad Anna to the Dardan bears
Her piteous plea. But Fate hath barred the way:
Deaf stands Æneas to her prayers and tears:
Jove, unrelenting Jove, hath stopped his gentle ears.

LVII. E'en as when Northern Alpine blasts contend
This side and that to lay an oak-tree low,
Aged but strong: the branches creak and bend,
And leaves thick-falling all the ground bestrow:
The trunk clings firmly to the rock below:
High as it rears its weather-beaten crest,
So dive its roots to Tartarus. Even so
Beset with prayers, the hero stands distrest;
So vain are Anna's tears, so moveless is his breast.

LVIII. Then—then unhappy Dido prays to die,
Maddened by Fate, aweary of the day,
Aweary of the over-arching sky.
And lo! an omen seems to chide delay,
And steel her purpose. As, in act to pay
Her gifts, with incense at the shrine she kneels,
Black turns the water, horrible to say;
To loathsome gore the sacred wine congeals.
Not e'en to Anna's self this vision she reveals.

LIX. Nay more; within the precincts of her house
There stood a marble shrine, with garlands bright
And snow-white fleeces, sacred to her spouse.
Hence, oft as darkness shrouds the world from sight,
Voices she hears, and accents of affright,
As though Sychæus told aloud his wrong,
Hears from the roof-top, through the livelong night,
The solitary screech-owl's funeral song,
Wailing an endless dirge, the dismal notes prolong.

LX. Dim warnings, given by many an ancient seer,
Affright her. Ever wandering, ever lost,
In dreams she sees the fierce Æneas near,
And seeks her Tyrians on a lonely coast.
So raving Pentheus sees the Furies' host,
Twin suns and double Thebes. So, mad with Fate,
Blood-stained Orestes flees his mother's ghost,
Armed with black snakes and firebrands; at the gate
The avenging Fiends, close-crouched, the murderer await.

LXI. So now, possessed with Furies, the poor queen,
O'ercome with grief and resolute to die,
Settles the time and manner. Joy serene
Smiles on her brow, her purpose to belie,
And hope dissembled sparkles in her eye.
"Dear Anna," thus she hails with cheerful tone
Her weeping sister, "put thy sorrow by,
And joy with me. Indulgent Heaven hath shown
A way to gain his love, or rid me of my own.

LXII. "Near Ocean's limits and the sunset, lies
A far-off land, by Æthiopians owned,
Where mighty Atlas turns the spangled skies.
There a Massylian priestess I have found,
The warder of the Hesperian fane renowned.
'Twas hers to feed the dragon, hers to keep
The golden fruit, and guard the sacred ground,
The dragon's food in honied drugs to steep,
And mix the poppy drowse, that soothes the soul to sleep.

LXIII. "What souls she listeth, with her charms she claims
To free from passion, or with pains to smite
The love-sick heart; the planets all she tames,
And stays the rivers; and her voice of might
Calls forth the spirits from the realms of night.
Thyself the rumbling of the ground shalt hear,
And see the tall ash tumble from the height.
O, by the Gods, by thy sweet self I swear,
Loth am I, sister dear, these magic arms to wear.

LXIV. "Thou privily within the courtyard frame
A lofty pyre; his armour and attire
Heap on it, and the fatal couch of shame.
All relics of the wretch are doomed to fire;
So bids the priestess, and her charms require."
She ended, pale as death, and Anna plied
Her task, not dreaming of a rage so dire.
Nought worse she fears than when Sychæus died,
Nor recks that these strange rites her purposed death could hide.

LXV. Now rose the pile within the courtyard's space,
Of oak and pine-wood, open to the wind.
Herself the Queen with garlands decked the place,
And funeral chaplets in the sides entwined.
Above, his robes, the sword he left behind,
And, last, his image on the couch she laid,
Foreknowing all, and while the altars shined
With blazing offerings, the enchantress-maid,
Frenzied, with thundering voice and tresses disarrayed,

LXVI. Summons her gods—three hundred powers divine,
Chaos and Erebus, in Hell supreme,
And Dian-Hecate, the maiden trine;
Then water, feigned of dark Avernus' stream,
She sprinkles round. Rank herbs are sought, that teem
With poisonous juice, and plants at midnight shorn
With brazen sickles by the Moon's pale beam,
And from the forehead of a foal new-born,
Ere by the dam devoured, love's talisman is torn.

LXVII. Herself, the queen, before the altar stands,
One foot unsandalled, and her flowing vest
Loosed from its cincture. In her stainless hands
The sacrificial cake she holds; her breast
Heaves, with approaching agony oppressed.
She calls the conscious planets as they move,
She calls the stars, her purpose to attest,
And all the gods, if any rules above,
Mindful of lovers' wrongs, and just to injured love.

LXVIII. 'Twas night; on earth all creatures were asleep:
Midway the stars moved silent through the sphere;
Hushed were the forest and the angry deep,
And hushed was every field, and far and near
Reigned stillness, and the night spread calm and clear.
The flocks, the birds, with painted plumage gay,
That haunt the copse, or dwell in brake and brere,
Or skim the liquid lakes—all silent lay,
Lapt in oblivion sweet, forgetful of the day.

LXIX. Not so unhappy Dido; no sweet peace
Dissolves her cares; her wakeful eyes and breast
Drink not the dewy night; her pains increase,
And love, with warring passions unsuppressed,
Swells up, and stirs the tumult of unrest.
"What, then," she sadly ponders, "shall I do?
"Ah, woe is me! shall Dido, made a jest
To former lovers, stoop herself to sue,
And beg the Nomad lords their oft-scorned vows renew?

LXX. "Or with the fleet of Ilion shall I sail,
The slave and menial of a Trojan crew,
As though they count past kindness of avail,
Or dream that aught of gratitude be due?
Grant that I wished it, of these lordings who
Would take me, humbled and a thing of scorn?
Is Dido blind, if Trojans are untrue?
Know'st thou not yet, O lost one and forlorn,
Troy's perjured race still shows Laomedon forsworn?

LXXI. "What, fly alone, and join their shouting crew?
Or launch, and chase them with my Tyrian train
Scarce torn from Tyre? Nay—die and take thy due;
The sword alone can ease thee of thy pain.
Sister, 'twas thy weak pity wrought this bane,
Swayed by my tears, and gave me to the foe.
Ah! had I lived unloving, void of stain,
Free as the beasts, nor meddled with this woe,
Nor wronged with broken vows Sychæus' shade below!"

LXXII. So wailed the Queen. Æneas, fixt in mind,
All things prepared, his voyage to pursue,
Snatched a brief slumber, on the deck reclined,
Lo, in a dream, returning near him drew
The God, and seemed his warning to renew.
Like Mercury, the very God behold!
So sweet his voice, so radiant was his hue,
Such loveliness of limb and youthful mould,
Such cheeks of ruddiest bloom, and locks of burnished gold.

LXXIII. "O goddess-born Æneas, can'st thou sleep,
Nor see the dangers that around thee lie,
Nor hear the Zephyrs whispering to the deep.
Dark crimes the Queen is plotting, bent to die
And tost with varying passions. Haste thee—fly,
While flight is open. Morn shall see the bay
Swarm with their ships, and all the shore and sky
Red with fierce firebrands and the flames. Away!
Changeful is woman's mood, and varying with the day."

LXXIV. He spake and, mixing with the night, withdrew
Up starts Æneas from his sleep, so sore
The vision scared him, and awakes his crew.
"Quick, comrades, man the benches! ply the oar!
Unfurl the canvas! Lo, a God once more
Comes down to urge us, chiding our delay,
And bids us cut our cables from the shore.
Dread Power divine, we follow on thy way,
Gladly, whoe'er thou art, thy summons we obey.

LXXV. "Be near us now, and O, vouchsafe thine aid,
And bid fair stars their kindly beams afford
To light our pathway through the deep." He prayed,
And from the scabbard snatched his flaming sword,
And, swift as lightning, cleft the twisted cord.
Fired by their chief, like ardour fills the crew,
They scour, they scud and, hurrying, crowd on board.
Bare lies the beach; ships hide the sea from view,
And strong arms lash the foam and sweep the sparkling blue.

LXXVI. Now rose Aurora from the saffron bed
Of old Tithonus, and with orient ray
Sprinkled the earth. Forth looks the Queen in dread,
And from her watch-tower marks the twilight grey
Glow with the shimmering whiteness of the day,
The harbour shipless and the shore all bare,
The fleet with full-squared canvas under weigh.
Then thrice and four times, frantic with despair,
She beats her beauteous breast, and rends her golden hair.

LXXVII. "Ah! Jove, shall he escape me? Shall he mock
My queenship? He, an alien, flout my sway?
Will no one arm and chase them, or undock
The ships? Bring fire; get weapons, quick! Away!
Swing out the oars! Ah me! what do I say?
Where am I? O, what madness turns my brain?
Poor Dido, hath thy folly found its prey?
Thy sins, alas! they sting thee, but in vain.
They should have done so then, when yielding him thy reign.

LXXVIII. "Lo, there his honour and the faith he swore,
Who takes Troy's gods the partners of his flight,
And erst from Troy his aged parent bore.
O, had I torn him piecemeal, as I might,
And strewn him on the waves, and slain outright
His friends, and for the father's banquet spread
The murdered boy! But doubtful were the fight.
Grant that it had been, whom should Dido dread,
What fear had death for me, self-destined to be dead?

LXXIX. "These hands the firebrands at his feet had cast,
And filled with flames his hatches.' Sire and son
And all their race had perished with the past,
And I, too, perished with them. O great Sun,
Whose torch reveals whate'er on Earth is done,
Juno, who know'st the passion that devours
Poor Dido; Hecate, where crossways run
Night-howled in cities; ye avenging Powers,
Friends, Furies, Gods that guard Elissa's dying hours!

LXXX. "Mark this, compassionate these woes, and bow
To supplication. If the Fates demand—
Curst be his head!—that he escape me now,
And touch his haven, and float up to land.
If so Jove wills, and fixt his edicts stand,
Then, scourged with warfare by a daring race,
In vain for succour let him stretch his hand,
And see his people perish with disgrace,
An exile, torn from home and from his son's embrace.

LXXXI. "And when hard peace the traitor stoops to buy,
No realm be his, nor happy days in store.
Cut off in prime of manhood let him die,
And rot unburied on the sandy shore.
This dying curse, this utterance I pour,
The latest, with my life-blood,—this my prayer.
Them and their children's children evermore
Ye Tyrians, with immortal hate outwear.
This gift—'twill please me best—for Dido's shade prepare.

LXXXII. "This heritage be yours; no truce nor trust
'Twixt theirs and ours, no union or accord
Arise, unknown Avenger from our dust;
With fire and steel upon the Dardan horde
Mete out the measure of their crimes' reward.
To-day, to-morrow, for eternity
Fight, oft as ye are able—sword with sword,
Shore with opposing shore, and sea with sea;
Fight, Tyrians, all that are, and all that e'er shall be."

LXXXIII. So spake the queen, and pondered in her breast
How of her loathèd life to clip the thread,
Then briefly thus Sychæus' nurse addressed
(Her own at Tyre lay buried)—"Haste," she said,
"Dear Barce; call my sister; let her head
With living water from the lustral bough
Be sprinkled. Hither be the victims led,
And due atoning offerings, and thou
Bring forth the sacred wreath, and bind it on thy brow.

LXXXIV. "The sacrifice, prepared for Stygian Jove,
I purpose now to consummate, and pay
The last sad rites, and ease me of my love,
And burn the couch whereon the Dardan lay."
She spake; the old dame tottering hastes away.
Maddening stood Dido at the doom so dread,
With bloodshot eyes and trembling with dismay,
Her quivering cheeks flecked with the burning red,
Pale with approaching death, but yearning to be dead.

LXXXV. So bursting through the inner doors she flew
And, with wild frenzy, climbed the lofty pyre,
Then seized the scabbard he had left, and drew
The sword, ne'er given for an end so dire.
But when, with eyes still wistful with desire,
She viewed the bed that she had known too well,
The Ilian raiment and the chief's attire,
She paused, then musing, while the teardrops fell,
Sank on the fatal couch, and cried a last farewell:

LXXXVI. "Dear relics! loved while Fate and Jove were kind,
Receive this soul, and free me from my woe.
My life is lived; behold, the course assigned
By Fortune now is finished, and I go,
A shade majestic, to the world below,
A glorious city I have built, have seen
My walls, avenged my husband of his foe.
Thrice happy, ah! too happy had I been
Had Dardan ships, alas! not come to bring me teen!"

LXXXVII. She paused, and pressed her lips upon the bed.
"To die—and unavenged? Yea, let me die!
Thus—thus it joys to journey to the dead.
Let yon false Dardan with remorseful eye
Drink in this bale-fire from the deep, and sigh
To bear the omens of my death."—No more
She said, but swooned. The servants see her lie,
Sunk on the sword; they see the life-blood pour,
Reddening her tender hands, the weapon drenched with gore.

LXXXVIII. Then through the lofty palace rose a scream,
And madly Rumour riots, as she flies
Through the shocked town. The very houses seem
To groan, and shrieks, and sobbing and the cries
Of wailing women pierce the vaulted skies.
'Twas e'en as though all Carthage or old Tyre
Were falling, stormed by ruthless enemies,
While over roof and battlement and spire
And temples of the Gods rolled on the infuriate fire.

LXXXIX. Her sister heard, and through the concourse came,
And tore her cheeks and beat her bosom fair,
And called upon the dying Queen by name.
"Sister! was this thy secret? thine this snare?
For me this fraud? For this did I prepare
That pyre, those flames and altars? This the end?
Ah me, forlorn! what worse remains to bear?
Would'st thou in death desert me, and pretend
To scorn a sister's care, and shun me as a friend?

XC. "Thou should'st have called me to thy doom! One stroke,
A moment's pang, and we had ceased to sigh.
Reared I this pyre, did I the gods invoke
To leave thee thus companionless, to die?
Lo, all are dead together, thou and I,
Town, princes, people, perished in a day.
Bring water; let me close the lightless eye,
And bathe those wounds, and kiss those lips of clay,
And catch one fluttering breath, if yet, perchance, I may!"

XCI. So saying, she climbs the steps, and, groaning sore,
Clasps to her breast her sister ere she dies,
And stanches with her robe the streaming gore.
In vain poor Dido lifts her wearied eyes,
The closing eyelids sicken at the skies.
Deep gurgles in her breast the deadly wound;
Thrice on her elbow she essays to rise,
Thrice back she sinks. With wandering eyes all round
She seeks the light of heaven, and moans when it is found.

XCII. Then Juno, pitying her agony
Of lingering death, sent Iris down with speed.
Her struggling soul from clinging limbs to free.
For since by Fate, or for her own misdeed
She perished not, but, ere the day decreed,
Fell in the frenzy of her love's despair,
Not yet Proserpina had claimed her meed,
And shorn the ringlet of her golden hair,
And bade the sacred shade to Stygian realms repair.

XCIII. So down to earth came Iris from on high
On saffron wings all glittering with the dew.
A thousand tints against the sunlit sky
She flashed from out her rainbow as she flew,
Then, hovering overhead, these words outthrew,
"Behold, to Dis this offering I bear,
And loose thee from thy body."—Forth she drew
The fatal shears, and clipped the golden hair;
The vital heats disperse, and life dissolves in air.

BOOK FIVE

Argument

Æneas, unaware of Dido's fate, sails away to Acestes in Sicily, and prepares funeral games against the anniversary of Anchises' death (**1-90**). Offerings are paid to the spirit of Anchises. Sicilians and Trojans assemble for the first contest, a boat race (**91-140**), which is described at length. Cloanthus, ancestor of the Cluentii, wins with the "Scylla" (**141-342**). The foot-race is next narrated. Euryalus, by his friend's cunning, gains the first prize, and the scene shifts (**343-441**) to the ring, in which Dares is defeated by the veteran Entellus, who fells the ox, his prize, as an offering to his master Eryx (**442-594**). After some wonderful shooting in the archery which follows, Æneas awards the first prize to Acestes, as the favourite of the gods (**595-667**). Before this contest is over Æneas summons Ascanius and his boy-companions to perform the elaborate manœuvres afterwards celebrated in Rome as the "Trojan Ride" (**668-729**). Juno schemes to destroy the Trojan fleet, while the games are being held. She inspires with discontent the Trojan matrons, who are not present at the festival. They set fire to the ships (**730-810**). Ascanius hurries to the scene. Jupiter sends rain and saves all the ships but four (**811-855**). Nautes advises Æneas to leave behind the weak and aged with Acestes. The wraith of Anchises enforces the advice, and bids Æneas visit him in the nether-world (**856-909**). Preparations for departure. Acestes accepts his new subjects, and the Trojans depart. Venus prevails on Neptune to grant them safe convoy in return for the life of the helmsman Palinurus, who is drowned (**910-1062**).

I. Now well at sea, Æneas, fixt in mind,
Held on his course, and cleft the watery ways
Through billows blackened by the northern wind,
And backward on the city bent his gaze,
Bright with the flames of Dido. Whence the blaze
Arose, they knew not; but the pangs they knew
When love is passionate, and man betrays,
And what a frantic woman scorned can do,
And many a sad surmise their boding thoughts pursue.

II. The fleet was on mid-ocean; land no more
Was visible, nor aught but sea and sky;
When lo! above them a black cloud, that bore
Tempest and Night, frowned iron-dark on high,
And the wave, shuddering as the wind swept by,
Curled and was darkened. From the stern loud cries
The pilot Palinurus: "Whence and why
This cloudy rack that gathers o'er the skies?
What, father Neptune, now, what mischief dost devise?"

III. So having said, he bade the seamen take
The tackling in, and ply the lusty oar,
Then sloped the mainsheet to the wind, and spake:
"Noble Æneas, e'en if high Jove swore
To bring us safely to Italia's shore,
With skies like these, 'twere hopeless. Westward loom
The dark clouds mustering, and the changed winds roar
Athwart us, and the air is thick with gloom.
Vainly we strive to move, and struggle with our doom.

IV. "Come, then, since Fortune hath the mastering hand,
Yield we and turn. Not far, methinks, there lies
A friendly shore, thy brother Eryx' land,
And ports Sicanian, if aright these eyes
Recall my former reading of the skies."
Then good Æneas: "Long ago, 'tis plain,
The winds so willed it. I have seen," he cries,
"And marked thee toiling in their teeth in vain.
Shift sail and turn the helm. What sweeter shore to gain,

v. "What port more welcome to a wearied fleet
And wave-worn mariners, what land more blest
Than that where still Acestes lives, to greet
His Dardan friends, and in the boon earth's breast
My father's bones, Anchises', are at rest?"
He spake; at once the Trojans strive to gain
The port. Fair breezes, blowing from the West,
Swell out the sails. They bound along the main,
And soon with gladdening hearts the well-known shore attain.

vi. Far off Acestes, wondering, from a height
The coming of their friendly ships descries,
And hastes to meet them. Roughly is he dight
In Libyan bearskin, as in huntsman's guise;
A pointed javelin in each hand he plies.
Him once a Trojan to Crimisus bore,
The stream-god. Mindful of ancestral ties
He hails his weary kinsmen, come once more,
And dainty fruits sets forth, and cheers them from his store.

vii. Next dawn had chased the stars, when on the shore
Æneas thus the gathered crews addressed:
"Twelve months have passed, brave Dardans, since we bore
The bones of great Anchises to his rest,
And laid his ashes in the ground, and blessed
The mourning altars by the rolling sea.
And now once more, if rightly I have guessed,
The day is come, which Heaven hath willed to be
Sacred for evermore, but ever sad to me.

viii. This day, though exiled on Gætulian sands,
Or caught by tempests on th' Ægean brine,
Or at Mycenæ in the foemen's hands,
With annual honours will I hold divine,
And head with fitting offerings the shrine.
By chance unsought, now hither are we led,
Yet not, I ween, without the God's design,
Where lie the ashes of my father dead,
And greet a friendly port, by favouring breezes sped.

IX. "Come then, with festival his name revere,
Pray we for winds to waft us, and entreat
His shade to take these offerings year by year,
When gathered to our new-built Troy, we meet
In hallowed fanes, his worship to repeat.
See, for each ship two head of hornèd kine
Acestes sends, his Trojan friends to greet
Bid then the home-gods of the Trojan line,
With those our host adores, to grace the feast divine

X. "Nay, if the ninth fair morning show fine day,
And bring the sunshine, be a match decreed
For Teucrian ships, their swiftness to essay.
Next, in the footrace whosoe'er hath speed,
Or, glorying in his manhood, claims the meed
With dart, or flying arrow and the bow,
Or bout with untanned gauntlet, mark and heed,
And wait the victor's guerdon. Come ye now;
Hush'd be each idle tongue, and garlanded each brow."

XI. He spake, and round his temples binds with joy
His mother's myrtle. Helymus is crowned,
The veteran Acestes, and the boy
Ascanius, and the Trojan warriors round.
So from the council to the funeral mound
He moves, the centre of a circling crowd.
Two bowls of wine he pours upon the ground,
Two of warm milk, and two of victim's blood,
And, scattering purple flowers, invokes the shade aloud.

XII. "Hail, holy Sire! blest Spirit, hail once more,
And ashes, vainly rescued! Not with thee
Was I allowed to reach Italia's shore,
The fields Ausonian that the Fates decree,
And Latin Tiber—whatsoe'er it be."
He ceased, when lo, a monstrous serpent, wound
In seven huge coils, seven giant spires, they see
Glide from the grave, and gently clasp the mound,
And 'twixt the altars trail in many a tortuous round.

XIII. The back with azure and the scales with gold
In streaks and glittering patches were ablaze:
So doth the rainbow in the clouds unfold
A thousand hues against the sun's bright rays.
Æneas stood bewildered with amaze.
In lengthened train meanwhile the snake went on,
'Twixt cups and bowls weaving its sinuous ways,
Then sipped the sacred food, and harming none,
The tasted altars left and 'neath the tomb was gone.

XIV. Cheered, to Anchises he the rites renewed,
In doubt if there some Genius of the shrine
Or menial spirit of his sire he viewed.
Two sheep, two dark-backed heifers, and two swine
He slays, invoking, as he pours the wine,
The ghost, released from Acheron. Glad of soul,
Each adds his gift. These slay the sacred Kine,
Pile altars, set the cauldrons, heap the coal,
And, sitting, hold the spits, and roast the entrails whole.

XV. Now came the looked-for day. The ninth fair dawn
Bright Phaëthon drove up a cloudless sky.
Rumour and great Acestes' name had drawn
The neighbouring folk; shoreward in crowds they hie
To see the Trojans, or the games to try.
Piled in the lists the presents they behold,
Green garlands, tripods, robes of purple dye,
The conqueror's palm, bright armour for the bold,
And many a talent's weight of silver and of gold.

XVI. Now from a mound the trumpet's notes proclaim
The sports begun. Four galleys from the fleet,
The choicest, manned by mariners of fame,
And matched in size and urged with ponderous beat
Of oar-blades, for the naval contest meet
See, here the Shark comes speeding to her place,
Trained is her crew and eager to compete,
Brave Mnestheus is her captain, born to grace
Italia's land ere long, and found the Memmian race.

xvii. Here too, the huge Chimæra towers along,
A floating citadel, with walls of pine,
Three tale of Dardans urge her, stout and strong,
Their triple tiers in unison combine
To drive her, ruled by Gyas, through the brine.
Borne in the monstrous Centaur, next doth come
Sergestus, father of the Sergian line.
Last, in the dark-blue Scylla ploughs the foam
Cloanthus, whence thy house, Cluentius of Rome.

xviii. Far seaward stands, afront the foamy shore,
A rock, half-hid when wintry waves upleap,
And skies are starless, and the North-winds roar,
But still and silent, when the calm waves sleep,
A level top it lifts above the deep,
The seamews' haunt. A bough of ilex here
The good Æneas sets upon the steep,
Green-leaved and tall,—a goal, to seamen clear,
To seek and, doubling round, their homeward course to steer.

xix. Each takes his station. On the sterns behold,
Ranged in due order as the lots assign,
The captains, gay with purple and with gold.
The crews their brows with poplar garlands twine,
And wet with oil their naked shoulders shine.
Prone on their oars, and straining from the thwart,
With souls astretch, they listen for the sign.
Fear stirs the pulse and drains the throbbing heart,
Thrilled with the lust of praise, and panting for the start.

xx. Loud peals the trumpet. From the port they dash
With cheers. The waves hiss, as the strong arms keep
In time, drawn up to finish with a flash;
And three-toothed prow and oars, with measured sweep,
Tear up the yawning furrows of the deep,
Less swiftly, to the chariot yoked atwain,
The bounding racers from the base outleap,
Less keen the driver, as they scour the plain,
Leans o'er the whistling lash, and slacks the streaming rein.

xxi. Shouts, cheers and plaudits wake the woods around,
Their clamours roll along the land-locked shore,
And, echoing, from the beaten hills rebound.
First Gyas comes, amid the rout and roar;
Cloanthus second,—better with the oar
His crew, but heavier is the load of pine.
Next Shark and Centaur struggle to the fore,
Now Shark ahead, now Centaur, now in line
The long keels, urged abreast, together plough the brine.

xxii. Near lay the rock, the goal was close in sight,
When Gyas, first o'er half a length of tide
Shouts to his helmsman: "Whither to the right?
Hug close the cliff, and graze the leftward side.
Let others hold the deep." In vain he cried.
Menœtes feared the hidden reefs, and bore
To seaward. "Whither from thy course so wide?
What; swerving still?" the captain shouts once more,
"Keep to the shore, I say, Menœtes, to the shore."

xxiii. He turned, when lo! behind him, gaining fast,
Cloanthus. On the leeward side he stole
A narrower compass, grazing as he passed
His rival's vessel and the sounding shoal,
Then gained safe water, as he turned the goal.
Grief fired young Gyas at the sight, and drew
Tears from his eyes and anger from his soul.
Careless alike of honour and his crew,
Down from the lofty stern his timorous guide he threw.

xxiv. Forthwith he grasps the tiller in his hand,
Captain and helmsman, and his comrades cheers,
And wrests the rudder leftward to the land,
Slow from the depths Menœtes reappears,
Clogged by his clothes, and cumbered with his years.
Then, shoreward swimming, climbs with feeble craft
The rock, and there sits drying. All with jeers
Laughed as he fell and floated; loud they laughed
As, sputtering, from his throat he spits the briny draught.

xv. Joy, mixt with hope, as Gyas slacks his pace,
Fires the two hindmost. Now they near the mark;
Sergestus, leading, takes the inside place.
Yet not a length divides them, for the Shark
Shoots up halfway and overlaps his bark.
Mnestheus, amidships pacing, cheers his crew;
"Now, now lean to, and let each arm be stark;
Row, mighty Hector's followers, whom I drew
From Troy, in Troy's last hour, my comrades tried and true!

xvi. "Now for the strength and hardihood that braved
Gætulian shoals, and the Ionian main,
And billows following billows, as they raved
Against steep Malea. Not mine to gain
The prize: I strive not to be first—'tis vain.
Sweet were the thought—but Neptune rules the race;
Let them the palm, whom he has willed, retain.
But oh, for shame! to take the hindmost place
Win this—to ward that doom, and ban the dire disgrace."

xvii. Straining each nerve, they bend them to the oar.
The bronze poop reels, so lustily they row,
And from beneath them slips the watery floor.
The parched lips quiver, as they pant and blow,
Sweat pours in rivers from their limbs; when now
Chance brings the wished-for honour. Blindly rash,
Close to the rocks Sergestus drives his prow.
Too close he steals; on jutting crags they dash;
The straining oars snap short, the bows with sudden crash

xviii. Stick fast, and hang upon the ledge. Up spring
With shouts the sailors, clamorous at delay,
And snatch the crushed oars from the waves, and bring
Sharp poles and steel-tipt boathooks, and essay
To thrust the forepart from the rocks away.
Brave Mnestheus sees and, glorying in his gain,
Invokes the winds. With oarsmen in array
His swift bark, urged with many a stalwart strain,
Shoots down the sloping tide, and wins the open main.

xxix. Like as a pigeon, startled from her rest,
Swift from the crannies of the rock, where clings
Her heart's desire, the darlings of her nest,
Darts forth and, scared with terror, flaps her wings,
Then, gliding smoothly, in the soft air swings,
And skims her liquid passage through the skies
On pinions motionless. So Mnestheus springs,
So springs the Shark; her impulse, as she flies,
Cleaving the homeward seas, the wanting wings supplies.

xxx. He leaves Sergestus, who implores in vain
His aid, still toiling from the rocks to clear
And headway with his shattered oars to gain.
Soon huge Chimæra, left with none to steer,
Drops off astern, and labours in the rear.
Alone remains Cloanthus, but the race
Well-nigh is ended, and the goal is near;
Him Mnestheus seeks; his crew, with quickened pace
And utmost stretch of oars, press forward in the chase.

xxxi. Now, now the noise redoubles; cheers and cries
Urge on the follower, and the wild acclaim
Rolls up, and wakes the echoes of the skies.
These scorn to lose their vantage, stung with shame,
And life is wagered willingly for fame.
Success inspires the hindmost; as they dare,
They do; the thought of winning wins the game.
With equal honours Chance had crowned the pair,
But thus, with outspread hands, Cloanthus breathed a prayer:

xxxii. "Great Gods of Ocean! on whose waves I ride,
A milk-white bull upon the shore I vow,
And with its entrails will I strew the tide,
And on your altars make the wine outflow."
Fair Panopea hears him from below,
The Nereids hear, and old Portunus plies
His own great hand, to push them as they go.
Swifter than arrow to the shore she flies,
Swifter than Southern gale, and in the harbour lies.

xxiii. All summoned now, the herald's voice declares
Cloanthus conqueror, and with verdant bay
Æneas crowns him. To each crew he shares
Three steers and wine, and, to recall the day,
A silver talent bids them bear away.
Choice honours to the captains next are told,
A scarf he gives the victor, rich and gay,
Twice-fringed with purple, glorious to behold,
Whose Melibæan dye meanders round the gold.

xxiv. Inwoven there, behold the kingly boy,
Fair Ganymede, pursues the flying deer
On Ida and the wooded heights of Troy,
Swift-footed, glorying with uplifted spear,
So keen the panting of his heart ye hear.
Down swoops Jove's armour-bearer, and on high
With taloned claws hath trussed him. Vainly here
His aged guardians lift their heads and cry;
The faithful dogs look up, and fiercely bay the sky.

xxv. A goodly hauberk to the next he gave,
With polished rings and triple chain of gold,
Torn by his own hands from Demoleos brave,
Beneath high Troy, where Simois swiftly rolled,
The warrior's glory and defence, to hold.
Phegeus and Sagaris, with all their might,
Two stalwart slaves, scarce bore it, fold on fold,
That coat of mail, wherein Demoleos dight,
Trod down the ranks of Troy, and put his foes to flight.

xxvi. Last comes the third: two brazen caldrons fine,
Two cups of silver doth the prince bestow,
Rough-chased with imagery of choice design.
Each had his prize, and glorying forth they go,
With purple ribbons on their brows, when lo!
Scarce torn with effort from the rock's embrace,
Oarless, and short of oarsmen by a row,
Home comes Sergestus, and in rueful case
Drives his dishonoured bark, left hindmost in the race.

xxxvii. As when an adder, whom athwart the way
Some wheel hath crushed, or traveller, passing by,
Maimed with a stone, as unaware he lay,
And left sore mangled, on the point to die,
In vain his coils would lengthen, fain to fly:
One half erect, his burning eyes around
He darts, and lifts his hissing throat on high,
Defiant, half still writhes upon the ground,
Self-twined in tortuous knots, and crippled by the wound:

xxxviii. So slowly rows the Centaur, yet anon
They set the sails, and loose the spreading sheet,
And crowd full canvas, and the port is won.
Glad is Æneas, and he joys to greet
His friends brought safely and his ships complete.
So to Sergestus, for his portion due,
He gives fair Pholöe, a slave of Crete,
Twins at her breast, two sons of loveliest hue,
And well Minerva's works, the weaving art, she knew.

xxxix. This contest o'er, the good Æneas sought
A grassy plain, with waving forests crowned
And sloping hills—fit theatre for sport,
Where in the middle of the vale was found
A circus. Hither comes he, ringed around
With thousands, here, amidst them, throned on high
In rustic state, he seats him on a mound,
And all who in the footrace list to vie,
With proffered gifts invites, and tempts their souls to try.

xl. In crowds the Teucrians and Sicanians come,
First, Nisus and Euryalus. None so fair
As young Euryalus, in youthful bloom
And beauty; none with Nisus could compare
In pure affection for a youth so rare.
Here stood Diores, famous for his speed,
A prince of Priam's lineage; Salius there,
And Patron, this of Acarnanian seed,
That of Arcadian birth and Tegeæan breed.

LI. Came from Trinacria two champions bold,
Young Helymus and Panopes, well-tried
In woodland craft, and followers of old
Acestes; came full many a youth beside,
Whose fame shines dimly, or whose name hath died.
Then cries Æneas 'mid the concourse: "Ho!
Give heed, for surely shall my word abide,
Blithe be your hearts, for none among you—no,
Not one of all this crowd—without a gift shall go.

LII. "To each, a common largess, be a pair
Of Gnossian javelins and an axe decreed,
With haft of silver chasings. Three shall wear
Crowns of pale olive. For the victor's need,
Adorned with trappings, stands a noble steed.
A quiver, worn by Amazon of old,
With Thracian arrows, for the next in speed,
Clasped with a gem and belted with bright gold.
The third this Argive helm, fit recompense, shall hold."

LIII. He spake, and at the signal forth they burst
Together, like a storm-cloud, from the base,
With eager eyes set goalward. Nisus first
Darts off, and, bounding with the South-wind's pace,
And swift as wingèd lightning, leads the race.
Next, but the next with many a length between,
Comes Salius; then, behind him, third in place,
Euryalus; then Helymus is seen;
And lo! Diores last, comes flying along the green.

LIV. Heel touching heel, on Helymus he hung,
Shoulder to shoulder. But a rood beside,
And, slipping past him, foremost he had sprung,
And solved a doubt by winning. Side by side,
The last lap reached, with many a labouring stride
And breathless effort to the post they strain,
When lo! chance-tripping where the sward is dyed
With slippery blood of oxen newly slain,
Down luckless Nisus slides, and sprawls upon the plain.

xlv. Stumbling, he felt the tottering knees give way.
With shouts of triumph on his lips he falls
Prone in the gore and in the miry clay.
E'en then, his love remembering, he recalls
Euryalus. Across the track he crawls,
Then, scrambling up from out the quagmire, flies
At Salius. In the dust proud Salius sprawls.
Forth darts Euryalus, 'mid cheers and cries,
Hailed, through his helping friend, the winner of the prize.

xlvi. The second prize to Helymus, the third
Falls thus to brave Diores.—Now the heat
Was o'er, when Salius with his clamouring stirred
Troy's seated elders, furious with defeat,
And claimed the prize, as wrested by a cheat.
Tears aid Euryalus, and favour pleads
His worth, more winsome in a form so sweet,
And loudly, too, Diores intercedes.
Lost were his own last prize, if Salius' claim succeeds.

xlvii. "Boys," said the good Æneas, "the award
Is fixt, and no man shall the palm withhold.
Yet be it mine to cheer a friend ill-starred."
He spake, and Salius with a gift consoled,
A Moorish lion's hide, with claws of gold
And shaggy hair. Then Nisus with a frown:
"If gifts so great a vanquished man may hold,
If falls win pity, and defeat renown,
What prize shall Nisus gain, whose merit earned the crown?

xlviii. "Ay, who had won, had Chance not interfered,
And baffled me, like Salius? Look," he said,
And pointed to his limbs and forehead, smeared
With ordure. Smiling, the good Sire surveyed
His piteous plight and raiment disarrayed;
Then forth he bade a glittering shield be borne,
Which Didymaon's workmanship had made,
From Neptune's temple by the Danaans torn.
This prize he gives the youth, his prowess to adorn.

xlix. The race was ended, and the gifts assigned,
When thus Æneas, as they thronged about,
Addressed the crowd: "Now, whosoe'er hath mind
His nerve to venture, or whose heart is stout,
Step forth, and don the gauntlets and strike out."
He spake, and straightway, while the lists they clear,
Sets forth the gifts, for him who wins the bout,
Gilt-horned and garlanded, a comely steer,
A sword and glittering helm, the loser's soul to cheer.

l. At once, amid loud murmurs, to his feet
Upsprang great Dares, who in olden day
Alone the haughty Paris dared to meet.
He, by the tomb where mightiest Hector lay,
Huge Butes fought, who, glorying in the bay,
And boasting Amycus' Bebrycian strain,
Called for his match. But Dares heard him, yea,
And smote him. Headlong on the sandy plain
A lifeless corpse he rolled, and all his boasts were vain.

li. Such Dares towers, and strides into the ring,
With head erect, and shoulders broad and bare,
And right and left his sinewy arms doth swing,
And burning for a rival, beats the air.
Where is his match? Not one of all will dare
To don the gloves. So, deeming none can stand
Against him, flushed with triumph, then and there
Before Æneas, grasping in his hand
The heifer's horns, he cries in accents of command:

lii. "Son of a goddess, if none risks the fray,
How long shall Dares guerdonless remain?
What end of standing? Must I wait all day?
Bring the prize hither." Straight the Dardan train
Shout for their champion, and his claim sustain.
Then to Entellus, seated at his side,
Couched on the green grass, in reproachful strain
Thus sternly spake Acestes, fired with pride,
And fain, for manhood sake, his younger friend to chide:

LIII. "Entellus, once our bravest, but in vain,
Can'st *thou* sit tamely, with the field unfought,
And see this braggart glory in his gain?
Where is thy god, that Eryx? Hath he taught
Thine arm its vaunted cleverness for naught?
To us what booteth thy Trinacrian name,
Thy spoil-hung house, thy roof with prizes fraught?"
Entellus said: "My spirit is the same.
Fear hath not quenched my fire, nor checked the love of fame.

LIV. "But numbing age hath made the blood run cold,
And turned my strength to dulness and decay.
Had I the youth that stirred these bones of old,
The youth *he* boasts, no need of guerdon, nay,
Nor comely steer to tempt me to the fray.
Glory I care for, not a gift," he cried,
And, rising, hurled into the ring midway
Two ponderous gauntlets, stiff with hardened hide;
These Eryx wore, these thongs around his wrists he tied.

LV. All stood amazed, so huge the weight, so vast,
Sevenfold with lead and iron overlaid,
The bull's tough hide. E'en Dares shrank aghast.
Forth stepped Æneas, and the gauntlets weighed,
And to and fro the ponderous folds he swayed.
Then gruffly spake the veteran once more:
"Ah! had ye seen great Hercules arrayed
In arms like these, such gauntlets as he wore,
And watched the deadly fight waged here upon the shore!

LVI. "These Eryx wore, thy brother, when that day
He faced Alcides in the strife;—see now
His blood and brains,—with these I dared the fray
When better blood gave vigour, nor the snow
Of envious eld was sprinkled on my brow.
Still, if this Trojan doth these arms decline,
And good Æneas and our host allow,
Match we the fight. These gauntlets I resign,
Put fear away, and doff those Trojan gloves of thine."

ii. So saying, Entellus from his shoulders flung
His quilted doublet, and revealed to light
The massive joints, the sinews firmly strung,
The bones and muscles, and the limbs of might,
And, like a giant, stood prepared for fight.
Two gloves for either champion, matched in weight,
Æneas brings, and binds them firm and tight.
So, face to face, each eager and elate,
ike-armed the rivals stand, on tiptoe for debate.

iii. Each from the blow the towering head draws back,
Fearless, with arms uplifted to the skies.
Spars hand through hand, and tempts to the attack,
One, nimbler-footed, on his youth relies;
Entellus' strength is in his limbs and size.
But the knees shake beneath him, and are slow,
And age the wanted energy denies.
He heaves for breath; thick pantings come and go,
nd shake the labouring breast, as hailing blow on blow.

x. In vain they strive for mastery. Loud sound
Their hollow sides; the battered chests ring back,
As here and there the whistling strokes pelt round
Their ears and temples, and the jaw-bones crack.
Firm stands Entellus, though his knees are slack;
Still in the same strained posture, he defies,
Unmoved, the tempest of his foe's attack.
Only his body and his watchful eyes
ip from the purposed stroke, and shun the wished surprise.

. As one who strives with battery to o'erthrow
A high-walled city, or close siege doth lay
Against some mountain-stronghold; even so
Sly Dares shifts, an opening to essay,
And vainly varies his assault each way.
On tiptoe stretched, Entellus, pricked with pride,
Puts forth his right hand, with resistless sway
Steep from his shoulder. But the foe, quick-ey'd,
resees the coming blow, and lightly leaps aside.

LXI. On empty air Entellus wastes his strength
Down goes the giant, baulked of his design,
Fallen like a giant, and lies stretched at length.
So, torn from earth, on Ida's height divine
Or Erymanthus, falls the hollow pine.
Up spring each rival's countrymen. Loud cheers
The welkin rend, and, bursting through the line,
Forth runs Acestes, and his friend uprears,
Pitying his fallen worth and fellowship of years.

LXII. Fearless, unshaken, with his soul aflame
For vengeance, up Entellus springs again,
And conscious valour and the sense of shame
Rouse all his strength as, burning with disdain,
He drives huge Dares headlong o'er the plain,
Now right, now left, keeps pummelling his foe;
No stint, no stay; as rattling hailstones rain
On roof-tops, so with many a ceaseless blow
Each hand in turn he plies, and pounds him to and fro.

LXIII. But good Æneas suffered not too far
The strife to rage, not let Entellus slake
His wrath, but rescued Dares from the war,
Sore-spent, and thus in soothing terms bespake,
"Poor friend! what madness doth thy mind o'ertake?
Feel'st not that more than mortal is his aid?
The gods are with him, and thy cause forsake.
Yield then to heaven and desist."—He said,
And with his voice straightway the deadly strife allayed.

LXIV. Then, stirred with pity, the Dardanian throng
Their vanquished kinsman from the contest bore.
His sick knees wearily he drags along,
Feeble and helpless, for his wound is sore;
And loosened teeth and clots of curdled gore
Spout forth, as o'er his shoulders nods each way
The drooping head. They lead him to the shore,
His gifts, the sword and helmet; but the bay
And bull Entellus takes, the victor of the day.

LXV. Forth steps the champion, glorying in the prize,
Pride in his port, defiance on his brow.
"See, Goddess-born; ye Teucrians, mark," he cried,
"What strength Entellus in his youth could show;
How dire a doom ye warded from his foe."
He spake and, standing opposite the bull,
Swung back his arm, and, rising to the blow,
Betwixt the horns with hardened glove smote full,
And back upon the brain drove in the splintered skull.

LXVI. Down drops the beast, and on the earth lies low,
Quivering but dead. Then o'er him, as he lay,
Entellus cries "O Eryx, hear my vow
This life, for Dares, I devote this day,
A nobler victim and a worthier prey.
Accept it thou who taught'st this arm to wield
The gloves of death. Unvanquished in the fray
These withered arms their latest offering yield,
These gauntlets I resign, and here renounce the field."

LXVII. Next cries Æneas to the crowd: "Come now,
Whoso hath mind in archer's feats to vie,
Step forth, and prove his cunning with the bow":
Then sets the prizes: on the beach hard by
With stalwart arms he rears a mast on high,
Ta'en from Serestus' vessel, and thereto
A fluttering pigeon with a string doth tie,
Mark for their shafts. Around the rivals drew,
And in a brazen helm the gathered lots they threw.

LXVIII. Out leap the names; cheers hail the first in place,
Hippocoon, son of Hyrtacus renowned;
Then Mnestheus, victor in the naval race,
Mnestheus, his brows with olive wreath still crowned.
Third in the casque Eurytion's lot is found
Thy brother, famous Pandarus, whose dart,
Hurled at the Danaans, did the truce confound.
Last comes Acestes, for with dauntless heart
Still in the toils of youth the veteran claims his part.

LXIX. Forth step the marksmen, and with bows well-bent,
Draw forth their arrows, and their aim prepare.
Loud twanged the cord, as first Hippocoon sent
His feathered shaft, that through the flowing air
Went whistling on, and pierced the mast, and there
Stuck fast. The stout tree quivered, and the bird
Flapped with her wings in terror and despair,
Fluttering for freedom, and around were heard
Shouts, as admiring joy the clamorous concourse stirred.

LXX. Next him stood Mnestheus, eager for the prize,
And straight the bowstring to his breast updrew,
Aiming aloft. The lightning of his eyes
Went with the arrow, as he twanged the yew.
Ah pity! Fortune sped the shaft untrue.
The bird he missed, but cut the flaxen ties
That held the feet, and cleft the knots in two.
And forth, exulting, through the windy skies,
Into the darkening clouds the loosened captive flies.

LXXI. Then, quick as thought, his arrow on the string,
Eurytion to his brother breathed a prayer,
Marking the pigeon, as she clapped her wing
Beneath a cloud, he pierced her. Breathless there
She drops; her life is with the stars of air,
The bolt is in her breast. Acestes now
Alone remains; no palm is left to bear,
Yet skyward shoots the veteran, proud to show
What skill his hand can boast, the sounding of his bow.

LXXII. Sudden a portent was revealed; how great
An augury, the future brought to light,
And frightening seers their omens sang too late.
Aloft, the arrow kindled in its flight,
Then marked with shining trail its pathway bright,
And, wasting, vanished into viewless air.
So stars, unfastened from the vault of night,
Stream in the firmament with fiery glare,
And through the dark fling out a length of glittering hair.

LXXIII. Awed stand the men of Sicily and Troy,
And pray the gods. Æneas owns the sign,
And, heaping gifts, Acestes clasps with joy.
"Take, father, take; Jove's auspices divine
A special honour for thy meed assign.
This bowl, embossed with images of gold,
The gift of old Anchises, shall be thine,
Which Thracian Cisseus to my sire of old
Gave, as a pledge of love, to have it and to hold."

LXXIV. So saying, with a garland of green bay
He crowned his temples, and the prize conferred,
And named Acestes victor of the day.
Nor good Eurytion to the choice demurred,
Nor grudged to see the veteran's claim preferred,
Though his the prowess that the rest surpassed,
His shaft the one that struck the soaring bird.
The second, he who cut the cord, the last,
He who with feathered reed transfixed the tapering mast.

LXXV. But good Æneas, ere the games are done,
The child of Epytus, companion dear
And trusty guardian of his beardless son,
Calls to his side, and whispers in his ear:
"Go bid Ascanius, if his troop be here
And steeds in readiness, with spear and shield
In honour of his grandsire to appear."
Then, calling to the thronging crowd to yield
Free space, he clears the course, and open lies the field.

LXXVI. Forth ride the boys, before their fathers' eyes,
Reining their steeds. In radiant files they fare,
And wondering murmurs from each host arise.
All with stript leaves have bound the flowing hair.
Two cornel javelins, tipt with steel, they bear,
Some, polished quivers; and a pliant chain
Of twisted gold around the neck they wear;
Three companies—three captains scour the plain.
Twelve youths, behind each chief, compose the glittering train.

LXXVII. One shouting troop young Priam's lead obeys,
Thy son, Polites, from his grandsire hight,
And born erelong Italia's fame to raise.
A dappled Thracian charger bears the knight,
His pasterns flecked and forehead starred with white.
Next Atys, whom the Atian line reveres,
The youthful idol of a youth's delight,
So well Iulus loved him. Last appears
Iulus, first in grace and comeliest of his peers.

LXXVIII. His a Sidonian charger; Dido fair
This pledge and token of her love supplied.
Trinacrian horses his attendants bear,
Acestes' gift. Their bosoms throb with pride,
While Dardans, cheering, welcome as they ride
The sires that have been in the sons that are.
So, when before their kinsfolk on each side
Their ranks had passed, Epytides afar
Cracks the loud whip, and shouts the signal, as for war.

LXXIX. In equal bands the triple troops divide,
Then turn, and rallying, with spears bent low,
Charge at the call. Now back again they ride,
Wheel round, and weave new courses to and fro,
In armed similitude of martial show,
Circling and intercircling. Now in flight
They bare their backs, now turning, foe to foe,
Level their lances to the charge, now plight
The truce, and side by side in friendly league unite.

LXXX. E'en as in Crete the Labyrinth of old
Between blind walls its secret hid from view,
With wildering ways and many a winding fold,
Wherein the wanderer, if the tale be true,
Roamed unreturning, cheated of the clue:
Such tangles weave the Teucrians, as they feign
Fighting or flying, and the game renew:
So dolphins, sporting on the watery plain,
Cleave the Carpathian waves and distant Libya's main.

LXXXI. These feats Ascanius to his people showed,
When girdling Alba Longa; there with joy
The ancient Latins in the pastime rode,
Wherein the princely Dardan, as a boy,
Was wont his Trojan comrades to employ.
To Alban children from their sires it came,
And mighty Rome took up the "game of Troy,"
And called the players "Trojans," and the name
Lives on, as sons renew the hereditary game.

LXXXII. Thus far to blest Anchises they defrayed
The funeral rites; when Fortune turned unkind,
Forsook her faith. For while the games were played
Before the tomb, Saturnian Juno's mind
New schemes, to glut her ancient wrath, designed.
Iris she calls, and bids the Goddess go
Down to the Ilian fleet, and breathes a wind
To waft her on. So, borne upon her bow
Of myriad hues, unseen, the maiden hastes below.

LXXXIII. She eyes the concourse, marks the ships unmanned,
And sees the empty harbour and the shore.
While far off on the solitary strand
The Trojan dames sat sorrowful, and o'er
The deep sea gazed, and, gazing, evermore
Wept for the Sire. "Ah, woe! the fields of foam!
The waste of waters for the wearied oar!
Oh! for a city and a certain home;
A rest for sea-worn souls, for weary 'tis to roam!"

LXXXIV. So, not unversed in mischief, from the skies
Amidst the gathered matrons down she came,
In raiment and in face to mortal eyes
No more a Goddess, but an aged dame,
The wife of Doryclus, of Tmarian fame.
E'en venerable Beröe, once blest
With rank, and children and a noble name.
So changed in semblance, the celestial guest
Mixed with the Dardan dames, and thus the crowd addressed:

LXXXV. "Oh, born to sorrow! whom th' Achaian foe
Dragged not to death, when Ilion was o'erthrown!
O hapless race! what still extremer woe
Doth Fortune doom the living to bemoan?
Since Ilion fell, seven summers nigh have flown,
And we o'er every ocean, every plain,
Past cheerless rocks, and under stars unknown,
Oft and so oft are driven, as in vain
Italia's shores we grasp, and welter on the main!

LXXXVI. "'Tis Eryx' land, Acestes is our host.
What hinders for the homeless here to gain
A home—an Ilion for the one we lost?
O fatherland! O home-gods saved in vain,
If still in endless exile we remain!
Ah! nevermore shall I behold with joy
A Xanthus and a Simois again,
Our Hector's streams? ne'er hear the name of Troy?
Up! let devouring flames these ill-starred ships destroy!

LXXXVII. "Methought in sleep, Cassandra's ghost came near,
With torches in her hands, and bade me seize
The flaming firebrands, and exclaimed: 'See, here
Thy Troy, the home that destiny decrees!
The hour is ripe; such prodigies as these
Brook not delay. Lo! here to Neptune rise
Four altars. He, the Sovereign of the seas,
Himself the firebrands and the will supplies.'"
Then straight, with arm drawn back, and fury in her eyes,

LXXXVIII. She waved a torch, and hurled it. Dazed with fear,
The women trembled as she tossed the flame.
Then one who nursed through many a bygone year
The sons of Priam—Pyrgo was the dame,—
"No Trojan this, nor Beröe her name,
The wife of Doryclus. Full sure I ween
Immortal birth her sparkling eyes proclaim.
What breathing beauty! what celestial sheen!
Mark her majestic voice, and more than mortal mien!

xxxix. "Myself but now left Beröe, worn out
With sickness, grieving in her heart to miss
These funeral honours to our Sire."—In doubt
They waver, and with eyes that bode amiss
Look towards the vessels and the blue abyss
Of ocean, torn in spirit 'twixt the love
Of realms that shall be and the land that is.
On even wings the goddess soared above,
And with her rainbow vast the cloudy drift she clove.

c. Then, by the monstrous prodigy dismayed,
And driven by madness, forth the matrons fare
With shouts and shrieks. The houses they invade,
And living embers from the hearthstones tear,
With impious hands these strip the altars bare,
And boughs, and leaves and lighted brands they cast
In heaps, and fuel for the flames prepare.
O'er bench and oar, from painted keel to mast,
The Fire-god raves at will, and rides upon the blast.

ci. Meanwhile, with tidings of the fleet in flames,
Swift posts Eumelus. To the tomb he hies
Of old Anchises, and the crowded games.
Back look the Trojans, and with awe-struck eyes
See the dark ash-cloud floating through the skies.
And, as his troop Ascanius joyed to lead
In mimic fight, so keen, when danger cries,
First to the wildered camp he spurs his steed;
And breathless guardians fail to stay his headlong speed.

cii. "What madness this, poor women?" he exclaims,
"What mean ye now? No camp of Argive foe,
Your hopes ye doom to perish in the flames.
See your Ascanius!"—At his feet below
He flung the helmet, that adorned his brow
When mimic fight he marshalled. Hurrying came
Æneas, hurrying came the host; but lo!
The shore lies bare; this way and that each dame
links to the woods and caves, if aught can hide her shame.

xciii. All loathe the daylight and the deed unblest.
Sobered, they know their countrymen at last,
And Juno's power is shaken from each breast.
Not so the flames; with gathered strength and fast
Onward still swept the unconquerable blast.
Forth puffed between the timbers, drenched in vain,
The smoke-jets from the smouldering tow. Down passed
From keel to cabin the devouring bane.
Nor floods nor heroes' strength the mastering flames restrain.

xciv. Then good Æneas from his shoulders threw
His robe, and heavenward stretched his hands in prayer;
"Great Jove! if spares thy vengeance to pursue
Troy's children to the uttermost, if e'er
The toils of mortals move thy ancient care,
Preserve this feeble remnant, and command
These flames from further havoc to forbear;
Else, if my deeds deserve it, bare thine hand,
Launch thine avenging bolt, and slay me as I stand."

xcv. Scarce spake he, when in torrents comes the rain.
Darkly the tempest riots, and the roar
Of thunder shakes the mountains and the plain.
Black storm-clouds from the thickening South sweep o'er
The darkened heavens, and down a deluge pour.
Drenched are the decks; the timbers, charr'd with heat,
Are soaked and smoulder, till the fire no more
Raves, and the flames are conquered, and the fleet,
Save four alone, survives the fiery plague complete.

xcvi. Sore-struck, Æneas in his breast debates
This way and that, still doubtful to remain
In fields Sicilian, mindless of the Fates,
Or strive the shores of Italy to gain,
Then aged Nautes, wisest of his train,
Taught by Tritonian Pallas to unfold
What wrathful gods or destinies ordain,
In prescient utterance his response unrolled,
And thus with cheerful words the anxious chief consoled:

xcvii. "O Goddess-born, where Fate directs the way,
'Tis ours to follow. Who the best can bear,
Best conquers Fortune, be the doom what may.
A friend thou hast, Acestes; bid him share
And be a willing partner of thy care.
He too is Trojan, and of seed divine.
Give him the lost ships' crews, and whosoe'er
Is faint or feeble, to his charge consign,
Old men and sea-sick dames, who glory's quest decline.

xcviii. "Here let them rest, who care not for renown,
And build their walls, and, if our host assent,
Acesta from Acestes name the town."
Such counsel cheered him, but his breast is rent
With trouble, musing on the dark event.
And now black Night, upon her course midway,
With ebon car had climbed the steep ascent,
When, gliding down before him as he lay,
His father's phantom stood, and speaking, seemed to say:

xcix. "O dearer than the life, while life remained,
My son, by Troy's hard destinies sore tried,
Hither I come at Jove's command, who deigned
Thy burning ships to save, and pitying-eyed
Beholds thy sorrows. Hear then, nor deride
The grey-haired Nautes, for his words are good.
Choice youths, the bravest, for thy quest provide.
Stout hearts ye need in Italy, for rude
And rough the Latin race, and hard to be subdued.

c. "But seek thou first the nether realms of Dis,
And through Avernus tread the dark domain
To meet me. Not in Tartarus' abyss,
Sad shades of sin and never-ending pain,
I dwell, but on the blest Elysian plain
Join with the just in fellowship. Now heed:
There the chaste Sibyl, if with victims slain,
Black sheep, ye seek her, shall thy footsteps lead,
And show thy destined walls and progeny decreed.

ci. "And now farewell; for dewy Night midway
Wheels on her course, and from the Orient sky
Fierce beats the breathing of the steeds of Day."
He spake, and melted as a mist on high.
"Ah, whither," cried Æneas, "wilt thou fly?"
Who tears thee hence? Where hurriest thou again?"
So saying, he wakes the embers ere they die.
And offering frankincense and sacred grain,
Troy's household gods adores, and hoary Vesta's fane.

cii. Forthwith he tells Acestes, then the crews,
Jove's will, his father's counsel and his own.
All vote assent, nor doth his host refuse.
No tarrying now; they write the matrons down,
And all who faint or care not for renown
They leave behind,—the idlers of each crew,
But willing settlers in the new-planned town.
These the charred timbers and the thwarts renew,
Shape oars and fit the ropes; a gallant band, but few.

ciii. Æneas with a ploughshare marks the town,
And, homes allotting, gives each place a name,
Here Troy, there Ilion. Pleased to wear the crown,
A forum good Acestes hastes to frame,
And laws to gathered senators proclaim.
Rear'd high on Eyrx, to the stars ascends
A temple, to Idalian Venus' fame.
A priest Anchises' sepulchre attends,
A grove's far sacred shade his hallowed dust defends.

civ. The rites are paid, the nine-days' feast is o'er,
Smooth lies the deep, and Southern winds invite
The mariners. Along the winding shore
Loud rise the sounds of sorrow, day and night,
Where friends, clasped close in lingering undelight,
Weep at the thought of parting. Matrons, ay,
And men, who lately shuddered at the sight,
And loathed the name of Ocean, scorn to stay,
And willing hearts now brave the long, laborious way.

cv. Kindly Æneas cheers them, and with tears
Leaves to their King, then, parting, gives command
A lamb to slay to tempest, and three steers
To Eryx. So they loosen from the land.
He on the prow, a charger in his hand,
Flings forth the entrails, and outpours the wine,
And, crowned with olive chaplet, takes his stand.
Up-springs the favouring stern breeze, as in line
With emulous sweep of oars, they brush the level brine.

cvi. Then Venus, torn with anguish and desire,
Spake thus to Neptune, aud her grief confessed:
"O Neptune, Juno's unrelenting ire,
The quenchless malice, that consumes her breast,
Constrains me thus to urge a suppliant's quest;
And stoop, with humbled majesty, to sue.
Her neither piety nor Jove's behest
Nor time, nor Fate can soften or subdue,
Still doth immortal hate the Phrygian race pursue.

cvii. "'Tis not enough their city to destroy,
And wear their remnant with remorseless pain,
Needs must she trample on the dust of Troy.
She best, forsooth, her fury can explain.
But thou,—thou know'st how on the Libyan main,—
Thine eyes beheld it from thy throne on high,—
Lately she stirred the tumult, and in vain
Armed with Æolian tempests, sea and sky
Mixed in rebellious wrath, thy sceptre to defy.

cviii. "All this she ventured in thy realm; nay more,
Her rage hath filled the matrons, fired the fleet,
And left these crews upon an alien shore,
Reft of their friends, and baffled of retreat.
O spare this Trojan remnant, I entreat;
Safe in thy guidance let them sail the main,
And scatheless reach their promised walls, and greet
Laurentian Tiber and the Latian plain,
If what I ask be just, and so the Fates ordain."

cix. Then spake the Monarch of the deep: "'Tis just
To look for safety to my realm, that gave
Thee birth; and well have I deserved thy trust,
Who oft have stilled the raging wind and wave;
Nor less on land have interposed, to save—
Xanthus and Simois I attest again—
Thy darling son, when back Achilles drave
Troy's breathless host, and rivers, choked with slain,
Groaned, ay, and Xanthus scarce could struggle to the main.

cx. "Then, as with adverse Gods and feebler power
He faced Pelides, in a cloud I caught
Thy favourite, albeit 'twas the hour
When, wroth with perjured Ilion, I sought
To raze the walls these very hands had wrought.
Fear not; unaltered doth my will remain.
Safe shall he be into this haven brought.
One, only one, for many shall be slain;
One in the deep thy son shall look for, but in vain."

cxi. So saying, he soothed the Goddess, and in haste
His steeds with golden harness yoked amain.
The bridle and the foaming bit he placed,
To curb their fury, and outflung the rein.
Lightly he flies along the watery plain,
Borne in his azure chariot. Far and nigh
Beneath his thundering wheels the heaving main
Sinks, and the waves are tranquil, and on high
Through flying storm-drift shines the immeasurable sky.

cxii. Behind him throng, in many a motley group,
His followers—monsters of enormous chine,
Sea-shouldering whales, and Glaucus' aged troop,
Palæmon, Ino's progeny divine,
Swift Tritons, born to gambol in the brine,
And Phorcus' finny legions. Melite,
And virgin Panopœa leftward shine,
Thetis, Nesæe, daughters of the sea,
Spio, Thalia fair, and bright Cymodoce.

cxiii. Then o'er Æneas' spirit, racked with fear,
Joy stole in gentle counterchange. He hails
The crews, and biddeth them the masts uprear,
And stretch the sheets. All, tacking, loose the brails
Larboard or starboard, and let go the sails,
And square or sideways to the breeze incline
The lofty sailyards. Welcome blow the gales
Behind them. Palinurus leads the line;
The rest his course obey, and follow at his sign.

cxiv. Damp Night well-nigh had climbed Olympus' crest;
Each slumbering mariner his limbs unbends,
Stretched by his oar, along the bench at rest,
When lo! false Sleep his feathery wings extends.
To guiltless Palinurus he descends,
Parting the scattered shadows. Down he bears
Delusive dreams, and cunning words pretends,
As now, in Phorbas' likeness he appears,
Perched on the lofty stern, and whispers in his ears:

cxv. "Son of Iasus! see, the tide that flows
Bears thee along; behind thee breathes apace
The stern breeze, and the hour invites repose.
Rest now, and cheat thy wearied eyes a space,
Myself will take the rudder in thy place."
"Nay," quoth the pilot, with half-lifted eyes,
"Shall I put faith in ocean's treacherous face,
And trust Æneas to the flattering skies,
I, whom their smiles oft fooled, but folly hath made wise?"

cxvi. So saying, he grasped the tiller, nor his hold
Relaxed, nor ever from the stars withdrew
His steadfast eyes, still watchful when behold!
A slumberous bough the god revealed to view,
Thrice dipt in Styx, and drenched with Lethe's dew.
Then, lightly sprinkling, o'er the pilot's brows
The drowsy dewdrops from the leaves he threw.
Dim grow his eyes; the languor of repose
Steals o'er his faltering sense, the lingering eyelids close.

CXVII. Scarce now his limbs were loosened by the spell,
Down weighed the god, and in the rolling main
Dashed him headforemost, clutching, as he fell,
Stern timbers torn, and rudder rent in twain,
And calling oft his comrades, but in vain.
This done, his wings he balanced, and away
Soared skyward. Natheless o'er the broad sea-plain
The ships sail on; safe lies the watery way,
For Neptune's plighted words the seamen's cares allay.

CXVIII. Now near the Sirens' perilous cliffs they draw,
White with men's bones, and hear the surf-beat side
Roar with hoarse thunder. Here the Sire, who saw
The ship was labouring, and had lost her guide,
Straight seized the helm, and steered her through the tide,
While, grieved in heart, with many a groan and sigh,
He mourned for Palinurus. "Ah," he cried,
"For faith reposed on flattering sea and sky,
Left on an unknown shore, thy naked corpse must lie!"

BOOK SIX

Argument

Arrived at Cumæ Æneas visits the Sibyl's shrine, and, after prayer and sacrifice to Apollo, asks access to the nether-world to visit his father (1-162). He must first pluck for Proserpine the golden bough and bury a dead comrade (163-198). After the death and burial of Misenus, Æneas finds and gathers the golden bough (199-261). Preparation and Invocation (262-328). The start (329-333). The "dreadful faces" that guard the outskirts of Hell. Charon's ferry and the unburied dead (334-405). Palinurus approaches and entreats burial. Passing by Charon and Cerberus, they see the phantoms of suicides, of children, of lovers, and experience Dido's disdain (406-559). From Greek and Trojan shades Deiphobus is singled out to tell his story (560-644). The Sibyl hurries Æneas on past the approach to Tartarus, describing by the way its rulers and its horrors. Finally, they reach Elysium and gain entrance (645-757). The search among the shades of the Blessed for Anchises, and the meeting between father and son (758-828). Anchises explains the mystery of the Transmigration of Souls, and the book closes with the revelation to Æneas of the future greatness of Rome, whose heroes, from the days of the kings to the times of Augustus, pass in procession before him (829-1071). He is then dismissed through the Ivory Gate, and sails on his way to Caieta (1072-1080).

I. Weeping he speaks, and gives his fleet the rein,
And glides at length to the Eubœan strand
Of Cumæ. There, with prows towards the main,
Safe-fastened by the biting anchors, stand
The vessels, and the round sterns line the land.
Forth on the shore, in eager haste to claim
Hesperia's welcome, leaps a youthful band.
These search the flint-stones for the seeds of flame,
Those point to new-found streams, or scour the woods for game.

II. But good Æneas seeks the castled height
And temple, to the great Apollo dear,
And the vast cave where, hidden far from sight
Within her sanctuary dark and drear,
Dwells the dread Sibyl, whom the Delian seer
Inspires with soul and wisdom to unfold
The things to come.—So now, approaching near
Through Trivia's grove, the temple they behold,
And entering, see the roof all glittering with gold.

III. Fame is, that Dædalus, adventuring forth
On rapid wings, from Minos' realms in flight,
Trusted the sky, and to the frosty North
Swam his strange way, till on the tower-girt height
Of Chalcis gently he essayed to light.
Here, touching first the wished-for land again,
To thee, great Phœbus, and thy guardian might,
He vowed, and bade as offerings to remain,
The oarage of his wings, and built a stately fane.

IV. Androgeos' death is graven on the gate;
There stand the sons of Cecrops, doomed each year
With seven victims to atone his fate.
The lots are drawn; the fatal urn is near.
Here, o'er the deep the Gnossian fields appear,
The bull—the cruel passion—the embrace
Stol'n from Pasiphae—all the tale is here;
The Minotaur, half human, beast in face,
Record of nameless lust, and token of disgrace.

v. There, toil-wrought house and labyrinthine grove,
With tangled maze, too intricate to tread,
But that, in pity for the queen's great love,
Its secret Dædalus revealed, and led
Her lover's blinded footsteps with a thread.
There, too, had sorrow not the wish denied,
Thy name and fame, poor Icarus, were read.
Twice in the gold to carve thy fate he tried,
And twice the father's hands dropped faltering to his side.

vi. So they in gazing had the time beguiled,
But now, returning from his quest, comes near
Achates, with Deiphobe, the child
Of Glaucus, Phœbus' and Diana's seer.
"Not this," she cries, "the time for tarrying here
For shows like these. Go, hither bring with speed
Seven ewes, the choicest, and with each a steer
Unyoked, in honour of the God to bleed."
So to the Chief she spake, and straight his followers heed.

vii. Into the lofty temple now with speed,—
A huge cave hollowed in the mountain's side,—
The priestess calls the Teucrians. Thither lead
A hundred doors, a hundred entries wide,
A hundred voices from the rock inside
Peal forth, the Sibyl answering. So they
Had reached the threshold, when the maiden cried,
"Now 'tis the time to seek the fates and pray;
Behold, behold the God!" and standing there, straightway,

viii. Her colour and her features change; loose streams
Her hair disordered, and her heart distrest
Swells with wild frenzy. Larger now she seems,
Her voice not mortal, as her heaving breast
Pants, with the approaching Deity possest.
"Pray, Trojan," peals her warning utterance, "pray!
Cease not, Æneas, nor withhold thy quest,
Nor stint thy vows. While dumbly ye delay,
Ne'er shall its yawning doors the spell-bound house display."

IX. She ceased: at once an icy chill ran through
The sturdy Trojans. From his inmost heart
Thus prayed the King: "O Phœbus, wont to view
With pity Troy's sore travail; thou, whose art
True to Achilles aimed the Dardan dart,
How oft, thou guiding, have I tracked the main
Round mighty lands, to earth's remotest part
Massylian tribes and Libya's sandy plain:
Scarce now the flying shores of Italy we gain.

X. "Enough, thus far Troy's destinies to bear,
Ye, too, at length, your anger may abate
And deign the race of Pergamus to spare,
O Gods and Goddesses, who viewed with hate
Troy and the glories of the Dardan state.
And thou, dread mistress of prophetic lore,
Grant us—I ask but what is due by Fate,
Our promised realms—that on the Latian shore
Troy's sons and wandering gods may find a home once more.

XI. "To Phœbus then and Trivia's sacred name,
Thy patron powers, a temple will I rear
Of solid marble, and due rites proclaim
And festal days, for votaries each year
The name of guardian Phœbus to revere.
Thee, too, hereafter in our realms await
Shrines of the stateliest, for thy name is dear.
There safe shall rest the mystic words of Fate,
And chosen priests shall guard the oracles of state.

XII. "Only to leaves commit not, priestess kind,
Thy verse, lest fragments of the mystic scroll
Fly, tost abroad, the playthings of the wind.
Thyself in song the oracle unroll."
He ceased; the seer, impatient of control,
Strives, like a frenzied Bacchant, in her cell,
To shake the mighty deity from her soul.
So much the more, her raging heart to quell,
He tires the foaming mouth, and shapes her to his spell.

xiii. Then yawned the hundred gates, and every door,
Self-opening suddenly, revealed the fane,
And through the air the Sibyl's answer bore:
"O freed from Ocean's perils, but in vain,
Worse evils yet upon the land remain.
Doubt not; Troy's sons shall reach Lavinium's shore,
And rule in Latium; so the Fates ordain.
Yet shall they rue their coming. Woes in store,
Wars, savage wars, I see, and Tiber foam with gore.

xiv. "A Xanthus there and Simois shall be seen,
And Doric tents; Achilles, goddess-born,
Shall rise anew, nor Jove's relentless Queen
Shall cease to vex the Teucrians night and morn.
Then oft shalt thou, sore straitened and forlorn,
All towns and tribes of Italy implore
To grant thee shelter from the foemen's scorn.
An alien bride, a foreign bed once more
Shall bring the old, old woes, the ancient feud restore.

xv. "Yield not to evils, but the bolder thou
Persist, defiant of misfortune's frown,
And take the path thy Destinies allow.
Hope, where unlooked for, comes thy toils to crown,
Thy road to safety from a Grecian town."
So sang the Sibyl from her echoing fane,
And, wrapping truth in mystery, made known
The dark enigmas of her frenzied strain.
So Phœbus plied the goad, and shook the maddening rein

xvi. Soon ceased the fit, the foaming lips were still.
"O maiden," said Æneas, "me no more
Can danger startle, nor strange shape of ill.
All have I seen and throughly conned before.
One boon I beg,—since yonder are the door
Of Pluto, and the gloomy lakes, they tell,
Fed by o'erflowing Acheron,—once more
To see the father whom I loved so well.
Teach me the way, and ope the sacred gates of hell.

VII. "Him on these shoulders, in the days ago,
A thousand darts behind us, did I bear
Safe through the thickest of the flames and foe.
He, partner of my travels, loved to share
The threats of ocean and the storms of air,
Though weak, yet strong beyond the lot of age.
'Twas he who bade me, with prevailing prayer,
Approach thee humbly, and thy care engage,
ity the sire and son, and Trojan hearts assuage.

VIII. "For thou can'st all, nor Hecate for naught
Hath set thee o'er Avernus' groves to reign.
If Orpheus from the shades his bride up-brought,
Trusting his Thracian harp and sounding strain,
If Pollux could from Pluto's drear domain
His brother by alternate death reclaim,
And tread the road to Hades o'er again
Oft and so oft—why great Alcides name?
Vhy Theseus? I, as they, Jove's ancestry can claim."

IX. So prayed Æneas, clinging to the shrine,
When thus the prophetess: "O Trojan Knight,
Born of Anchises, and of seed divine,
Down to Avernus the descent is light,
The gate of Dis stands open day and night.
But upward thence thy journey to retrace,
There lies the labour; 'tis a task of might,
By few achieved, and those of heavenly race,
Vhom shining worth extolled or Jove hath deigned to grace.

X. "Thick woods and shades the middle space invest,
And black Cocytus girds the drear abode.
Yet, if such passion hath thy soul possessed,
If so thou longest to indulge thy mood,
And madly twice to cross the Stygian flood,
And visit twice black Tartarus, mark the way
Sacred to nether Juno, in a wood,
With golden stem and foliage, lurks a spray,
nd trees and darksome dales surrounding shroud the day.

xxi. "Yet none the shades can visit, till he tear
That golden growth, the gift of Pluto's queen,
And show the passport she decreed to bear.
One plucked, another in its place is seen,
As bright and burgeoning with golden green.
Search then aloft, and when thou see'st the spray,
Reach forth and pluck it; willingly, I ween,
If Fate shall call thee, 'twill thy touch obey;
Else steel nor strength of arm shall rend the prize away.

xxii. "Mark yet—alas! thou know'st not—yonder lies
Thy friend's dead body, and pollutes the shore.
While thou the Fates art asking to advise,
And lingering here, a suppliant, at our door.
Nay, first thy comrade to his home restore,
And build a tomb, and bring black cattle; they
The stain shall expiate; so the Stygian shore
Shalt thou behold, and tread the sunless way,
Which living feet ne'er trod, and mounted to the day."

xxiii. She ended. From the cave Æneas went,
With down-dropt eyes and melancholy mien,
Inly revolving many a dark event.
Trusty Achates at his side is seen,
Moody alike, each measured step between
In musing converse framing phantasies,
What lifeless comrade could the priestess mean?
Whom to be buried? When before their eyes,
Stretched on the barren beach the dead Misenus lies,

xxiv. Dead with dishonour, in unseemly plight,
Misenus, son of Æolus, whom beside
None better knew with brazen blast to light
The flames of war, and wake the warrior's pride.
Once Hector's co-mate, proud at Hector's side
To wind the clarion and the sword to wield.
When, stricken by Achilles, Hector died,
Æneas then he followed to the field,
Loth to a meaner lord his fealty to yield.

xxv. Now while a challenge to the gods he blew,
And made the waves his hollow shell resound,
Him Triton, jealous—if the tale be true—
Caught unaware, and in the surges drowned
Among the rocks.—There now the corpse they found.
Loud groaned Æneas, and a mournful cry
Rose from the Trojans, as they gazed around.
Then, filled with tears, the Sibyl's task they ply,
And rear a wood-built pile and altar to the sky.

xxvi. Into a grove of aged trees they go,
The wild-beasts' lair. The holm-oak rings amain,
Smit with the axe, the pitchy pine falls low,
Sharp wedges cleave the beechen core in twain,
The mountain ash comes rolling to the plain.
Foremost himself, accoutred as the rest,
Æneas cheered them, toiling with his train;
Then, musing sadly, and with pensive breast,
Gazed on the boundless grove, and thus his prayer addressed:

xxvii. "O in this grove could I behold the tree
With golden bough; since true, alas, too true,
Misenus, hath the priestess sung of thee!"
He spake, when, lighting on the sward, down flew
Two doves. With joy his mother's birds he knew,
"Lead on, blest guides, along the air," he prayed,
"If way there be, the precious bough to view,
Whose golden leaves the teeming soil o'ershade;
O mother, solve my doubts, nor stint the needed aid."

xxviii. So saying, he stays his footsteps, fain to heed
What signs they give, and whitherward their flight.
Awhile they fly, awhile they stop to feed,
Then, fluttering, keep within the range of sight,
Till, coming where Avernus, dark as night,
Gapes, with rank vapours from its depths uprolled,
Aloft they soar, and through the liquid height
Dart to the tree, where, wondrous to behold,
The varying green sets forth the glitter of the gold.

xxix. As in the woods, in winter's cold, is seen,
Sown on an alien tree, the mistletoe
To bloom afresh with foliage newly green,
And round the tapering boles its arms to throw,
Laden with yellow fruitage, even so
The oak's dark boughs the golden leaves display,
So the foil rustles in the breezes low.
Quickly Æneas plucks the lingering spray,
And to the Sibyl bears the welcome gift away.

xxx. Nor less the dead Misenus they deplore,
And honours to the thankless dust assign.
A stately pyre they build upon the shore,
Rich with oak-timbers and the resinous pine,
And sombre foliage in the sides entwine.
In front, the cypress marks the fatal soil,
Above, they leave the warrior's arms to shine.
These heat the water, till the caldrons boil,
And wash the stiffened limbs, and fill the wounds with oil.

xxxi. Loud is the wailing; then with many a tear
They lay him on the bed, and o'er him throw
His purple robes. These lift the massive bier;
Those, as of yore—sad ministry of woe—
With eyes averted, hold the torch below.
Oil, spice and viands, in promiscuous heap,
They pour and pile upon the fire; and now,
The embers crumbling and the flames asleep,
With draughts of ruddy wine the thirsty ash they steep.

xxxii. And Cornyæus in a brazen urn
Enshrined the bones, upgathered in a caul,
And bearing round pure water, thrice in turn
From olive branch the lustral dew lets fall,
And, sprinkling, speaks the latest words of all.
A lofty mound Æneas hastes to frame,
Crowned with his oar and trumpet, 'neath a tall
And airy cliff, which still Misenus' name
Preserves, and ages keep his everlasting fame.

xiii. This done, Æneas hastens to obey
The Sibyl's hest.—There was a monstrous cave,
Rough, shingly, yawning wide-mouthed to the day,
Sheltered from access by the lake's dark wave
And shadowing forests, gloomy as the grave.
O'er that dread space no flying thing could ply
Its wings unjeopardied (whence Grecians gave
The name "Aornos"), such a stench on high
ose from the poisonous jaws, and filled the vaulted sky.

xiv. Here four black oxen, as the maid divine
Commands them, forth to sacrifice are led.
Over their brows she pours the sacred wine,
Then plucks the hairs that sprouted on the head
And burns them, as the first-fruits to the dead,
Calling aloud on Hecate, whose reign
In Heaven and Erebus is owned with dread.
These stab the victims in the throat, and drain
bowls the steaming blood that gushes from the slain.

xv. A black-fleeced lamb Æneas slays, to please
The Furies' mother and her sister dread,
A barren cow to Proserpine decrees.
Then to the Stygian monarch of the dead
The midnight altars he began to spread.
The bulls' whole bodies on the flames he laid,
And fat oil on the broiling entrails shed,
When lo! as Morn her opening beams displayed,
oud rumblings shook the ground, the wooded hill-tops swayed,

xvi. And hell-dogs baying through the gloom, proclaimed
The Goddess near. "Back, back, unhallowed crew,
And quit the grove!" the prophetess exclaimed,
"Thou, bare thy blade, and take the road in view.
Now, Trojan, for a stalwart heart and true;
Firmness and steadiness!" No more she cried,
But back into the open cave withdrew,
Fired with new frenzy. He, with fearless stride,
eads on the Sibyl's heels, rejoicing in his guide.

xxxvii. O silent Shades, and ye, the powers of Hell,
Chaos and Phlegethon, wide realms of night,
What ear hath heard, permit the tongue to tell,
High matter, veiled in darkness, to indite.—
On through the gloomy shade, in darkling plight,
Through Pluto's solitary halls they stray,
As travellers, whom the Moon's unkindly light
Baffles in woods, when, on a lonely way,
Jove shrouds the heavens, and night has turned the world to grey.

xxxviii. Before the threshold, in the jaws of Hell,
Grief spreads her pillow, with remorseful Care.
There sad Old Age and pale Diseases dwell,
And misconceiving Famine, Want and Fear,
Terrific shapes, and Death and Toil appear.
Death's kinsman, Sleep, and Joys of sinful kind,
And deadly War crouch opposite, and here
The Furies' iron chamber, Discord blind
And Strife, her viperous locks with gory fillets twined.

xxxix. High in the midst a giant elm doth fling
The shadows of its aged arms. There dwell
False Dreams and, nestling, to the foliage cling,
And monstrous shapes, too numerous to tell,
Keep covert, stabled in the porch of Hell.
The beast of Lerna, hissing in his ire,
Huge Centaurs, two-formed Scyllas, fierce and fell,
Briareus hundred-handed, Gorgons dire,
Harpies, the triple Shade, Chimæra fenced with fire.

xl. At once Æneas, stirred by sudden fear,
Clutches his sword, and points the naked blade
To affront them. Then, but that the Heaven-taught seer
Warned him that each was but an empty shade,
A shapeless soul, vain onset he had made,
And slashed the shadows. So he checked his hand,
And past the gateway in the gloom they strayed
Through Tartarus to Acheron's dark strand,
Where thick the whirlpool boils, and voids the seething sand

i. Into the deep Cocytus. Charon there,
Grim ferryman, stands sentry. Mean his guise,
His chin a wilderness of hoary hair,
And like a flaming furnace stare his eyes.
Hung in a loop around his shoulders lies
A filthy gaberdine. He trims the sail,
And, pole in hand, across the water plies
His steel-grey shallop with the corpses pale,
ld, but a god's old age has left him green and hale.

ii. There shoreward rushed a multitude, the shades
Of noble heroes, numbered with the dead,
Boys, husbands, mothers and unwedded maids,
Sons on the pile before their parents spread,
As leaves in number, which the trees have shed
When Autumn's frosts begin to chill the air,
Or birds, that from the wintry blasts have fled
And over seas to sunnier shores repair.
thick the foremost stand, and, stretching hands of prayer,

iii. Plead for a passage. Now the boatman stern
Takes these, now those, then thrusts the rest away,
And vainly for the distant bank they yearn.
Then spake Æneas, for with strange dismay
He viewed the tumult, "Prithee, maiden, say
What means this thronging to the river-side?
What seek the souls? Why separate, do they
Turn back, while others sweep the leaden tide?
ho parts the shades, what doom the difference can decide?"

iv. Thereto in brief the aged priestess spake:
"Son of Anchises, and the god's true heir,
Thou see'st Cocytus and the Stygian lake,
By whose dread majesty no god will dare
His solemn oath attested to forswear.
These are the needy, who a burial crave;
The ferryman is Charon; they who fare
Across the flood, the buried; none that wave
n traverse, ere his bones have rested in the grave.

XLV. "A hundred years they wander in the cold
Around these shores, till at the destined date
The wished-for pools, admitted, they behold."
Sad stood Æneas, pitying their estate,
And, thoughtful, pondered their unequal fate.
Leucaspis there, and Lycia's chief he viewed,
Orontes, joyless, tombless, whom of late,
Sea-tost from Troy, the blustering South pursued,
And ship and crew at once whelmed in the rolling flood.

XLVI. There paced in sorrow Palinurus' ghost,
Who, lately from the Libyan shore their guide,
Watching the stars, headforemost from his post
Had fallen, and perished in the wildering tide.
Him, known, but dimly in the gloom descried,
The Dardan hails, "O Palinurus! who
Of all the gods hath torn thee from our side?
Speak, for Apollo, never known untrue,
This once hath answered false, and mocked with hopes undue.

XLVII. "Safe—so he sang—should'st thou escape the sea,
And scatheless to Ausonia's coast attain.
Lo, this, his plighted promise!"—"Nay," said he,
"Nor answered Phœbus' oracle in vain,
Nor did a god o'erwhelm me in the main.
For while I ruled the rudder, charged to keep
Our course, and steered thee o'er the billowy plain,
Sudden, I slipped, and, falling prone and steep,
Snapped with sheer force the helm, and dragged it to the deep.

XLVIII. "Naught—let the rough seas witness—but for thee
I feared, lest rudderless, her pilot lost,
Your ship should fail in such a towering sea.
Three wintry nights, nipt with the chilling frost,
Upon the boundless waters I was tost,
And on the fourth dawn from a wave at last
Descried Italia. Slowly to her coast
I swam, and clutching at the rock, held fast,
Cumbered with dripping clothes, and deemed the worst o'erpast.

xlix. "When lo! the savage folk, with sword and stave,
Set on me, weening to have found rich prey.
And now my bones lie weltering on the wave,
Now on strange shores winds blow them far away.
O! by the memory of thy sire, I pray,
By young Iulus, and his hope so fair,
By heaven's sweet breath and light of gladsome day,
Relieve my misery, assuage my care,
Sail back to Velia's port, great conqueror, and there

l. "Strew earth upon me, for the task is light;
Or, if thy goddess-mother deign to show
Some path—for never in the god's despite
O'er these dread waters would'st thou dare to go,
Thine aid in pity on a wretch bestow;
Reach forth thy hand, and bear me to my rest,
Dead with the dead to ease me of my woe."
He spake, and him the prophetess addressed:
'O Palinurus! whence so impious a request?

li. "Think'st thou the Stygian waters to explore
Unburied, and the Furies' flood to see,
And reach unbidden yon relentless shore?
Hope not by prayer to bend the Fates' decree,
But take this comfort to thy misery;
The neighbouring towns, and people far and near,
Compelled by prodigies, thy ghost shall free,
And load thy tomb with offerings year by year,
And Palinurus' name for aye the place shall bear."

lii. These words relieved his heaviness; joy came
Upon his saddened spirit, pleased to hear
The well-known land remembered by his name.
Thus on they journey, and the stream draw near;
Whom when the Stygian boatman saw appear,
As shoreward through the silent grove they stray,
With stern rebuke he challenged them: "Beware;
Stand off; approach not, but your purpose say;
What brought you here, whoe'er ye come in armed array?

LIII. "Here Shades inhabit,—Sleep and drowsy Night,—
I may not steer the living to yon shore.
Small joy was mine, when, in the gods' despite,
Alive Alcides o'er the stream I bore,
And Theseus and Pirithous, though more
Than men in prowess, nor of mortal clay.
One tried to seize Hell's guardian, and before
Our monarch's throne to chain the trembling prey;
These from her lord's own bed to drag the queen to day."

LIV. Briefly the seer Amphrysian spake again:
"No guile these arms intend, nor open fight;
Fear not; still may the monster in his den
With endless howl the bloodless ghosts affright,
And chaste Proserpine guard her uncle's right.
Duteous and brave, his father's shade to view,
Descends the famed Æneas; if the sight
Of love so great is powerless to subdue,
Mark this,"—and from her vest the fateful gift she drew.

LV. Down fell his wrath: the venerable bough,
So long unseen, with wonderment he eyed;
Then, shoreward turning with his cold-blue prow,
From bench and gangway thrusts the shades aside,
And takes the great Æneas and his guide.
The stitched bark, groaning with the load it bore,
Gapes at each seam, and drinks the plenteous tide,
Till Prince and Prophetess, borne safely o'er,
Stand on the dank, grey ooze and grim, unsightly shore.

LVI. Crouched in a fronting cave, huge Cerberus wakes
These kingdoms with his three-mouthed bark. His head
The priestess marked, all bristling now with snakes,
And flung a sop of honied drugs and bread.
He, famine-stung, with triple jaws dispread,
The morsel snaps, then prone along the cave
Lies stretched on earth, with loosened limbs, as dead.
The sentry lulled, Æneas, blithe and brave,
Seizes the pass, and leaves the irremeable wave.

ıı. Loud shrieks are heard, and wails of the distrest,
The souls of babes, that on the threshold cry,
Reft of sweet life, and ravished from the breast,
And early plunged in bitter death. Hard by
Are those, whom slanderous charges doomed to die.
Not without judgment these abodes they win.
Here, urn in hand, dread Minos sits to try
The charge anew; he summons from within
ıe silent court, and learns each several life and sin.

ıı. And next are those, who, hateful of the day,
With guiltless hands their sorrowing lives have ta'en,
And miserably flung their souls away.
How gladly now, in upper air again,
Would they endure their poverty and pain!
It may not be. The Fates their doom decide
Past hope, and bind them to this sad domain.
Dark round them rolls the sea, unlovely tide;
ıefold the waves of Styx those dreary realms divide.

. Not far off stretch the Mourning Meads, where those
Whom cruel Love hath wasted with despair,
In myrtle groves and alleys hide their woes,
Nor Death itself relieves them of their care.
Lo, Phædra, Procris, Eriphyle there,
Baring the breast by filial hands imbrued,
Evadne, and Pasiphaë, and fair
Laodamia in the crowd he viewed,
d Cæneus, maid, then man, and now a maid renewed.

There through the wood Phœnician Dido strayed,
Fresh from her wound. Whom when Æneas knew,
Scarce seen, though near, amid the doubtful shade,
As one who views, or only seems to view,
The clouded moon rise when the month is new,
Fondly he spake, while tears were in his eye:
"Ah, hapless Dido! then the news was true
That thou had'st sought the bitter end. Was I,
s! the cause of death? O by the starry sky,

LXI. "By Gods above, by faith, if aught, below,
Unwillingly, O Queen, I left thy sight.
The Gods, at whose compulsion now I go
Through these dark Shades, this realm of deepest Night,
These wastes of squalor, 'twas their word of might
That drove me forth; nor could I dream such woe
Was thine at my departing. Stay thy flight.
Whom dost thou fly? O, whither wilt thou go?
One word—the last, sad word—one parting look bestow!"

LXII. So strove Æneas, weeping, to appease
Her wrathful spirit. She, with down-fixt eyes
Turns from him, scowling, heedless of his pleas,
And hard as flint or marble, nor replies.
Then, starting, to the shadowy grove she flies,
Where dead Sychæus, her old lord, renews
His love with hers, and sorrows with her sighs.
Touched by her fate, the Dardan hero views,
And far with tearful gaze the melting shade pursues.

LXIII. Thus onward to the furthest fields they strayed,
The haunts of heroes here doth Tydeus fare,
Parthenopæus, pale Adrastus' shade.
And many a Dardan, wailed in upper air,
And fallen in war. Sighing, he sees them there,
Glaucus, Thersilochus and Medon slain,
Antenor's sons, three brethren past compare,
And Polyphœtes, priest of Ceres' fane,
And brave Idæus, still grasping the sword and rein.

LXIV. All throng around, nor rest content to claim
One look, but linger with delight, and fain
Would pace beside, and question why he came.
But when the Greeks and Agamemnon's train
Beheld the hero, and his arms shone plain,
Huge terror shook them, and some turned to fly,
As erst they scattered to their ships; some strain
Their husky voice, and raise a feeble cry.
The warshout mocks their throats, the gibbering accents die.

v. There, too, he sees great Priam's son, the famed
Deiphobus, in evil plight forlorn;
A mangled shape, his visage marred and maimed.
His ravaged face the ruthless steel had torn,—
Face, nose and ears—and both his hands were shorn.
Him, cowering back, and striving to disown
The shameful tokens of his foemen's scorn,
Scarcely Æneas knew, then, soon as known,
ius, unaccosted, hailed in old, familiar tone:

vi. "O brave Deiphobus, great Teucer's seed!
Whose heart had will, whose cruel hand had might
To wreak such punishment? Fame told, indeed,
That, tired with slaughter, thou had'st sunk that night
On heaps of mingled carnage in the fight.
Then on the shore I reared an empty mound,
And called (thy name and armour mark the site)
Thy shade. Thyself, dear comrade, ne'er was found.
in was my parting wish to lay thee in the ground."

vii. "Not thine the fault"; Deiphobus replied,
"Thy debt is rendered; thou hast dealt aright.
Fate, and the baseness of a Spartan bride
Wrought this; behold the tokens of her spite.
Thou know'st—too well must thou recall—that night
Passed in vain pleasure and delusive joy,
What time the fierce Steed, with a bound of might,
Big with armed warriors, eager to destroy,
aped o'er the wall, and scaled the citadel of Troy.

viii. "Feigning mock orgies, round the town she led
Troy's dames, with shrieks that rent the midnight air,
And, armed with blazing cresset, at their head
Bright from the watch-tower made the signal flare,
That called the Danaan foemen from their lair.
I, sunk in sleep, the fatal couch had pressed,
Worn out with watching, and weighed down with care,
And, calm and deep, Death's image, gentle Rest
pt o'er the wearied limbs, and stilled the troubled breast.

LXIX. "Meanwhile, all arms the traitress, as I slept,
Stole from the house, and from beneath my head
She took the trusty falchion, that I kept
To guard the chamber and the bridal bed.
Then, creeping to the door, with stealthy tread,
She lifts the latch, and beckons from within
To Menelaus; so, forsooth, she fled
In hopes a lover's gratitude to win,
And from the past wipe out the scandal of old sin.

LXX. "O noble wife! But why the tale prolong?
Few words were best; my chamber they invade,
They and Ulysses, counsellor of wrong.
Heaven! be these horrors on the Greeks repaid,
If pious lips for just revenge have prayed.
But thou, make answer, and in turn explain
What brought thee, living, to these realms of shade?
By heaven's command, or wandering o'er the main,
Com'st thou to view these shores, this sunless, sad domain?"

LXXI. So they in converse haply had the day
Consumed, when, rosy-charioted, the Morn
O'erpassed mid heaven on her ethereal way,
And thus the Sibyl doth the Dardan warn:
"Night lowers apace; we linger but to mourn.
Here part the roads; beyond the walls of Dis
There lies for us Elysium; leftward borne
Thou comest to Tartarus, in whose drear abyss
Poor sinners purge with pains the lives they lived amiss."

LXXII. "Spare, priestess," cried Deiphobus, "thy wrath;
I will depart, and fill the tale, and hide
In darkness. Thou, with happier fates, go forth,
Our glory."—Sudden, from the Dardan's side
He fled. Back looked Æneas, and espied
Broad bastions, girt with triple wall, that frowned
Beneath a rock to leftward, and the tide
Of torrent Phlegethon, that flamed around,
And made the beaten rocks rebellow with the sound.

xxiii. In front, a massive gateway threats the sky,
And posts of solid adamant upstay
An iron tower, firm-planted to defy
All force, divine or human. Night and day,
Sleepless Tisiphone defends the way,
Girt up with bloody garments. From within
Loud groans are heard, and wailings of dismay,
The whistling scourge, the fetter's clank and din,
hrieks, as of tortured fiends, and all the sounds of sin.

xxiv. Aghast, Æneas listens to the cries.
"O maid," he asks, "what crimes are theirs? What pain
Do they endure? what wailings rend the skies?"
Then she: "Famed Trojan, this accursed domain
None chaste may enter; so the Fates ordain.
Great Hecate herself, when here below
She made me guardian of Avernus' reign,
Led me through all the region, fain to show
'he tortures of the gods, the various forms of woe.

xxv. "Here Cretan Rhadamanthus, strict and stern,
His kingdom holds. Each trespass, now confessed,
He hears and punishes; each tells in turn
The sin, with idle triumph long suppressed,
Till death has bared the secrets of the breast.
Swift at the guilty, as he stands and quakes,
Leaps fierce Tisiphone, for vengeance prest,
And calls her sisters; o'er the wretch she shakes
'he torturing scourge aloft, and waves the twisted snakes.

xxvi. "Then, opening slow, on horrid hinges grate
The doors accursed. See'st thou what sentinel
Sits in the porch? What presence guards the gate?
Know, that within, still fiercer and more fell,
Wide-yawning with her fifty throats, doth dwell
A Hydra. Tartarus itself, hard by,
Abrupt and sheer, beneath the ghosts in Hell,
Gapes twice as deep, as o'er the earth on high
'owers up the Olympian steep, the summit of the sky.

LXXVII. "There roll the Titans, born of ancient Earth,
Hurled to the bottom by the lightning's blast.
There lie—twin monsters of enormous girth—
Aloeus' sons, who 'gainst Olympus cast
Their impious hands, and strove with daring vast
To disenthrone the Thunderer. There, again,
The famed Salmoneus I beheld, laid fast
In cruel agonies of endless pain,
Who sought the flames of Jove with mimic art to feign,

LXXVIII. "And mocked Olympian thunder. Torch in hand,
Drawn by four steeds, through Elis' streets he came,
A conqueror, borne in triumph through the land.
And, waving high the firebrand, dared to claim
The God's own homage and a godlike name.
Blind fool and vain! to think with brazen clash
And hollow tramp of horn-hoofed steeds, to frame
The dread Storm's counterfeit, the thunder's crash,
The matchless bolts of Jove, the inimitable flash.

LXXIX. "But lo! his bolt, no smoky torch of pine,
The Sire omnipotent through darkness sped,
And hurled him headlong with the blast divine.
There, too, lay Tityos, nine roods outspread,
Nursling of earth. Hook-beaked, a vulture dread,
Pecking the deathless liver, plied his quest,
And probed the entrails and the heart, that bred
Immortal pain, and burrowed in his breast.
The torturing growth goes on, the fibres never rest.

LXXX. "Why now those ancient Lapithæ recall,
Ixion and Pirithous? There in sight
The black rock frowns, and ever threats to fall.
On golden pillars shine the couches bright,
And royal feasts their longing eyes invite.
But lo, the eldest of the Furies' band
Sits by, and oft uprising in her might,
Warns from the banquet, with uplifted hand,
And thunders in their ears, and waves a flaming brand.

xxxi. "Those, who with hate a brother's love repaid,
Or drove a parent outcast from their door,
Or, weaving fraud, their client's trust betrayed;
Those, who—the most in number—brooded o'er
Their gold, nor gave to kinsmen of their store;
Those, who for foul adultery were slain,
Who followed treason's banner, or forswore
Their plighted oath to masters, here remain,
nd, pent in dungeons deep, await their doom of pain.

xxxii. "Ask not what pain; what fortune or what fate
O'erwhelmed them, nor their torments seek to know.
These roll uphill a rock's enormous weight,
Those, hung on wheels, are racked with endless woe.
There, too, for ever, as the ages flow,
Sad Theseus sits, and through the darkness cries
Unhappy Phlegyas to the shades below,
'Learn to be good; take warning and be wise;
earn to revere the gods, nor heaven's commands despise.'

xxxiii. "There stands the traitor, who his country sold,
A tyrant's bondage for his land prepared;
Made laws, unmade them, for a bribe of gold.
With lawless lust a daughter's shame he shared;
All dared huge crimes, and compassed what they dared.
Ne'er had a hundred mouths, if such were mine,
Nor hundred tongues their endless sins declared,
Nor iron voice their torments could define,
r tell what doom to each the avenging gods assign.

xxxiv. "But haste we," adds the Sibyl; "onward hold
The way before thee, and thy task pursue.
Forged in the Cyclops' furnaces, behold
Yon walls and fronting archway, full in view.
Leave there thy gift and pay the God his due."
She spake, and thither through the dark they paced,
And reached the gateway. He, with lustral dew
Self-sprinkled, seized the entrance, and in haste
igh o'er the fronting door the fateful offering placed.

LXXXV. These dues performed, they reach the realms of rest,
Fortunate groves, where happy souls repair,
And lawns of green, the dwellings of the blest.
A purple light, a more abundant air
Invest the meadows. Sun and stars are there,
Known but to them. There rival athletes train
Their practised limbs, and feats of strength compare.
These run and wrestle on the sandy plain,
Those tread the measured dance, and join the song's sweet strain.

LXXXVI. In flowing robes the Thracian minstrel sings,
Sweetly responsive to the seven-toned lyre;
Fingers and quill alternate wakes the strings.
Here Teucer's race, and many an ancient sire,
Chieftains of nobler days and martial fire,
Ilus, high-souled Assaracus, and he
Who founded Troy, the rapturous strains admire,
And arms afar and shadowy cars they see,
And lances fixt in earth, and coursers grazing free.

LXXXVII. The love of arms and chariots, the care
Their glossy steeds to pasture and to train,
That pleased them living, still attends them there:
These, stretched at ease, lie feasting on the plain;
There, choral companies, in gladsome strain,
Chant the loud Pæan, in a grove of bay,
Rich in sweet scents, whence hurrying to the main,
Eridanus' full torrent on its way
Rolls from below through woods majestic to the day.

LXXXVIII. There, the slain patriot, and the spotless sage,
And pious poets, worthy of the God;
There he, whose arts improved a rugged age,
And those who, labouring for their country's good,
Lived long-remembered,—all, in eager mood,
Crowned with white fillets, round the Sibyl pressed;
Chiefly Musæus; in the midst he stood,
With ample shoulders towering o'er the rest,
When thus the listening crowd the prophetess addressed:

xxix. "Tell, happy souls; and thou, great poet, tell
Where—in what place—Anchises doth abide,
For whom we came and crossed the streams of Hell."
Briefly the venerable chief replied:
"Fixt home hath no one; by the streamlet's side,
Or in dark groves, or dewy meads we stray,
Where living waters through the pastures glide.
Mount, if ye list, and I will point the way,
on summit, and beneath the shining fields survey."

. Thus on he leads them, till they leave the height,
Rejoicing.—In a valley far away
The sire Anchises scanned, with fond delight,
The prisoned souls, who waited for the day.
Their shape, their mien his studious eyes survey;
Their fates and fortunes he reviews with pride,
And counts his future offspring in array.
Now, when his son advancing he espied,
oud, with tearful eyes and outspread hands, he cried:

. "Art thou, then, come at last? Has filial love,
Thrice welcome, braved the perils of the way?
O joy! do I behold thee? hear thee move
Sweet converse as of old? 'Tis come, the day
I longed and looked for, pondering the delay,
And counting every moment, nor in vain.
How tost with perils do I greet thee? yea,
What wanderings thine on every land and main!
hat dangers did I dread from Libya's tempting reign!"

1. "Father, 'twas thy sad image," he replied,
"Oft-haunting, drove me to this distant place.
Our navy floats on the Tyrrhenian tide.
Give me thy hand, nor shun a son's embrace."
So spake the son, and o'er his cheeks apace
Rolled down soft tears, of sadness and delight.
Thrice he essayed the phantom to embrace;
Thrice, vainly clasped, it melted from his sight,
ift as the wingèd wind, or vision of the night.

xciii. Meanwhile he views, deep-bosomed in a dale,
A grove, and brakes that rustle in the breeze,
And Lethe, gliding through the peaceful vale.
Peoples and tribes, all hovering round, he sees,
Unnumbered, as in summer heat the bees
Hum round the flowerets of the field, to drain
The fair, white lilies of their sweets; so these
Swarm numberless, and ever and again
The gibbering ghosts disperse, and murmur o'er the plain.

xciv. Awe-struck, Æneas would the cause enquire:
What streams are yonder? what the crowd so great,
That filled the river's margin? Then the Sire
Anchises answered: "They are souls, that wait
For other bodies, promised them by Fate.
Now, by the banks of Lethe here below,
They lose the memory of their former state,
And from the silent waters, as they flow,
Drink the oblivious draught, and all their cares forego.

xcv. "Long have I wished to show thee, face to face,
Italia's sons, that thou might'st joy with me
To hail the new-found country of our race."
"Oh father!" said Æneas, "can it be,
That souls sublime, so happy and so free,
Can yearn for fleshly tenements again?
So madly long they for the light?" Then he:
"Learn, son, and listen, nor in doubt remain."
And thus in ordered speech the mystery made plain:

xcvi. "First, Heaven and Earth and Ocean's liquid plains,
The Moon's bright globe and planets of the pole,
One mind, infused through every part, sustains;
One universal, animating soul
Quickens, unites and mingles with the whole.
Hence man proceeds, and beasts, and birds of air,
And monsters that in marble ocean roll;
And fiery energy divine they share,
Save what corruption clogs, and earthly limbs impair.

cvii. "Hence Fear and Sorrow, hence Desire and Mirth;
Nor can the soul, in darkness and in chains,
Assert the skies, and claim celestial birth.
Nay, after death, the traces it retains
Of fleshly grossness, and corporeal stains,
Since much must needs by long concretion grow
Inherent. Therefore are they racked with pains,
And schooled in all the discipline of woe;
Each pays for ancient sin with punishment below.

cviii. "Some hang before the viewless winds to bleach;
Some purge in fire or flood the deep decay
And taint of wickedness. We suffer each
Our ghostly penance; thence, the few who may,
Seek the bright meadows of Elysian day,
Till long, long years, when our allotted time
Hath run its orbit, wear the stains away,
And leave the ætherial sense, and spark sublime,
Cleansed from the dross of earth, and cankering rust of crime.

cix. "These, when a thousand rolling years are o'er,
Called by the God, to Lethe's waves repair;
There, reft of memory, to yearn once more
For mortal bodies and the upper air."
So spake Anchises, and the priestess fair
Leads, with his son, the murmuring shades among,
Where thickest crowd the multitude, and there
They mount a hillock, and survey the throng,
And scan the pale procession, as it winds along.

. "Come, now, and hearken to the Dardan's fame,
What noble grandsons shall Italia grace,
Proud spirits, heirs of our illustrious name,
And learn the fates and future of thy race.
See yon fair youth, now leaning—mark his face—
Upon a pointless spear, by lot decreed
To stand the nearest to the light in place,
He first shall rise, of mixt Italian breed,
ilvius, an Alban name, the youngest of thy seed.

ci. "Him, latest offspring of thy days' decline,
Thy spouse Lavinia in the woods shall rear,
The kingly parent of a kingly line,
The lords of Alba Longa. Procas, dear
To Trojans, Capys, Numitor are here,
And he, whose surname shall revive thine own.
Silvius Æneas, like his great compeer
Alike for piety and arms well known,
If e'er, by Fate's decree, he mount the Alban throne.

cii. "What youths! what strength! what promise of renown!
Behold the wreaths of civic oak they wear.
First founders these of many a glorious town,
Nomentum, Gabii and Fidenæ fair;
They on the mountain pinnacles shall rear
Collatia's fortress, and Pometii found,
The camp of Inuus, which foemen fear,
Bola and Cora, names to be renowned,
Albeit inglorious now, for nameless is the ground.

ciii. "See Romulus, beside his grandsire's shade,
Offspring of Mars and Ilia, and the line
Of old Assaracus. See there displayed,
The double crest upon his helm, the sign,
Stamped by his sire, to mark his birth divine.
Henceforth, beneath his auspices, shall rise
That Rome, whose glories through the world shall shine;
Far as wide earth's remotest boundary lies,
Her empire shall extend her genius to the skies.

civ. "Seven hills her single rampart shall embrace,
Seven citadels her girdling wall contain,
Thrice blest, beyond all cities, in a race
Of heroes, destined to adorn her reign.
So, with a hundred grandsons in her train,
Thrice blest, the Mother of the Gods, whose shrine
Is Berecynthus, rides the Phrygian plain,
Tower-crowned, the queen of an immortal line,
All habitants of heaven, and all of seed divine.

cv. "See now thy Romans; thither bend thine eyes,
And Cæsar and Iulus' race behold,
Waiting their destined advent to the skies.
This, this is he—long promised, oft foretold—
Augustus Cæsar. He the Age of Gold,
God-born himself, in Latium shall restore,
And rule the land, that Saturn ruled of old,
And spread afar his empire and his power
To Garamantian tribes, and India's distant shore.

cvi. "Beyond the planets his dominions lie,
Beyond the solar circuit of the year,
Where Atlas bears the starry-spangled sky.
E'en now the realms of Caspia shuddering hear
His coming, made by oracles too clear.
E'en now Mæotia trembles at his tread,
And Nile's seven mouths are troubled, as in fear
She shrinks reluctant to the deep, such dread
Hath seized the wondering world, so far his fame hath spread.

cvii. "So much of earth not Hercules of yore
O'erpassed, though he the brass-hoofed hind laid low,
And forth from Erymanthus drove the boar,
And startled Lerna's forest with his bow;
Nor he, the Wine-God, who in conquering show,
With vine-wreathed reins, and tigers to his car,
Rides down from Nysa to the plains below.
And doubt we then to celebrate so far
Our prowess, and shall fear Ausonian fields debar?

cviii. "But see, who, crowned with olive wreath, doth bring
The sacred vessels? By his long, grey hair
And grizzled beard I know the Roman King,
Whom Fate from lowly Cures calls to bear
The mighty burden of an empire's care,
In peace the fabric of our laws to frame.
Now, Tullus comes, new triumphs to prepare,
And wake the folk to arm from idlesse fame,
And Ancus courts e'en now the popular acclaim.

CIX. "Would'st thou behold the Tarquins? Yonder stands
Great Brutus, the Avenger, proud to tear
The people's fasces from the tyrant's hands.
First Consul, he the dreaded axe shall bear,
The patriot-father, who for freedom fair
Shall call his own rebellious sons to bleed.
O noble soul, but hapless! Howso'er
Succeeding ages shall record the deed.
'Tis country's love prevails, and glory's quenchless greed.

CX. "Lo, there the Drusi and the Decii stand,
And stern Torquatus with his axe, and lo!
Camilius brings in triumph to his land
The Roman standards, rescued from the foe.
See, too, yon pair, well-matched in equal show
Of radiant arms, and, while obscured in night,
Firm knit in friendly fellowship; but oh!
How dire the feud, what hosts shall arm for fight,
What streams of carnage flow, if e'er they reach the light!

CXI. "Here from Monœcus and the Alps descends
The father; there, with Easterns in array,
The daughter's husband. O my sons! be friends;
Cease from the strife; forbear the unnatural fray,
Nor turn Rome's prowess to her own decay;
And thou, the foremost of our blood, be first
To fling the arms of civic strife away,
And cease for lawless victories to thirst,
Thou of Olympian birth, and sheath the sword accurst.

CXII. "See who from Corinth doth his march pursue,
Decked with the spoils of many a Grecian foe.
His car shall climb the Capitol. See, too,
The man who lofty Argos shall o'erthrow,
And lay the walls of Agamemnon low,
And great Æacides himself destroy,
Sprung from Achilles, to requite the woe
Wrought on old Ilion, and avenge with joy
Minerva's outraged fane, and slaughtered sires of Troy.

xiii. "Shalt thou, great Cato, unextolled remain?
Cossus? the Gracchi? or the Scipios, ye
Twin thunderbolts of battle, and the bane
Of Libya? Who would fail to tell of thee,
Fabricius, potent in thy poverty?
Or thee, Serranus, scattering the seed?
O spare my breath, ye Fabii; thou art he
Called Maximus, their Greatest thou indeed,
ole saviour, whose delay averts the hour of need.

xiv. "Others, no doubt, from breathing bronze shall draw
More softness, and a living face devise
From marble, plead their causes at the law
More deftly, trace the motions of the skies
With learned rod, and tell the stars that rise.
Thou, Roman, rule, and o'er the world proclaim
The ways of peace. Be these thy victories,
To spare the vanquished and the proud to tame.
'hese are imperial arts, and worthy of thy name."

xv. He paused; and while they pondered in amaze,
"Behold," he cried "Marcellus, see him stride,
Proud of the spoils that tell a nation's praise.
See how he towers, with all a conqueror's pride.
His arm shall stem the tumult and the tide
Of foreign hordes, and save the land from stain.
'Tis he shall crush the rebel Gaul, and ride
Through Punic ranks, and in Quirinus' fane
lang up the thrice-won spoils, in triumph for the slain."

xvi. Then thus Æneas spoke, for, passing by,
He saw a comely youth, in bright array
Of glittering arms; yet downcast was his eye,
Joyless and damp his face; "O father, say,
Who companies the hero on his way?
His son? or scion of his stock renowned?
What peerless excellence his looks display!
What stir, what whispers in the crowd around!
ut gloomy Night's sad shades his youthful brows surround."

cxvii. Weeping, the Sire: "Seek not, my son, to weigh
Thy children's mighty sorrow. Him shall Fate
Just show to earth, but suffer not to stay.
Too potent Heaven had deemed the Roman state,
Were gifts like this as permanent as great.
Ah! what laments, what groanings of the brave
Shall fill the field of Mars! What funeral state
Shall Tiber see, as past the recent grave
Slowly and sad he winds his melancholy wave!

cxviii. "No Trojan youth of such illustrious worth
Shall raise the hopes of Latin sires so high.
Ne'er shall the land of Romulus henceforth
Look on a fosterling with prouder eye.
O filial love! O faith of days gone by!
O hand unconquered! None had hoped to bide
Unscathed his onset, nor his arm defy,
When, foot to foot, the murderous sword he plied,
Or dug with iron heel his foaming charger's side.

cxix. "Ah! child of tears! can'st thou again be free
And burst Fate's cruel bondage, Rome shall know
Her own Marcellus, reappeared in thee.
Go, fill your hands with lilies; let me strow
The purple blossoms where he lies below.
These gifts, at least, in sorrow will I lay,
To grace my kinsman's spirit, thus—but oh!
Alas, how vainly!—to the thankless clay
These unavailing dues, these empty offerings pay."

cxx. Twain are the gates of Sleep; one framed, 'tis said,
Of horn, which easy exit doth invite
For real shades to issue from the dead.
One with the gleam of polished ivory bright,
Whence only lying visions leave the night.
Through this Anchises, talking by the way,
Sends forth the son and Sibyl to the light.
Back hastes Æneas to his friends, and they
Straight to Caieta steer, and anchor in her bay.

BOOK SEVEN

Argument

Passing Caieta and Circeii, Æneas sails up the Tiber (1-45). Virgil pauses to enumerate the old rulers of Latium and to describe the state of the country at the coming of Æneas. Latinus is King. Oracles have foretold that by marriage with an alien his only daughter is to become the mother of an imperial line. Fresh signs and wonders enforce the prophecy (46-126). The Trojans eat their tables (127-171). An embassage is sent to the Latin capital, and after conference Latinus offers peace to the Trojans and to Æneas his daughter's hand (172-342). Juno, the evil genius of Troy, again intervenes and summons to her aid the demon Alecto (341-410), who excites first Amata then Turnus against the proposed peace, and finally (411-576) provokes a pitched battle between Trojans and Latins (577-648). Alecto is scornfully dismissed by Juno, who causes war to be formally declared (649-747). The war-fever in Italy. Catalogue of the leaders and nations that gather to destroy Æneas, chief among them being Turnus and Camilla (748-981).

Thou too, Caieta, dying, to our shore,
Æneas' nurse, hast given a deathless fame,
E'en now thine honour guards it, as of yore,
Still doth thy tomb in great Hesperia frame
Glory—if that be glory—for thy name.
Here good Æneas paid his dues aright,
And raised a mound, and now, as evening came,
Sails forth; the faint winds whisper to the night;
ar shines the Moon, and tips the trembling waves with light.

They skirt the coast, where Circe, maiden bright,
The Sun's rich daughter, wakes with melodies
The groves that none may enter. There each night,
As nimbly through the slender warp she plies
The whistling shuttle, through her chambers rise
The flames of odorous cedar. Thence the roar
Of lions, raging at their chains, the cries
Of bears close-caged, and many a bristly boar,
e yells of monstrous wolves at midnight fill the shore.

All these with potent herbs the cruel queen
Had stripped of man's similitude, to wear
A brutal figure, and a bestial mien.
But kindly Neptune, with protecting care,
And loth to see the pious Trojans bear
A doom so vile, such prodigies as these,
Lest, borne perchance into the bay, they near
The baneful shore, fills out with favouring breeze
e sails, and speeds their flight across the boiling seas.

Now blushed the deep beneath the dawning ray,
And in her rosy chariot borne on high,
Aurora, bright with saffron, brought the day.
Down drop the winds, the Zephyrs cease to sigh,
And not a breath is stirring in the sky,
And not a ripple on the marble seas,
As heavily the toiling oars they ply.
When near him from the deep Æneas sees
nighty grove outspread, a forest thick with trees.

v. And in the midst of that delightful grove
Fair-flowing Tiber, eddying swift and strong,
Breaks to the main. Around them and above,
Gay-plumaged fowl, that to the stream belong,
And love the channel and the banks to throng,
Now skim the flood, now fly from bough to bough,
And charm the air with their melodious song.
Shoreward Æneas bids them turn the prow,
And up the shady stream with joyous hearts they row.

vi. Say, Erato, how Latium fared of yore,
What deeds were wrought, what rulers lived and died,
When strangers landed on Ausonia's shore,
And trace the rising of the war's dark tide.
Fierce feuds I sing—O Goddess, be my guide,—
Tyrrhenian hosts, the battle's armed array,
Proud kings who fought and perished in their pride,
And all Hesperia gathered to the fray,
A larger theme unfolds, and loftier is the lay.

vii. Long had Latinus ruled the peaceful state.
A nymph, Marica, of Laurentian breed,
Bore him to Faunus, who, as tales relate,
Derived through Picus his Saturnian seed.
No son was left Latinus to succeed,
His boy had died ere manhood; one alone
Remained, a daughter, so the Fates decreed,
To mind his palace and to heir his throne
Ripe now for marriage rites, to nuptial age full-grown.

viii. Full many a prince from Latium far and wide,
And all Ausonia had essayed in vain
To win the fair Lavinia for his bride.
Her suitor now, the comeliest of the train,
Was Turnus, sprung from an illustrious strain.
Fair seemed his suit, for kindly was the maid,
And dearly the queen loved him, and was fain
His hopes to further, but the Fates gainsayed,
And boding signs from Heaven the purposed match delayed.

Deep in the inmost palace, long rever'd,
There stood an ancient laurel. 'Twas the same
That sire Latinus, when the walls he reared,
Found there, and vowed to Phœbus, and the name
"Laurentines" thence his settlers taught to claim.
Here suddenly—behold a wondrous thing!—
Borne with loud buzzing through the air, down came
A swarm of bees. Around the top they cling,
nd from a leafy branch in linkèd clusters swing.

"Behold, from yon same quarter," cried a seer,
"A stranger! see their swarming hosts conspire
To lord it o'er Laurentum; see them near."
He spake, but lo! while, standing by her sire,
The chaste Lavinia feeds the sacred fire,
The flames, O horror! on her locks lay hold:
Her beauteous head-dress and her rich attire,
Her hair, her coronal of gems and gold
aze, and the crackling flames her regal robe enfold.

Wrapt, so it seemed, in clouds of smoke, but bright
With yellow flames, through all the house she fled,
Scattering a shower of sparkles. Sore affright
And wonder seized them, as the seer with dread
Explained the vision; 'twas a sign, he said,
That bright and glorious in the rolls of Fate
Her fame should flourish and her name be spread,
But dark should lour the fortunes of the state,
helmed in a mighty war and sunk in evil strait.

Forth hastes Latinus, by these sights distressed,
To Faunus' oracle, his sire renowned,
And seeks the grove, beneath Albunea's crest,
And sacred spring, which, echoing from the ground,
Leaps up and flings its sulphurous fumes around.
Here, craving counsel when in doubtful plight,
Italians and Œnotria's tribes are found.
Here, when the priest, his offerings paid aright,
skins of slaughtered beasts, in stillness of the night,

xiii. Lies down to sleep, in visions he beholds
Weird shapes, and many a wondrous voice doth hear,
And, borne in spirit to Avernus, holds
Deep converse there with Acheron. 'Twas here
Latinus sought for answer from the seer.
A hundred ewes, obedient to the rite,
He slew, then rested, with expectant ear,
Stretched on their fleeces, when, at noon of night,
Straight from the grove's deep gloom forth pealed a voice of might:

xiv. "Seek not, my son, a Latin lord. Beware
The purposed bridal. Lo! a foreign guest
Is coming, born to raise thee as thine heir,
And sons of sons shall see their power confessed
From sea to sea, from farthest East to West."
These words, in stillness of the night's noon-tide,
Latinus hears, nor locks them in his breast.
Ausonia's towns have heard them far and wide,
Or ere by Tiber's banks the Dardan fleet doth ride.

xv. Stretched on the grass beneath a tall tree lie
Troy's chief and captains and Iulus fair,
And wheaten platters for their meal supply
('Twas Jove's command), the wilding fruits to bear.
When lack of food has forced them now to tear
The tiny cakes, and tooth and hand with zest
The fateful circles desecrate, nor spare
The sacred squares upon the rounds impressed,
"What! eating boards as well?" Iulus cries in jest.

xvi. 'Twas all; the sally, as we heard it, sealed
Our toils. Æneas caught it, as it flew,
And hushed them, marvelling at the sign revealed.
"Hail! land," he cries, "long destined for our due.
Hail, household deities, to Troy still true!
Here lies our home. Thus, thus, I mind the hour,
Anchises brought Fate's hidden things to view:
'My son, when famine on an unknown shore
Shall make thee, failing food, the very boards devour,

ıı. "'Then, worn and wearied, look to find a home,
And build thy walls, and bank them with a mound.'
This was that famine; this the last to come
Of all our woes, the woful term to bound
Come then, at daybreak search the land around
(Each from the harbour separate let us fare)
And see what folk, and where their town, be found,
Now pour to Jove libations, and with prayer
oke Anchises' shade, and back the wine-cups bear."

ıı. So saying, his brows he garlands, and with prayer
Invokes the Genius whom the place doth own,
And Earth, first Goddess, and the Nymphs who there
Inhabit, and the rivers yet unknown,
Night and the stars that glitter in her zone
He calls to aid him, and Idæan Jove,
And Phrygia's Mother on her heavenly throne,
And last, his parent deities to move,
okes his sire below and mother queen above.

. Thrice Jove omnipotent from Heaven's blue height
Thunders aloud, and flashes in the skies
A cloud ablaze with rays of golden light.
'Tis come—so Rumour through the Trojans flies—
The day to bid their promised walls arise.
Cheered by the mighty omen and the sign,
They spread the feast, and each with other vies
To range the goblets and to wreath the wine,
d gladdening hearts rejoice to greet the day divine.

Soon as the morrow bathed the world once more
In dawning light, by separate ways they fare
To search the town, the frontiers and the shore.
Here is Numicius' fountain, Tiber there,
Here dwell the Latins. Then Anchises' heir
Choice spokesmen to the monarch's city sends,
Five score, their peaceful errand to declare,
And royal presents to their charge commends,
d bids them claim of right the welcome due to friends.

xxi. At once the heralds hearken and obey,
And each and all, with rapid steps, and crowned
With Pallas' olive, hasten on their way.
Himself with shallow trench marks out the ground,
And, camp-like, girds with bastions and a mound
The new-formed settlement. Meanwhile the train
Of delegates their journey's end have found,
And greet with joy, uprising o'er the plain,
The Latin towers and homes, and now the walls attain.

xxii. Before the city, boys and youths contend
On horseback. Through the whirling dust they steer
Their chariots and the practised steeds, or bend
The tight-strung bow, or aim the limber spear,
Or urge fist-combat or the foot's career.
Now to their king a message quick has flown;
Tall men and strange, in foreign garb are here.
Latinus summons them within: anon,
Amidmost of his court he mounts the ancestral throne.

xxiii. Raised on a hundred columns, vast and tall,
Above the city reared its reverend head
A stately fabric, once the palace-hall
Of Picus. Dark woods shrouded, and the dread
Of ages filled, the precinct. Here, 'tis said,
Kings took the sceptre and the axe of fate,
Their senate house this temple; here were spread
The tables for the sacred feast, where sate,
What time the ram was slain, the elders of the State.

xxiv. In ancient cedar o'er the doors appear
The sculptured effigies of sires divine.
Grey Saturn, Italus, Sabinus here,
Curved hook in hand, the planter of the vine.
There two-faced Janus, and, in ordered line,
Old kings and patriot chieftains. Captive cars
Hang round, and arms upon the doorposts shine,
Curved axes, crests of helmets, towngates' bars,
Spears, shields and beaks of ships, the trophies of their wars.

. There Picus sat, with his Quirinal wand,
Tamer of steeds. The augur's gown he wore,
Short, striped and belted; and his lifted hand
The sacred buckler on the left upbore.
Him Circe, his enamoured bride, of yore,
Wild with desire, so ancient legends say,
Smote with her golden rod, and sprinkling o'er
His limbs her magic poisons, made a jay,
d sent to roam the air, with dappled plumage gay.

I. Such is the temple, in whose sacred dome
Latinus waits the Teucrians on his throne,
And kindly thus accosts them as they come:
'Speak, Dardans,—for the Dardan name ye own;
Nor strange your race and city, nor unknown
Sail ye the plains of Ocean—tell me now,
What seek ye? By the tempest tost, or blown
At random, needful of what help and how
ne ye to Latin shores the dark-blue deep to plough?

II. "But, whether wandering from your course, or cast
By storms—such ills as oft-times on the main
O'ertake poor mariners—your ships at last
Our stream have entered, and the port attain.
Shun not a welcome, nor our cheer disdain.
For dear to Saturn, whom our sires adored,
Was Latium. Manners, not the laws, constrain
To justice. Freely, of our own accord,
mind the golden age, and virtues of our lord.

III. "Now, I remember, old Auruncans told
(Age dims, but memory can the tale retrace)
How, born in Latium, Dardanus of old
Went forth to northern Samos, styled of Thrace,
And reached the towns at Phrygian Ida's base.
From Tuscan Corythus in days gone by
He went, and now among the stars hath place,
Throned in the golden palace of the sky.
earth his altar marks one godhead more on high."

xxix. He spake: Ilioneus this answer gave:
"O King, blest seed of Faunus! Star nor strand
Misled us, nor hath stress of storm or wave
Forced us to seek the shelter of your land.
Freewill hath brought us hither, forethought planned
Our flight; for we are outcasts, every one,
The toil-worn remnant of an exiled band,
Driven from a mighty empire; mightier none
In bygone years was known beneath the wandering sun.

xxx. "From Jove we spring; Jove Dardans hail with joy
Their parent; he who sends us is our lord
Æneas, Jove-born and a prince of Troy.
How fierce a tempest from Mycenæ poured
O'er Ida's fields; how Fate with fire and sword
Made Europe clash with Asia, he hath known
Whoe'er to Ocean's limits hath explored
The utmost earth, or in the central zone
Dwells, if a man there be, in torrid climes unknown.

xxxi. "Swept by that deluge o'er the deep, we crave
A home for home-gods, shelter on the strand,
And man's free privilege of air and wave.
We shall not shame the lustre of your land,
Nor stint the gratitude kind deeds demand.
Grant Troy a refuge, and Ausonians ne'er
Shall rue the welcome proffered by your hand
Yea, scorn us not, that thus unsought we bear
The lowly suppliant's wreath, and speak the words of prayer.

xxxii. "Full many a people,—let the fates attest
Of great Æneas, and his hand of might,
Ne'er pledged in vain, our bravest and our best—
Full many a tribe, though lowly be our plight,
Have sought with ours their fortunes to unite.
Fate bade us seek your country and her King.
Hither, where Dardanus first saw the light,
Apollo back the Dardan race would bring,
To Tuscan Tiber's banks and pure Numicius' spring.

xiii. "These gifts Æneas to our charge commends,
Poor relics saved from Ilion, but a sign
Of ancient greatness, and the gifts of friends.
See, from this golden goblet at the shrine
His sire Anchises poured the sacred wine;
Clad in these robes sat Priam, when of old
The laws he ministered. These robes are thine,
This sceptre, this embroidered vest,—behold,
was wrought by Trojan dames,—this diadem of gold."

xiv. Mute sat and motionless, with looks bent down,
Latinus; but his restless eyes confessed
His musings. Not the sceptre nor the gown
Of purple moved him, but his pensive breast
Dwelt on his daughter's marriage, till he guessed
The meaning of old Faunus. This was he,
His destined heir, the bridegroom and the guest,
Whose glorious progeny, by Fate's decree,
e Latin throne should share, and rule from sea to sea.

xv. "Heaven prosper," joyfully he cried, "our deed,
And heaven's own augury. Your wish shall stand;
I take the gifts. Yours, Trojans, all ye need—
The wealth of Troy, the fatness of the land,—
Nought shall ye lack from King Latinus' hand.
Let but Æneas, if he longs so fain
To claim our friendship, and a home demand,
Come here, nor fear to greet us. Not in vain
wixt monarchs stands the peace, which plighted hands ordain.

xvi. "Let now this message to your King be given.
'A child, the daughter of my heart, is mine,
Whom neither frequent prodigies from heaven,
Nor voices uttered from my father's shrine,
Permit with one of Latin birth to join.
Strange sons—so Latin oracles conspire—
Shall come, whose offspring shall exalt our line.
Thy King the bridegroom whom the Fates require
eem, and, if in aught I read the truth, desire.'"

xxxvii. So speaks Latinus, and with kindly care
Choice steeds selects. Three hundred of the best
Stand in his lofty stables, sleek and fair;
And forth in order for each Teucrian guest
His servants led them, at their King's behest.
Rich housings, wrought in many a purple fold,
And broidered rugs adorn them; o'er each breast
Hang golden poitrels, glorious to behold.
Each champs with foaming mouth a chain of glittering gold.

xxxviii. A car he orders for the Dardan sire,
And twin-yoked coursers of ethereal seed,
Whose snorting nostrils breathe the flames of fire.
Half-mortal, half-immortal was each steed,
The bastard birth of that celestial breed,
Which canning Circe from a mortal mare
Raised to her sire the Sun-god. So with speed
The mounted Trojans to their prince repair,
Pleased with the gifts and words, for peaceful news they bear.

xxxix. Lo! from Inachian Argos through the skies
Jove's consort her avenging flight pursues,
And far off, from Pachynus, as she flies
O'er Sicily, beholds the Dardan crews
And great Æneas, gladdening at the news.
The rising settlement, the new-tilled shore,
The ships deserted for the land she views,
And shaking her imperial brows, and sore
With anguish, from her breast these wrathful words doth pour:

xl. "Ah, hateful race! Ah, Phrygian fates abhorred!
What, fell they not on the Sigean plain?
Must captives be twice captured? Have the sword
And flames of Troy avenged me but in vain?
Have foes and fire found passage for the slain?
Sooth, then, my godhead sleepeth, and that hand
Is tired of hate, which whilom o'er the main
Dared chase these outcasts and their paths withstand,
Where'er the deep sea rolled, far from their native land!

"Have sea and sky been wielded to destroy,
Nor Syrtes yet, nor Scylla's fierce embrace,
Nor vast Charybdis whelmed the sons of Troy,
Who, safe in Tiber, flout me to the face?
Yet Mars from earth, and for a less disgrace
Could sweep the Lapithæ, and Heaven's great Sire
Doomed ancient Calydon and Œneus' race
To rue the vengeance of Diana's ire.
ever crime of theirs the Dardans' meed require?

"But I, Jove's consort, who have stooped to seek
All shifts, all ventures and devices, I
Am vanquished by Æneas! If too weak
Myself, some other godhead will I try,
And Hell shall hear, if Heaven its aid deny.
Grant that these Dardans must in Latium reign,
That fixt and changeless stands the doom, whereby
His bride shall be Lavinia, that in vain
Can Juno thwart whate'er the Destinies ordain;

"Yet time delayed can make occasion lost,
Yet mutual strife each nation may devour,
And Kings plight marriage at their peoples' cost.
Troy's blood and Latium's, maiden, be thy dower.
Bellona lights thee to thy bridal bower.
Not only Hecuba—Ah, sweet the joy!—
Conceives a firebrand. Born in evil hour,
The child of Venus shall her hopes destroy,
, like another Paris, fire a new-born Troy."

She spake, and earthward darting, fierce and fell,
Calls sad Alecto from her dark retreat
Among the Furies in the shades of Hell.
Sweet are war's sorrows to her soul, and sweet
Are evil deeds, and hatred and deceit.
E'en Pluto, e'en her sister-fiends detest
The monstrous shape, so many forms complete
The grisly horrors of that hateful pest,
nany a coal-black snake sprouts from her threatening crest.

XLV. Her Juno finds, and thus new rage inspires:
"Grant, virgin daughter of eternal Night,
This boon, the labour that thy soul desires.
Lest here my fame and honour lose their might,
And Troy gain Italy, and craft unite
Troy's prince with Latium's heiress. Thou can'st turn
Fond hearts to feuds, and brethren arm for fight.
Thou know'st, for savage is thy mood and stern,
To breed domestic strife and happy homes to burn.

XLVI. "A thousand names, a thousand means hast thou
Of mischief. Search thy fertile breast, and break
The plighted peace. Breed calumnies, and sow
The strife. Let youth desire, demand and take
Thy weapons."—Wreathed with many a Gorgon snake,
To Latium's court Alecto flew unseen,
And by Amata's chamber sate, nor spake;
While, musing on her new-come guests, the queen,
Wroth for her Turnus, boiled with woman's rage and spleen.

XLVII. At her the goddess from her dark locks threw
A snake, and lodged the monster in her breast,
To make her fury all the house undo.
In glides, impalpable, the maddening pest
Between the dainty bosom and the vest,
Breathing its venom. Like a necklace thin
It hung, all golden, like a wreath, caressed
Her temples, like a ribbon, wove within
Her hair its slippery coils, and wandered o'er her skin.

XLVIII. So, while the taint, first stealing through her frame,
Slipped in, with slimy venom, and the pest
Thrilled every sense, and wrapped her bones in flame,
Nor yet her soul had caught it, or confessed
The fiery fever that consumed her breast;
Soft, like a mother, and with tears, she cried,
Grieved for her child, and pondering with unrest
The Phrygian match, "Ah, woe the day betide,
If Teucrian exiles win Lavinia for a bride!

x. "Hast thou no pity for thy child, nor thee,
O father! nor her mother, left forlorn,
When, with the rising North-wind, o'er the sea
Yon faithless pirate hath the maiden borne?
Not so, forsooth, did Lacedæmon mourn
Robbed Helen, when the Phrygian shepherd planned
Her capture. Is thy sacred faith forsworn?
Where is thy old affection? Where that hand
oft to Turnus pledged, thy kinsman of the land?

"If Latins for Lavinia needs must find
A foreign mate; if so the Fates constrain,
And Faunus' words weigh heavy on thy mind,
All lands, that yield not to the Latin reign,
I count as foreign; so the Gods speak plain;
And foreign then is Turnus, if we trace
The first beginning of his princely strain.
Greeks were his grandsires; Argos was the place
here old Acrisius ruled, where dwelt th' Inachian race."

So pleading, and so weeping, she essayed
To move the king; but when her prayers were vain,
Nor tears Latinus from his purpose stayed,
And now the viper with its deadly bane
Crept to her inmost parts, and through each vein
The maddening poison to her heartstrings stole,
Then, scared by monstrous phantoms of the brain,
Poor queen! she raved, and maddening past control,
n through the crowded streets in impotence of soul.

Like as a whip-top by the lash is sent
In widening orbs to spin, when lads among
The empty courtyards urge their merriment;
And, scourged in circling courses by the thong
It wheels and eddies, while the beardless throng
Bend over, lost in ignorant surprise,
And marvel, as the boxwood whirls along,
Stirred by each stroke; so fast Amata flies
m street to street, while crowds look on with lowering eyes.

LIII. Nay, simulating Bacchus, now she dares
To feign new orgies, and her crime complete.
Swift with her daughter to the woods she fares,
And hides her on the mountains, fain to cheat
The Trojans, and the purposed rites defeat.
"Hail, thou alone art worthy of the fair!
Evoë, Bacchus! for thy name is sweet.
For thee she grows her dedicated hair,
For thee she leads the dance, the ivied wand doth bear."

LIV. The matrons then—so fast the rumour flew,—
Fired like the Queen, and frenzied with despair,
Rush forth, and leave their ancient homes for new,
And to the breezes give their necks and hair.
These with their tremulous wailings fill the air,
And, girt about with fawn-skins, bear along
The vine-branch javelins, and Amata there,
Herself ablaze with fury, o'er the throng
A blazing pine-torch waves, and chants the nuptial song

LV. Of Turnus and Lavinia. Fiercely roll
Her blood-shot eyes, and, frowning, suddenly
She pours the frantic passions of her soul.
"Ho! Latin mothers all, where'er ye be,
Here, if ye love me, if a mother's plea
Deserve your pity, let your hair be seen
Loosed from the fillets, and be mad, like me."
So through the woods, the wild-beasts' lairs between,
With Bacchanalian goads Alecto drives the Queen.

LVI. When now thus fairly was the work begun,
The barbs of anger planted, pleased to view
Latinus' purpose and his house undone,
On dusky wings the Goddess soared, and through
The liquid air to neighbouring Ardea flew,
The bold Rutulian's city, built of yore
By Danaë, thither when the South-wind blew
Her and her followers. Ardea's name it bore,
And Ardea's name still lives, though fortune smiles no more.

vii. There in his palace, locked in sleep's embrace,
Lay Turnus. Straight Alecto, versed in snares,
Doffs the fiend's figure and her frowning face.
The likeness of a withered crone she wears,
With wrinkled forehead and with hoary hairs.
Her fillet and her olive crown proclaim
The priestess. Changed in semblance, she appears
Like Calybe, great Juno's sacred dame;
Thus to the youth she comes, and hails him by his name.

viii. "Fie! Turnus, fie! wilt thou behold unstirred
Such labours wasted, and thy hopes belied?
Thy sceptre to a Dardan guest transferred?
See, now, to thee Latinus hath denied
Thy blood-bought dowry, and thy promised bride,
And seeks a stranger for his throne. Away
To thankless perils, while thy friends deride!
Go, strew the Tuscans, scatter their array,
ill Latins, saved once more, their plighted word betray.

x. "This mandate great Saturnia bade me bear,
Thou sleeping. Up, then! greet the welcome hour;
Arm, arm the youth, and from the towngates fare!
These Phrygian vessels with the flames devour,
Moored yonder in fair Tiber. 'Tis the power
Of Heaven that bids thee. Let Latinus, too,
If false and faithless he withhold the dower,
And grudge thy marriage, learn the deed to rue,
nd taste at length and try what Turnus armed can do."

. Then he in scorn: "Yea, Tiber's waves beset
With foreign ships—I know it; wherefore feign
For me such terrors? Juno guards me yet.
Good mother, dotage wears thee, and thy brain
Is rusty; age hath troubled thee in vain,
And, 'midst the feuds of monarchs, mocks with fright
A priestess. Go; 'tis thine to guard the fane
And sacred statues; these be thy delight;
eave peace and war to men, whose business is to fight."

LXI. Therewith in fire Alecto's wrath outbroke,
A sudden tremor through his limbs ran fast,
His stony eyeballs stiffened as he spoke.
So hissed the Fury with her snakes, so vast
Her shape appeared, so fierce the look she cast,
As back she thrust him with her flaming eyes,
Fain to say more, but faltering and aghast.
Two serpents from her Gorgon locks uprise;
Shrill sounds her scorpion lash, as, foaming, thus she cries:

LXII. "Behold me, worn with dotage! me, whom age
Hath rusted, and, while monarchs fight, would scare
With empty fears! Behold me in my rage!
I come, the Furies' minister; see there,
War, death and havoc in these hands I bear."
Full at his breast a firebrand, as she spoke,
Black with thick smoke, but bright with lurid glare,
The Fiend outflung. In terror he awoke,
And o'er his bones and limbs a clammy sweat outbroke.

LXIII. "Arms, arms!" he yells, and searches for his sword
In couch and chamber, maddening at the core
With war's fierce passion, and the lust abhorred
Of slaughter, and with bitter wrath yet more.
As when a wood-fire crackles with fierce roar,
Heaped round a caldron, and the simmering stream
Foams, fumes, and bubbles, and at last boils o'er,
And upward shoots the mingled smoke and steam;
So Turnus boils with wrath, so dire his rage doth seem.

LXIV. Choice youths he sends, to let Latinus know
The peace was torn, then musters his array
To guard Italia and expel the foe.
Let Trojans league with Latins as they may,
Himself can match them, and he comes to slay.
So saying, his vows he renders. Ardour fires
The fierce Rutulians, and each hails the fray;
And one his youth, and one his grace admires,
And one his valorous deeds, and one his kingly sires.

. So Turnus the Rutulians stirred to war.
Meanwhile the Fury to the Trojans bent
Her flight; with wily eye she marked afar,
With snares and steeds upon the chase intent,
Iulus. On his hounds at once she sent
A sudden madness, and fierce rage awoke
To chase the stag, as with the well-known scent
She lured their nostrils.—Thus the feud outbroke;
small a cause of strife could rustic hearts provoke.

ı. Broad-antlered, beauteous was the stag, which erst
The sons of Tyrrheus (Tyrrheus kept whilere
The royal herd and pastures), fostering nursed,
Snatched from the dam. Their sister, Silvia fair,
Oft wreathed his horns, and oft with tender care
She washed him, and his shaggy coat would comb.
So tamed, and trained his master's board to share,
The gentle favourite in the woods would roam;
ch night, how late soe'er, he sought the well-known home.

ıı. Him the fierce hounds now startle far astray,
As down the stream he floats, or, crouching low,
Rests on the green bank from the noontide ray.
Athirst for praise, Ascanius bends his bow;
Loud whirs the arrow, for Fate aims the blow,
And cleaves his flank and belly. Homeward flies
The wounded creature, moaning in his woe.
Blood-stained, with piteous and imploring eyes,
e one who sues for life, he fills the house with cries.

ıı. Smiting the breast, poor Silvia calls for aid.
Forth rush the churls, scarce waiting her demand,
Roused by the Fury in the wood's still shade.
One grasps a club, another wields a brand;
Rage makes a weapon of what comes to hand.
Forth from his work ran Tyrrheus, who an oak
Was cleaving with the wedge, and cheered the band.
His hand still grasped the hatchet for the stroke,
l bitter wrath he breathed, and fierce the words he spoke.

LXIX. The Fury snatched the moment; forth she flew,
And, perching on the cabin-roof, looked round,
And from the curved horn of the shepherds blew
A blast of Tartarus, that shook the ground,
And made the forests and the groves rebound
The infernal echoes. Trivia's lakes afar,
And Velia's fountains heard the dreadful sound;
The white waves heard it of the sulphurous Nar,
And mothers clasped their babes, and trembled at the war.

LXX. Swift at the summons, as the trumpet brayed,
The sturdy shepherds arm them for the fray.
Swift pour the Trojans from their camp, to aid
Ascanius. Lo! 'tis battle's stern array,
No village brawl, where churls dispute the day
With charred oak-staves and cudgels. Broadswords clash
With broadswords, and War's harvest far away
Stands, bristling black with iron, as they dash
Together, and drawn swords in doubtful conflict flash.

LXXI. And brazen arms shoot many a blinding ray,
Smit by the sun, as clouds that fill the sky,
Disparting, show the splendours of the fray.
As when a light wind o'er the sea doth fly,
And the wave whitens as the breeze goes by,
And by degrees the bosom of the deep
Heaves up and swells, till higher and more high
The billows rise, and, gathering in a heap,
From Ocean's caves mount up, and storm the ethereal steep.

LXXII. First falls the son of Tyrrheus, stretched in death,
Young Almo. In his throat the deadly bane
Stuck fast, and choked the humid pass of breath,
And clipped the thin-spun life. There, too, is slain
Grey-haired Galæsus, parleying but in vain.
More righteous none, though many around lie killed,
None wealthier did Ausonia's realm contain.
Five herds, five bleating flocks, his pastures filled,
And with a hundred ploughs his fruitful lands he tilled.

xiii. Thus while the conflict wavered on the plain,
The Fury, pleased her triumph to survey,
Her pledge fulfilled,—War crimsoned with the stain
Of gore, and grim Death busy with his prey,—
Swift from Hesperia wings her airy way,
And proudly speaks to Juno: "See, 'tis done;
The discord perfect in the dolorous fray,
And War with all its miseries begun.
w bid, forsooth, the foes plight friendship and be one.

xiv. "Steeped are thy Trojans in Ausonian gore.
Yet speak, and more will I perform, if so
Thy purpose holds. Along the neighbouring shore
Each town shall hear the rumour of the foe,
Each breast with frenzy for the strife shall glow,
Till all bring aid, and fruitful is the land
In deeds of blood."—Then Juno: "Nay, not so;
Enough of fraud and terror. Firmly stand
e causes of the feud; they battle hand to hand,

xv. "And fresh blood stains the weapons chance supplied.
Such joy the bridal to Latinus bear,
And Venus' wondrous offspring, and his bride.
But thou—for scarce Olympus' king would bear
Thy lawless roving in ethereal air,—
Give place; myself will guide the rest aright."
Saturnia spoke; Alecto then and there
Her wings, that hiss with serpents, spreads for flight,
d to Cocytus dives, and leaves the realms of light.

xvi. In mid Italia lies a vale renowned,
Amsanctus. Dark woods down the mountain grow
This side and that; a torrent with the sound
Of thunder roars among the rocks below.
There, black as night, an awful cave they show,
The gorge of Dis. Dread Acheron from beneath
Bursts in a whirlpool, with its waves of woe,
And jaws that gape with pestilential death.
ere plunged the hateful Fiend, and earth and air took breath.

LXXVII. Nor less, meanwhile, Saturnia hastes to crown
The war's mad tumult. Home the shepherds bore
Their dead from out the battle to the town.
Young Almo, and Galæsus, fouled with gore.
All bid Latinus witness, and implore
The gods, and while the blood-cry calls for flame
And slaughter, Turnus swells the wild uproar.
What! he an outcast? Shall the Trojans claim
The realm, and bastards dare the Latin race to shame?

LXXVIII. Then they, whose mothers through the pathless vales
And forests, fired with Bacchic frenzy, ply
Their orgies—so Amata's name prevails—
Come forth, and, gathering from far and nigh,
Weary the War-god with their clamorous cry,
Till, thwarting Heaven's high purpose, each and all
Omens at once and oracles defy,
And swarm around Latinus in his hall,
War now is all their wish, "to arms" the general call.

LXXIX. Firm stands the monarch as a sea-girt rock,
A sea-girt rock against the roaring main,
Which, spite of barking billows and the shock
Of Ocean, doth its own huge mass sustain.
The foaming crags around it chafe in vain,
And back it flings the seaweed from its side.
Too weak at length their madness to restrain,
For things move on as Juno's whims decide,
Oft to the gods, and oft to empty air he cried.

LXXX. "Ah me! the tempest hurries us along.
Fate grinds us sore. Poor Latins! ye must sate,
Your blood must pay, the forfeit for your wrong.
Thee, Turnus, thee the avenging fiends await,
Thou, too, the gods shalt weary, but too late.
My rest is won, and in the port I ride;
Happy in all, had not an envious fate
Denied a happy ending." Thus he cried,
And to his chamber fled, and flung the crown aside.

xi. A custom in Hesperian Latium reigned,
Which Alban cities kept with sacred care,
And Rome, the world's great mistress, hath retained.
Thus still they wake the War-god, whensoe'er
For Arabs or Hyrcanians they prepare,
Or Getic tribes the tearful woes of war,
Or push to Ind their distant arms, or dare
To track the footsteps of the Morning star,
d claim their standards back from Parthia's hosts afar.

xii. Twain are the Gates of War, to dreadful Mars
With awe kept sacred and religious pride.
A hundred brazen bolts and iron bars
Shut fast the doors, and Janus stands beside.
Here, when the senators on war decide,
The Consul, decked in his Quirinal pall
And Gabine cincture, flings the portals wide,
And cries to arms; the warriors, one and all,
th blare of brazen horns make answer to the call.

xiii. 'Twas thus that now Latinus they require
To dare Æneas' followers to the fray,
And ope the portals. But the good old Sire
Shrank from the touch, and, shuddering with dismay,
Shunned the foul office, and abjured the day.
Then, downward darting from the skies afar,
Heaven's empress with her right hand wrenched away
The lingering bars. The grating hinges jar,
back Saturnia thrusts the iron gates of War.

xiv. Then woke Ausonia from her sleep. Forth swarm
Footmen and horsemen, and in wild career
Whirl up the dust. "Arm," cry the warriors, "arm!"
With unctuous lard their polished shields they smear,
And whet the axe, and scour the rusty spear.
Their banners wave, their trumpets sound the fight.
Five towns their anvils for the war uprear,
Crustumium, Tibur, glorying in her might,
ea, Atina strong, Antemnæ's tower-girt height.

LXXXV. Lithe twigs of osier in their shields they weave,
And shape the casque, and in the mould prepare
The brazen breastplate and the silver greave.
Scorned lie the spade, the sickle and the share,
Their fathers' falchions to the forge they bear.
Now peals the clarion; through the host hath spread
The watch-word. Helmets from the walls they tear,
And yoke the steeds. In triple gold arrayed,
Each grasps the burnished shield, and girds the trusty blade.

LXXXVI. Now open Helicon; awake the strain,
Ye Muses. Aid me, that the tale be told,
What kings were roused, what armies filled the plain,
What battles blazed, what men of valiant mould
Graced fair Italia in those days of old.
Aid ye, for ye are goddesses, and clear
Can ye remember, and the tale unfold.
But faint and feeble is the voice we hear,
A slender breath of Fame, that falters on the ear.

LXXXVII. First came with armed men from Etruria's coast
Mezentius, scorner of the Gods. Next came
His son, young Lausus, comeliest of the host,
Save Turnus—Lausus, who the steed could tame,
And quell wild beasts and track the woodland game.
A hundred warriors from Agylla's town
He leads—ah vainly! though he died with fame.
Proud had he been and worthy to have known
A nobler sire's commands, a nobler sire to own.

LXXXVIII. With conquering steeds triumphant o'er the mead,
His chariot, crowned with palm-leaves, proudly wheeled
The comely Aventinus, glorious seed
Of glorious Hercules; the blazoned shield
His father's Hydra and her snakes revealed.
Him, when of old, the monstrous Geryon slain,
The lord of Tiryns, victor of the field,
Reached in his wanderings the Laurentian plain,
And bathed in Tiber's stream the captured herds of Spain,

xxix. The priestess Rhea, in the secret shade
Of wooded Aventine, brought forth to light,
A god commingling with a mortal maid.
With pikes and poles his followers join the fight,
Their swords are sharp, their Sabine spears are bright.
Himself afoot, a lion's bristling hide
With sharp teeth set in rows of glittering white,
Swings o'er his forehead, as with eager stride,
ad in his father's cloak, he seeks the monarch's side.

Twin brothers came from Tibur—such the name
Tiburtus gave it—one Catillus hight,
And one fierce Coras, each of Argive fame,
Each in the van, where deadliest raves the fight.
As when two cloud-born Centaurs in their might
From some tall mountain with swift strides descend,
Steep Homole, or Othrys' snow-capt height;
The thickets yield, trees crash, and branches bend,
with resistless force the trampled woods they rend.

. Nor lacked Præneste's founder, Vulcan's child,
Found on the hearthstone—if the tale be true,—
Brave Cæculus, the Shepherds' monarch styled.
Forth from Præneste swarmed the rustic crew,
From Juno's Gabium to the fight they flew,
From ice-cold Anio, swoln with wintry rain,
From Hernic rocks, which mountain streams bedew,
From fat Anagnia's pastures, from the plain
here Amasenus rolls majestic to the main.

. With diverse arms they hasten to the war;
Not all can boast the clashing of the shield,
Not all the thunder of the rattling car.
These sling their leaden bullets o'er the field,
Those in each hand the deadly javelin wield.
With caps of fur their rugged brows are dight,
The tawny covering from the dark wolf peeled;
Bare is the left foot, as they march to fight,
d, rough with raw bull's-hide, a sandal guards the right.

xciii. Next came Messapus, tamer of the steed,
Great Neptune's son. Fire nor the steel's sharp stroke
Could lay him lifeless, so the Fates decreed.
Grasping his sword, a laggard race he woke,
Disused to war, and tardy to provoke.
Behind him throng Fescennia's ranks to fight,
Men from Flavinia, and Faliscum's folk,
And those whom fair Capena's groves delight,
Ciminius' mount and lake, and steep Soracte's height.

xciv. With measured tramp, their monarch's praise they sing,
Like snowy swans, the liquid clouds among,
Which homeward from their feeding ply the wing,
When o'er Caÿster's marish, loud and long,
The echoes float of their melodious song.
None, sure, such countless multitudes would deem
The mail-clad warriors of an armèd throng:
Nay, rather, like a dusky cloud they seem
Of sea-fowl, landward driven with many a hoarse-voiced scream.

xcv. Lo, Clausus next; a mighty host he led,
Himself a host. From Sabine sires he came,
And Latium thence the Claudian house o'erspread,
When Romans first with Sabines dared to claim
Coequal lordship and a share of fame.
With Amiternus came Eretum's band;
From fair Velinus' dewy fields they came,
From olive-crowned Mutusca, from the land
Where proud Nomentum's towers the fruitful plains command.

xcvi. From the rough crags of Tetrica came down
Her hosts; they came from tall Severus' flank,
From Foruli and fam'd Casperia's town,
Wash'd by Himella's waves, and those who drank
Of Fabaris, or dwelt on Tiber's bank.
Those, too, whom Nursia sendeth from the snows,
And Horta's sons, in many an ordered rank,
And tribes of Latin origin, and those
Between whose parted fields th' ill-omened Allia flows.

vii. As roll the billows on the Libyan deep,
When fierce Orion in the wintry main
Sinks, dark with tempests, and the waves upleap;
As, parched with suns of summer, stands the grain
On Hermus' fields, or Lycia's golden plain;
So countless swarm the multitudes around
Bold Clausus, and the wide air rings again
With echoes, as their clashing shields resound,
d with the tramp of feet they shake the trembling ground.

viii. There Agamemnon's kinsman yokes his steeds,
Halæsus. Trojans were his foes, his friend
Was Turnus. Lo, a thousand tribes he leads;
Those who on Massic hills the vineyards tend,
Those whom Auruncans from their mountains send.
From Sidicinum and her neighbouring plain,
From Cales, from Volturnus' shoals they wend.
From steep Saticulum the sturdy swain,
rce for the fray, comes down and joins the Oscan train.

x. Light barbs they fling, from pliant thongs of hide,
A leathern target o'er the left is strung,
And short, curved daggers the close fight decide.
Nor, Œbalus, those gallant hosts among,
Shalt thou go nameless, and thy praise unsung,
Thou, from old Telon, as the tale hath feigned,
And beauteous Sebethis, the wood-nymph, sprung,
O'er Teleboan Caprea when he reigned;
Caprea's narrow realm proud Œbalus disdained.

Far stretched his rule; Sarrastians owned his sway,
And they, whose lands the Sarnian waters drain,
And they, who till Celenna's fields, and they
Whom Batulum and Rufræ's walls contain,
And where through apple-orchards o'er the plain
Shines fair Abella. Deftly can they wield
Their native arms; the Teuton's lance they strain;
Bark helmets guard them, from the cork-tree peeled,
brazen are their swords, and brazen every shield.

CI. From Nersa's hills, by prosperous arms renowned,
Comes Ufens, with his Æquians, in array.
Rude huntsmen these ; in arms the stubborn ground
They till, themselves as stubborn. Day by day
They snatch fresh plunder, and they live by prey.
There, too, brave Umbro, of Marruvian fame,
Sent by his king Archippus, joins the fray.
Around his helmet, for in arms he came,
The auspicious olive's leaves the sacred priest proclaim.

CII. The rank-breath'd Hydra and the viper's rage
With hand and voice he lulled asleep ; his art
Their bite could heal, their fury could assuage.
Alas ! no medicine can heal the smart
Wrought by the griding of the Dardan dart.
Nor Massic herbs, nor slumberous charms avail
To cure the wound, that rankles in his heart.
Ah, hapless ! thee Anguitia's bowering vale,
Thee Fucinus' clear waves and liquid lakes bewail !

CIII. Next came to war Hippolytus' fair child,
The comely Virbius, whom Aricia bore
Amid Egeria's grove, where rich and mild
Stands Dian's altar on the meadowy shore.
For when (Fame tells) Hippolytus of yore
Was slain, the victim of a stepdame's spite,
And, torn by frightened horses, quenched with gore
His father's wrath, famed Pæon's herbs of might
And Dian's fostering love restored him to the light.

CIV. Wroth then was Jove, that one of mortal clay
Should rise by mortal healing from the grave,
And change the nether darkness for the day,
And him, whose leechcraft thus availed to save,
Hurled with his lightning to the Stygian wave.
But kind Diana, in her pitying love,
Concealed her darling in a secret cave,
And fair Egeria nursed him in her grove,
Far from the view of men, and wrath of mighty Jove.

. There, changed in name to Virbius, but to fame
Unknown, through life in Latin woods he strayed.
Thenceforth, in memory of the deed of shame,
No horn-hoof'd steeds are suffered to invade
Chaste Trivia's temple or her sacred glade,
Since, scared by Ocean's monsters, from his car
They dashed him by the deep. Yet, undismayed,
His son, young Virbius, o'er the plains afar
ne fleet-horsed chariot drives, and hastens to the war.

ı. High in the forefront towered with stately frame
Turnus himself. His three-plumed helmet bore
A dragon fierce, that breathed Ætnean flame.
The bloodier waxed the battle, so the more
Its fierceness blazed, the louder was its roar.
Behold, the heifer on his shield, the sign
Of Io's fate; there Argus ever o'er
The virgin watches, and the stream doth shine,
ured from the pictured urn of Inachus divine.

ıı. Next come the shielded footmen in a cloud,
Auruncan bands, Sicanians famed of yore,
Argives, Rutulians, and Sacranians proud.
Their painted shields the brave Labicians bore;
From Tibur's glades, from blest Numicia's shore,
From Circe's mount, from where great Jove presides
O'er Anxur, from Feronia's grove they pour,
From Satura's dark pool, where Ufens glides
ld through the deepening vales, and mingles with the tides.

ıı. Last came Camilla, with the Volscian bands,
Fierce horsemen, each in glittering arms bedight,
A warrior-virgin; ne'er her tender hands
Had plied the distaff; war was her delight,
Her joy to race the whirlwind and to fight.
Swift as the breeze, she skimmed the golden grain,
Nor bent the tapering wheatstalks in her flight,
So swift, the billows of the heaving main
uched not her flying fleet, she scoured the watery plain.

cix. Forth from each field and homestead, hurrying, throng,
With wonder, men and matrons, young and old,
And greet the maiden as she moves along.
Entranced with greedy rapture, they behold
Her royal scarf, in many a purple fold,
Float o'er her shining shoulders, and her hair
Bound in a coronal of clasping gold,
Her Lycian quiver, and her pastoral spear
Of myrtle, tipt with steel, and her, the maid, how fair!

BOOK EIGHT

Argument

Mustering of Italians, and embassage to Diomedes (1-18). Tiber in a dream heartens Æneas and directs him to Evander for succour. Æneas sacrifices the white sow and her litter to Juno, and reaches Evander's city Pallanteum—the site of Rome (19-117). Æneas and Evander meet and feast together. The story of Cacus and the praises of Hercules are told and sung. Evander shows his city to Æneas (118-432). Venus asks and obtains from Vulcan divine armour for her son (433-531). At daybreak Evander promises Æneas further succour. Their colloquy is interrupted by a sign from heaven (532-630). Despatches are sent to Ascanius and prayers for aid to the Tuscans. Æneas, his men and Evander's son Pallas are sent forth by Evander with prayers for their success (631-720). Venus brings to Æneas the armour wrought by Vulcan (721-738). Virgil describes the shield, on which are depicted, not only the trials and triumphs of Rome's early kings and champions, but the final conflict also at Actium between East and West and the world-wide empire of Augustus (739-846).

1. When Turnus from Laurentum's tower afar
Signalled the strife, and bade the war-horns bray,
And stirred the mettled steeds, and woke the war,
Hearts leaped at once; all Latium swore that day
The oath of battle, burning for the fray.
Messapus, Ufens, and Mezentius vain,
Who scorned the Gods, ride foremost. Far away
They scour the fields; the shepherd and the swain
Rush to the war, and bare of ploughmen lies the plain.

11. To Diomed posts Venulus, to crave
His aid, and tell how Teucrians hold the land;
Æneas with his gods hath crossed the wave,
And claims the throne his vaunted Fates demand.
How many a tribe hath joined the Dardan's band,
How spreads his fame through Latium. What the foe
May purpose next, what conquest he hath planned,
Should friendly fortune speed the coming blow,
Better than Latium's king Ætolia's lord must know.

111. So Latium fares. Æneas, tost with tides
Of thought, for well he marked the growing fight,
This way and that his eager mind divides,
Reflects, revolves and ponders on his plight.
As waters in a brazen urn flash bright,
Smit by the sunbeam or the moon's pale rays,
And round the chamber flits the trembling light,
And darts aloft, and on the ceiling plays,
So many a varying mood his anxious mind displays.

v. 'Twas night; the tired world rested. Far and nigh
All slept, the cattle and the fowls of air.
Stretched on a bank, beneath the cold, clear sky,
Lay good Æneas, fain at length to share
Late slumber, troubled by the war with care.
When, 'twixt the poplars, where the fair stream flows,
With azure mantle, and with sedge-crowned hair,
The aged Genius of the place uprose,
And, standing by, thus spake, and comforted his woes:

v. "Blest seed of Heaven! who from the foemen's hand
Our Troy dost bring, and to an endless date
Preservest Pergama; whom Latium's land
Hath looked for, and Laurentum's fields await,
Here, doubt not, are thy homegods, here hath Fate
Thy home decreed. Let not war's terrors seem
To daunt thee. Heaven is weary of its hate;
Its storms are spent. Distrust not, nor esteem
These words of idle worth, the coinage of a dream.

vi. "Hard by, beneath yon oak-trees, thou shalt see
A huge, white swine, and, clustering around
Her teats, are thirty young ones, white as she.
There shall thy labour with repose be crown'd,
Thy city set. There Alba's walls renowned,
When twice ten times hath rolled the circling year,
Called Alba Longa, shall Ascanius found.
Sure stands the word; and now attend and hear,
How best through present straits a prosperous course to steer.

vii. "Arcadians here, a race of old renown,
From Pallas sprung, with king Evander came,
And on the hill-side built a chosen town,
Called Pallanteum, from their founder's name.
Year after year they ply the war's rude game
With Latins. Go, and win them to thy side,
Bid them as fellows to thy camp, and frame
A league. Myself along the banks will guide,
And teach thy labouring oars to mount the opposing tide.

viii. "Rise, Goddess-born, and, when the stars decline,
Pray first to Juno, and on bended knee
Subdue her wrath with supplication. Mine
Shall be the victor's homage; I am he,
Heaven's favoured stream, whose brimming waves ye see,
Borne in full flood these flowery banks between,
Chafe the fat soil and cleave the fruitful lea,
Blue Tiber. Here my dwelling shall be seen,
Fairest of lofty towns, the world's majestic queen."

So saying, the Stream-god dived beneath the flood,
And sought the deep. Slumber at once and night
Forsook Æneas; he arose, and stood,
And eastward gazing at the dawning light,
Scooped up the stream, obedient to the rite,
And prayed, "O nymphs, Laurentian nymphs, whence spring
All rivers; father Tiber, blest and bright,
Receive Æneas as your own, and bring
ace to his toil-worn heart, and shield the Dardan king.

"What pool soever holds thy source, where'er
The soil, from whence thou leapest to the day
In loveliness, these grateful hands shall bear
Due gifts, these lips shall hallow thee for aye,
Horned river, whom Hesperian streams obey,
Whose pity cheers; be with us, I entreat,
Confirm thy purpose, and thy power display."
He spake, and chose two biremes from the fleet,
uipped with oars, and rigged with crews and arms complete.

Lo! now a portent, wondrous to be seen.
Stretched at full length along the bank, they view
The fateful swine, conspicuous on the green,
White, with her litter of the self-same hue.
Her good Æneas, as an offering due,
To Juno, mightiest of all powers divine,
Yea, e'en to thee, dread Juno, caught and slew,
And lit the altars and outpoured the wine,
d left the dam and brood together at the shrine.

. All night the Tiber stayed his swelling flood,
And with hushed wave, recoiling from the main,
Calm as some pool or quiet lake, he stood
And smoothed his waters like a liquid plain,
That not an oar should either strive or strain.
Thus on they go; smooth glides the bark of pine,
Borne with glad shouts; and ever and again
The woods and waters wonder, as the line
painted keels goes by, with arms of glittering shine.

XIII. All night and day outwearying, they steer
Up the long reaches, through the groves, that lie
With green trees shadowing the tranquil mere.
Now flamed the sun in the meridian high,
When walls afar and citadel they spy,
And scattered roofs. Where now the power of Rome
Hath made her stately structures mate the sky,
Then poor and lowly stood Evander's home.
Thither their prows are turned, and to the town they come.

XIV. That day, Arcadia's monarch, in a grove
Before the town, a solemn feast had planned
To Hercules and all the gods above.
His son, young Pallas, and a youthful band,
And humble senators around him stand,
Each offering incense, and the warm, fresh blood
Still smokes upon the shrines, when, hard at hand,
They see the tall ships, through the shadowy wood,
Glide up with silent oars along the sacred flood.

XV. Scared by the sudden sight, all quickly rise
And quit the board. But Pallas, bold of cheer,
Bids them not break the worship. Forth he flies
To meet the strangers, as their ships appear,
His right hand brandishing a glittering spear.
"Gallants," he hails them from a mound afar,
"What drove you hither by strange ways to steer?
Say whither wending? who and what ye are?
Your kin, and where your home? And bring ye peace or war?"

XVI. Then sire Æneas from the stern outheld
A branch of olive, and bespake him fair:
"Troy's sons ye see, by Latin pride expelled.
'Gainst Latin enemies these arms we bear.
We seek Evander. Go, the news declare:
Choice Dardan chiefs his friendship come to claim.
His aid we ask for, and his arms would share."
He ceased, and wonder and amazement came
On Pallas, struck with awe to hear the mighty name.

vii. "Whoe'er thou art, hail, stranger," he replied,
"Step forth, and to my father tell thy quest,
And take the welcome that true hearts provide."
Forth as he leaped, the Dardan's hand he pressed,
And, pressing, held it, and embraced his guest.
So from the river through the grove they fare,
And reach the place, where, feasting with the rest,
They find Evander. Him with speeches fair
Eneas hails, and hastes his errand to declare.

viii. "O best of Greeks, whom thus with olive bough
Hath Fortune willed me to entreat; yet so
I shunned thee not, albeit Arcadian thou,
A Danaan leader, in whose veins doth flow
The blood of Atreus, and my country's foe.
My conscious worth, our ties of ancestry,
Thy fame, which rumour through the world doth blow,
And Heaven's own oracles, by Fate's decree,
Ty willing steps have led, and link my heart, to thee.

ix. "Troy's founder, Dardanus, to the Teucrians came,
Child of Electra, so the Greeks declare.
Huge Atlas was Electra's sire, the same
Whose shoulders still the starry skies upbear.
Your sire is Mercury, whom Maia fair
On chill Cyllene's summit bore of old;
And Maia's sire, if aught of truth we hear,
Was Atlas, he who doth the spheres uphold.
hus from a single stock the double stems unfold.

. "Trusting to this, no embassy I sent,
No arts employed, thy purpose to explore.
Myself, my proper person, I present,
And stand a humble suppliant at thy door.
Thy foes are ours, the Daunian race, and sore
They grind us. If they drive us hence, they say,
Their conquering arms shall stretch from shore to shore.
Plight we our troth; strong arms are ours to-day,
out hearts, and manhood proved in many a hard essay."

xxi. He ceased. Long while Evander marked with joy
His face and eyes, and scanned through and through,
Then spake: "O bravest of the sons of Troy!
What joy to greet thee; thine the voice, the hue,
The face of great Anchises, whom I knew.
Well I remember, how, in days forepast,
Old Priam came to Salamis, to view
His sister's realms, Hesione's, and passed
To far Arcadia, chilled with many a Northern blast.

xxii. "Scarce o'er my cheeks the callow down had crept,
With wondering awe I viewed the Trojan train,
And gazed at Priam. But Anchises stepped
The tallest. Boyish ardour made me fain
To greet the hero, and his hand to strain.
I ventured, and to Pheneus brought my guest.
A Lycian case of arrows, bridles twain,
All golden—Pallas holds them,—and a vest
And scarf of broidered gold his parting thanks expressed.

xxiii. "Take then the hand thou seekest; be it thine,
The plighted pact; and when to-morrow's ray
Shall chase the shadows, and the dawn shall shine,
Aid will I give you, and due stores purvey,
And send you hence rejoicing on your way.
Meanwhile, since Heaven forbids us to postpone
These yearly rites, and we are friends, be gay
And share with us the banquet. Sit ye down,—
Behold, the boards are spread,—and make the feast your own."

xxiv. He spake, and back, at his command, they bring
The food and wine. The chiefs, in order meet,
Along the grass he ranges, and their king
Leads to his throne; of maple was the seat;
A lion's hide lay bristling at his feet.
Youths and the altar's minister bring wine,
And heap the bread, and serve the roasted meat.
On lustral entrails and the bull's whole chine,
Couched round the Trojan king, the Trojan warriors dine.

xv. Then, when at last desire of food had ceased,
Thus spake Evander: "Lo, this solemn show,
This sacred altar, and this ordered feast,
No idle witchwork are they. Well we know
The ancient gods. Saved from a fearful foe,
Each year the deed we celebrate. See there
Yon nodding crag; behold the rocks below,
Tost in huge ruin, and the lonely lair,
cooped from the mountain's side, how wild the waste and bare!

xvi. "There yawned the cavern, in the rock's dark womb,
Wherein the monster Cacus dwelt of yore,
Half-human. Never sunlight pierced the gloom;
But day by day the rank earth reeked with gore,
And human faces, nailed above the door,
Hung, foul and ghastly. From the loins he came
Of Vulcan, and his huge mouth evermore
Spewed forth a torrent of Vulcanian flame;
roudly he stalked the earth, and shook the world's fair frame.

xvii. "But time, in answer to our prayers, one day
Brought aid,—a God to help us in our need.
Flushed with the death of Geryon, came this way
Alcides, glorying in the victor's meed,
And hither drove his mighty bulls to feed.
These, pasturing in the valley, from his lair
Fierce Cacus saw, and, scorning in his greed
To leave undone what crime or craft could dare,
our beauteous heifers stole, four oxen sleek and fair.

xviii. "Then, lest their footprints should the track declare,
Back by their tails he dragged the captured kine,
With hoofs reversed, and shut them in his lair,
And whoso sought the cavern found no sign.
But when at last Amphitryon's son divine,
His feasted herds, preparing to remove,
Called from their pastures, and in long-drawn line,
With plaintive lowing, the departing drove
rooped from the echoing hills, and clamours filled the grove,

xxix. "One of the heifers from the cave again
Lowed back, in answer to the sound, and broke
The hopes of Cacus, and his theft was plain.
Black choler in Alcides' breast awoke.
Grasping his arms and club of knotted oak,
Straight to the sky-capt Aventine he hies,
And scales the steep. Then, not till then, our folk
Saw Cacus tremble. To the cave he flies,
Wing'd like the wind with fear, and terror in his eyes.

xxx. "Scarce in, the rock he loosened with a blow,
Slung high in iron by his father's care,
And with the barrier blocked the door; when lo,
With heart aflame, great Hercules was there,
And searched each way for access to his lair,
Grinding his teeth. Thrice round the mount he threw
His vengeful eyes, thrice strove from earth to tear
The stone, and storm the threshold, thrice withdrew,
And in the vale sat down, and nursed his wrath anew.

xxxi. "Sharp-pointed, sheer above the dungeon, stood
A crag, fit home for evil birds to light.
This, where it frowned to leftward o'er the flood,
Alcides shook, and, heaving from the right,
Tore from its roots, and headlong down the height
Impelled it. With the impulse and the fall
Heaven thunders; back the river in affright
Shrinks to its source. Bank leaps from bank, and all
The mountain, yawning, shows the monster's cave and hall.

xxxii. "Stript of their roof, the dark abodes far back
Lie open to their inmost; e'en as though
Earth, rent asunder with convulsive wrack,
And opening to the centre, gaped to show
Hell's regions, and the gloomy realms of woe,
Abhorr'd of gods, and bare to mortals lay
The vast abyss, while in the gulf below
The pallid spectres, huddling in dismay,
Looked up with dazzled eyes, at influx of the day.

xiii. "Caught in his den, the startled monster strove,
With uncouth bellowing, to elude the light.
With darts Alcides plies him from above,
Huge trunks and millstones seizing for the fight,
Hard pressed at length, and desperate for flight,
Black smoke he vomits, wondrous to be told,
That shrouds the cavern, and obscures the sight,
And, denser than the night, around his hold
hick darkness, mixt with fire, and smothering fumes are rolled

xiv. "Scorn filled Alcides, and his wrath outbroke,
And through the fire, indignant, with a bound
He dashes, where thickest rolled the cloud of smoke,
And in black vapours all the cave was drowned.
Here, vomiting his idle flames, he found
Huge Cacus in the darkness. Like a thread
He twists him—chokes him—pins him to the ground,
The strangled eyeballs starting from his head;
lood leaves the blackened throat, the giant form lies dead.

xv. "Then suddenly, as back the doors are torn,
The gloomy den stands open, and the prey,
The stolen oxen, and the spoils forsworn,
Are bared to heaven, and by the heels straightway
He drags the grisly carcase to the day.
All, thronging round, with hungry gaze admire
The monster. Lost in wonder and dismay
They mark the eyes, late terrible with ire,
ne face, the bristly breast, the jaw's extinguished fire.

xvi. "Henceforth they solemnise this day divine,
Their glad posterity from year to year,
Potitius first, and the Pinarian line,
Preserve the praise of Hercules; and here
This altar named 'the Greatest' did they rear.
(Greatest 'twill be for ever). Come then, all,
And give such worth due honour. Wreathe your hair,
And pass the wine-bowl merrily, and call
ch on our common God, the guardian of us all."

xxxvii. He spake; the God's own poplar, fleckt with white,
Hung, twining o'er his brows. His right hand bore
The sacred bowl. All, gladdening, hail the rite,
And pour libations, and the Gods adore.
'Twas evening, and the Western star once more
Sloped towards Olympus. Forth Potitius came,
Leading the priests, girt roughly, as of yore,
With skins of beasts, and bearing high the flame.
Fresh, dainty gifts they bring, the second course to frame.

xxxviii. Next came the Salians, dancing as they sung
Around the blazing altars. Poplar crowned
Their brows; a double chorus, old and young,
Chant forth the glories and the deeds renowned
Of Hercules; how, potent to confound
His stepdame's hate, he crushed the serpents twain;
What towns in war he levelled to the ground,
Troy and Œchalia; how with infinite pain
Eurystheus' tasks he sped, and Juno's fates were vain:

xxxix. "Oh thou, unconquered, whose resistless hand
Smote the twin giants of the cloud-born crew,
Pholus, Hylæus; and the Cretan land
Freed from its monster; and in Nemea slew
The lion! Styx hath trembled at thy view,
And Cerberus, when, smeared with gore, he lay
On bones half-mumbled in his darksome mew.
Thee not Typhœus, when in armed array
He towered erect, could daunt, nor grisly shapes dismay.

xl. "Prompt was thy wit, when, powerless to prevail,
Around thee twined, the beast of Lerna's fen
Hissed with the legion of its heads. O hail,
True son of Jove, the praise of mortal men,
And Heaven's new glory. Hither turn thy ken,
And cheer thy votaries." So with heart and will
They chant his praise, nor less the monster's den,
And Cacus, breathing flames. The loud notes fill
The sacred grove around, and echo to the hill.

The rites thus ended, to the town they fare.
In front, the good Evander, old and grey,
Moves 'twixt Æneas and his youthful heir,
And oft with various converse, as they stray,
Beguiles the lightened labour of the way.
Now this, now that the Trojan chief admires,
Filled with new pleasure, as his eyes survey
Each place in turn. Oft, gladly he enquires
e tokens, one by one, and tales of ancient sires.

. Then he, who built the citadel of Rome,
Spake thus—the good Evander: "Yonder view
The forest; 'twas the Fauns' and Wood-nymphs' home.
Their birth from trunks and rugged oaks they drew;
No arts they had, nor settled life, nor knew
To yoke the ox, or lay up stores, or spare
What wealth they gathered; but their wants were few;
The branches gave them sustenance, whate'er
oilsome chase they won, composed their scanty fare.

. "Then first came Saturn from Olympus' height,
Flying from Jove, his kingdom barred and banned,
He taught the scattered hillsmen to unite,
And gave them laws, and bade the name to stand
Of Latium, he safe latent in the land.
Then tranquilly the happy seasons rolled
Year after year, and Peace, with plenteous hand,
Smiled on his sceptre. 'Twas the Age of Gold,
well his placid sway the willing folk controlled.

. "Then waxed the times degenerate, and the stain
With stealthy growth gave birth to deeds of shame,
The rage of battle, and the lust of gain.
Then came Ausonians, then Sicanians came,
And oft the land of Saturn changed its name.
Strange tyrants came, and ruled Italia's shore,
Grim-visaged Thybris, of gigantic frame;
His name henceforth the river Tiber bore,
Albula's old name was known, alas! no more.

XLV. "Me, from my country driven forth to roam
The utmost deep, perforce the Fates' design
And Fortune's power drove hitherward. This home
My mother, Nymph Carmentis, warned was mine;
A god, Apollo, did these shores assign."
So saying, he shows the altar and the gate
Long called Carmental, from the Nymph divine,
First seer who sang, with faithful voice, how great
Æneas' race should rise, and Pallanteum's fate.

XLVI. He shows the grove of Romulus, his famed
Asylum; then, beneath the rock's cold crest
Lupercal's cave, from Pan Lycæan named;
Then, Argiletum's grove, whose shades attest
The death of Argus, once the monarch's guest;
Tarpeia's rock, the Capitolian height,
Now golden—rugged 'twas of old, a nest
Of tangled brakes, yet hallowed was the site
E'en then, and wood and rock filled the rude hinds with fright.

XLVII. "These wooded steeps," he said, "this sacred grove
What godhead haunts, we know not; legends say
Arcadians here have seen the form of Jove,
And seen his right hand, with resistless sway,
Shake the dread Ægis, and the clouds array.
See, yon two cities, once renowned by fame,
Now ruined walls and crumbling to decay;
This Janus built, those walls did Saturn frame;
Janiculum was this, that bore Saturnia's name."

XLVIII. So talking, to Evander's lowly seat
They journeyed. Herds were lowing on the plain,
Where stand the Forum and Carinæ's street.
"These gates," said he, "did great Alcides deign
To pass; this palace did the god contain.
Dare thou to quit thee like the god, nor dread
To scorn mere wealth, nor humble cheer disdain."
So saying, Æneas through the door he led,
And skins of Libyan bears on garnered leaves outspread.

. Night, with dark wings descending, wrapt the world,
When Venus, harassed, nor in vain, with fear,
To see the menace at Laurentum hurled,
To Vulcan, on his golden couch, drew near,
Breathing immortal passion: "Husband dear,
When Greeks the fated citadel of Troy
With fire and sword were ravaging, or ere
Her towers had fallen, I sought not to employ
ıs, arts or aid of thine, their purpose to destroy.

Ne'er taxed I then thy labours, dearest love,
Large as my debt to Priam's sons, and sore
My grief for poor Æneas. Now, since Jove
Hath brought him here to the Rutulian shore,
Thine arms I ask, thy deity implore,
A mother for her son. Dread power divine,
Whom Thetis, whom Tithonus' spouse of yore
Could move with tears, behold, what hosts combine,
at towns, with barr'd gates, arm to ruin me and mine."

She spake, and both her snowy arms outflung
Around him doubting, and embraced the Sire,
And, softly fondling, kissed him as she clung.
Through bones and veins her melting charms inspire
The well-known heat, and reawake desire.
So, riven by the thunder, through the pile
Of storm-clouds runs the glittering cleft of fire.
Proud of her beauty, with a conscious smile,
Goddess feels her power, and gladdens at the guile.

Then Vulcan, mastered by immortal love,
Answers his spouse, "Why, Goddess mine, invent
Such far-fetched pleas? Dost thou thy faith remove,
And cease to trust in Vulcan? Had thy bent
So moved thee then, arms quickly had I lent
To aid thy Trojans, and thy wish were gained,
Nor envious Fate, nor Jove omnipotent
Had crossed my purpose; then had Troy remained,
Priam ten years more the kingly line sustained.

LIII. "E'en now, if war thou seekest to prepare,
And thither tends thy purpose, be it sped.
Whate'er my craft can promise, whatso'er
Is wrought with iron, ivory or lead,
Fanned with the blast, or molten in the bed,
Thine be it all; forbear a suppliant's quest,
Nor wrong thy beauty's potency." He said,
And gave the love she longed for; on her breast
Outpoured at length he slept, and loosed his limbs with rest.

LIV. 'Twas midnight; sleep had faded from its prime,
The hour, when housewives, who a scanty fare
Eke out with loom and distaff, rise in time
To wake the embers, and the night outwear;
Then call their handmaids, by the light to share
The task, that keeps the husband's bed from shame,
And earns a pittance for the babes. So there,
Nor tardier, to his toil the Lord of Flame
Springs from his couch of down, the workmen's task to frame.

LV. Hard by Æolian Lipare, before
Sicania, looms an island from the deep,
With smoking rocks. There Ætna's caverns roar,
Hewn by the Cyclop's forges from the steep.
There the steel hisses and the sparks upleap,
And clanging anvils, smit with dexterous aim,
Groan through the cavern, as their strokes they heap,
And restless in the furnace pants the flame.
'Twas Vulcan's house, the land even yet bears Vulcan's name.

LVI. Down to this cavern came the Lord of Flame,
And found Pyracmon, naked as he strove,
Brontes and Steropes. Their hands still frame
A thunderbolt unfinished, such as Jove
Rains thickly from his armouries above,
Tipt with twelve barbs and never known to fail.
Part still remain unwrought; three rays they wove
Of ruddy fire, three of the Southern gale,
Three of the watery cloud, and three of twisted hail.

. They blend the frightful flashes and the peals,
Sound, fear, and fury with the flames behind.
These forge the War-Gods' chariot and swift wheels,
Which stir up cities, and arouse mankind.
Here, burnished bright for wrathful Pallas, shined,
With serpent scales, and golden links firm bound,
Her dreadful Ægis, and the snakes entwined;
And on her breast, with severed neck, still frowned
dusa's head, and rolled her dying eyes around.

. "Cease now," said Vulcan, "and these toils forbear,
Cyclops of Ætna; hither turn your heed.
Arms for a hero must the forge prepare.
Now use your strength and nimble hands; ye need
A master's cunning; to your tasks with speed."
He spake; each quickly at the word once more
Falls to his labour, as the lots decreed.
Now flows the copper, now the golden ore;
v melts the deadly steel; the flames resume their roar.

A mighty shield they fashion, fit to meet
Singly all arms of Latium. Layer on layer,
Seven folds in circles on its face they beat.
These from the windy bellows force the air,
These hissing copper for the forge prepare,
Dipt in the trough. The cavern floor below
Groans with the anvils and the strokes they bear,
As strong arms timed heap measured blow on blow,
, turned with griping tongs, the molten mass doth glow.

While on Æolia's coast the Lemnian sire
Wrought thus, the fair Dawn, mantling in the skies,
Awakes Evander, and the lowly choir
Of birds beneath the eaves invites to rise.
The Tuscan sandals to his feet he ties,
The kirtle dons, the Tegeæan sword
Links to his side. A panther's skin supplies
His scarf, hung leftward, and his watchful ward,
dogs, the threshold leave, and 'company their lord.

LXI. So to the chamber of his Dardan guest
The good Evander for his promise' sake
Full early hastens pondering in his breast
The tale he listened to, the words he spake.
Nor less Æneas, with the dawn awake,
Goes forth. Achates at his side attends,
His son, young Pallas, doth Evander take.
So meeting, each a willing hand extends,
And host and guest sit down, and frankly talk as friends.

LXII. First spake the King: "Great Chief of Trojan fame,
Who living, ne'er the Trojan state is lost.
Small is our strength for war, though great our name.
Here Tiber bounds us, there Rutulians boast
To rend our walls, and thunder with their host.
But mighty tribes and wealthy realms shall band
Their arms with mine. Chance, where unlooked-for most,
Points to this succour. By the Fate's command
Thou comest; thee the gods have guided to our land.

LXIII. "Not far from here, upon an aged rock,
There stands a town, Agylla is its name,
Where on Etruscan ridges dwells the stock
Of ancient Lydia, men of warlike fame.
Long years it flourished, till Mezentius came
And ruled it fiercely, with a tyrant's sway.
Ah me! why tell the nameless deeds of shame,
The savage murders wrought from day to day?
May Heaven on him and his those cruelties repay!

LXIV. "Nay more, he joined the living to the dead,
Hand linked to hand in torment, face to face.
The rank flesh mouldered, and the limbs still bled,
Till death, O misery, with lingering pace,
Loosed the foul union and the long embrace.
Worn out at last with all his crimes abhorred,
Around the horrid madman swarmed apace
The armed Agyllans. On his roof they poured
The firebrands, seized his guards and slew them with the sword

"He safely through the carnage slunk away
To fields Rutulian, where with sheltering hand
Great Turnus shields the tyrant. So to-day,
Stirred with just fury, all Etruria's land
Springs to the war, prompt vengeance to demand.
Thine be these all, for thousands can I boast,
Æneas, thine to captain and command.
Mark now their shouts; already roars the host,
m, bring the banners forth'; their vessels crowd the coast."

. An aged seer thus warns them to refrain,
Expounding Fate: 'Choice youths, the flower and show
Of ancient warriors of Meonian strain,
Whom just resentment arms against the foe,
Whose souls with hatred of Mezentius glow,
No man of Italy is fit to lead
So vast a multitude, the Fates say 'No;
Seek ye a foreign captain.' Awed, they heed
warning words divine, and camp upon the mead.

. "Lo, Tarchon sends ambassadors; they bring
The crown, and sceptre, and the signs of state,
And bid me join the Tuscans as their king.
But frosty years have dulled me; life is late,
And envious Age forbids an Empire's weight.
Fit were my son, but half Italian he,
His mother born a Sabine. Thee hath Fate
Endowed with years and proper birth; for thee
Gods this throne have willed, and, what they will, decree.

. "Advance, brave Chief of Italy and Troy!
Advance; young Pallas at thy side shall fare,
My hope, my solace, and my heart's best joy.
With thee to teach him, he shall learn to share
The war's grim work, the warrior's toil to bear;
From earliest youth to marvel at thy deeds,
And try to match them. Horsemen shall be there,
Ten score, the choicest that Arcadia breeds;
hundred more, his own, the gallant stripling leads."

LXIX. He spake: Æneas and Achates stood
With down-fixt eyes, musing the strange event.
Dark thoughts were theirs, and sorrowful their mood;
When lo, to leftward Cytherea sent
A sign amid the open firmament.
A flash of lightning swift from ether sprang
With thunder. Turmoil universal blent
Earth, sea and sky; the empyrean rang
With arms, and loudly pealed the Tuscan trumpet's clang.

LXX. Upward they look: again and yet again
Comes the loud crash of thunder, and between
A cloud that frets the firmamental plain,
With bright, red flash amid the sky serene,
The glitter of resounding arms is seen.
All tremble; but Æneas hails the sign
Long-promised. "Ask not," he exclaims, "what mean
These prodigies and portents; they are mine.
Me great Olympus calls; I hear the voice divine.

LXXI. "This sign my Goddess-mother vowed to send,
If war should threaten; thus in armed array
From heaven with aid she promised to descend.
Ah, woe for thee, Laurentum, soon the prey
Of foeman! What a reckoning shalt thou pay
To me, ill-fated Turnus! How thy wave
Shall redden, Tiber, as it rolls away
Helmets, and shields and bodies of the brave!
Ay, let them break the league, and bid the War-god rave."

LXXII. He spake, and, rising from his seat, renews
The slumbering fires of Hercules, and tends
The hearth-god's shrine of yesterday. Choice ewes
They slay—Evander and his Trojan friends.
Then to his comrades and the shore he wends,
Arrays the crews, and takes the bravest there
To follow him in fight. The rest he sends
To young Ascanius down the stream, to bear
News of his absent sire, and how the cause doth fare.

III. With steeds, to aid the Tuscans, they provide
The Teucrians. For Æneas forth is led
The choicest, with a tawny lion's hide,
All glittering with gilded claws, bespread.
Now rumour through the little town hath sped,
Of horsemen for the Tuscan king, with spear
And shield for battle. Mothers, pale with dread,
Heap vows on vows. The War-god, drawing near,
oms larger, and more close to danger draws the fear.

IV. Then cries Evander, clinging, and with tears
Insatiate, loth to see his Pallas go,
"Ah! would but Jove bring back the bygone years,
As when beneath Præneste long ago
I strowed the van, and laid their mightiest low,
And burned their shields, and with this hand to Hell
Hurled down King Erulus, the monstrous foe,
To whom Feronia, terrible to tell,
ree lives had given, and thrice to battle ere he fell.

V. Twice up he rose, but thrice I slew the slain,
Thrice of his life I robbed him, till he died,
Thrice stripped his arms. O, were I such again,
Danger, nor death, nor aught of ill beside,
Sweet son, should ever tear me from thy side.
Ne'er had Mezentius then, the neighbouring lord,
Dared thus to flout me, nor this arm defied.
Nor wrought such havoc and such crimes abhorred,
made a weeping town thus widowed by the sword.

VI. "O Gods, and thou, who rulest earth and air,
Great Jove, their mightiest, pity, I implore,
Arcadia's King, and hear a father's prayer.
If Fate this happiness reserve in store,
To gaze upon my Pallas' face once more,
If living means to meet my son again,
Then let me live; how hard soe'er and sore
My trials, gladly will I count them gain.
eet will the suffering seem, and light the load of pain.

LXXVII. "But O, if Fortune, with malignant spite,
Some blow past utterance for my life prepare,
Now, now this moment rid me of the light,
While fears are vague, nor hoping breeds despair,
While, dearest boy, my late and only care,
Thus—thus I fold thee in my arms to-day.
Nor wound with news too sorrowful to bear
A father's ears!" He spake, and swooned away;
Back to his home the slaves their fainting lord convey.

LXXVIII. Forth troop the horsemen from the gates. First ride
Æneas and Achates; in the rear
Troy's nobles, led by Pallas, in the pride
Of broidered scarf and figured arms, appear.
As when bright Lucifer, to Venus dear
Beyond all planets and each starry beam,
High up in heaven his sacred head doth rear,
Bathed in the freshness of the Ocean stream,
And melts the dark, so fair the gallant youth doth seem.

LXXIX. The matrons stand upon the walls, distraught,
And mark the dust-cloud and the mail-clad train.
These through the brushwood, where the road lies short,
Move on in arms. The war-shout peals again,
The hard hoofs clattering shake the crumbling plain.
And now, where, cold with crystal waves, is found
Fair Cære's stream, a spreading grove they gain.
Ages have spread its sanctity, and, crowned
With pine-woods dark as night, the hollow hills stand round.

LXXX. This grove, 'tis said, the tribes Pelasgian—they,
Who first in Latin marches dwelt of old—
Kept sacred to Silvanus, and the day
Vowed to the guardian of the field and fold.
Hard by, brave Tarchon and his Tuscans bold
Lay camped. His legions, stretching o'er the meads,
The Trojans from a rising ground behold.
Æneas here his toil-worn warriors leads;
Food for themselves they bring, and forage for their steeds.

xxi. Meanwhile fair Venus through the clouds came down,
Bearing her gifts. Couched in a secret glade,
By a cool river, she espies her son,
And hails him: "See the promised gifts displayed,
Wrought by my husband's cunning for thine aid.
Thy prowess now let proud Laurentum taste,
Nor fear with Turnus to contend." So said
Cythera's goddess, and her child embraced,
d on an oak in front the radiant arms she placed.

xxii. Joy fills Æneas; with insatiate gaze
He views the gifts, and marvels at the sight.
In turn he handles, and in turn surveys
The helmet tall with fiery crest bedight,
The fateful sword, the breastplate's brazen might,
Blood-red, and huge, and glorious to behold
As some dark cloud, far-blazing with the light
Of sunset; then the polished greaves of gold,
e spear, the mystic shield, too wondrous to be told.

xxiii. There did the Fire-king, who the future cons,
The tale of ancient Italy portray,
Rome's triumphs, and Ascanius' distant sons,
Their wars in order, and each hard-fought fray.
There, in the cave of Mars all verdurous, lay
The fostering she-wolf with the twins; they hung
About her teats, and licked in careless play
Their mother. She, with slim neck backward flung,
turn caressed them both, and shaped them with her tongue.

xxiv. There, later Rome, and there, the Sabine dames
Amid the crowded threatre he viewed,
Raped by the Romans at the Circus games;
The sudden war, that from the deed ensued,
With aged Tatius and his Cures rude.
There stand the kings, still armed, but foes no more,
Beside Jove's altar, and abjure the feud.
Goblet in hand, the sacred wine they pour,
d o'er the slaughtered swine the plighted peace restore.

LXXXV. Next, Mettus, by the four-horsed chariot torn.
('Twere better, perjured Alban, to be true!)
Fierce Tullus dragged the traitor's limbs in scorn
Through brambles, dripping with the crimson dew.
Porsenna there around the city drew
His 'leaguering host. But freedom fired the blood
Of Romans. Idle was his rage, to view
How Cocles on the battered bridge withstood,
And Cloeia burst her bonds, and singly stemmed the flood.

LXXXVI. Next, Manlius guards the Capitol; see here
The straw-thatched palace. Silvered in the gold,
The fluttering goose proclaims the Gauls are near.
They, screened by darkness, thread the woods, and hold
With arms the slumbering citadel. Behold
Their beards all golden, and their golden hair,
Their white necks gleaming with the twisted gold,
Their chequered plaids. Each hand an Alpine spear
Waves, and an oblong shield their stalwart arms upbear.

LXXXVII. There danced the Salians, the Luperci reeled
Half-naked. See them sculptured in array,
With caps wool-tufted, and the sky-dropt shield.
Chaste dames, in cushioned chariots, lead the way
Through the glad city. Elsewhere, far away,
Loom Dis and Tartarus, where the guilty pine,
And Catiline, upon a rock for aye
Hangs, shuddering at the Furies. Distant shine
The just, where Cato stands, dealing the law divine.

LXXXVIII. The swelling ocean in the midst is seen,
All golden, but the billow's hoary spray
Foams o'er the blue. Dolphins of silvery sheen
Lash the white eddies with their tails in play,
Cleaving the surges. In the centre lay
The brazen fleets, all panoplied for war,
'Tis Actium's fight; Leucate's headland grey
Boils with the tumult of the distant jar,
And golden glow the waves, effulgent from afar.

xxix. Augustus his Italians leads from home,
High on the stern. The Senators stand round,
The people, and the guardian gods of Rome.
With double flame his joyous brows are crowned;
The constellation of his sire renowned
Beams o'er his head. There too, his ships in line,
With winds and gods to prosper him, is found
Agrippa. Radiant on his head doth shine
ne crown of golden beaks, the battle's glorious sign.

. Here, late from Parthia and the Red-sea coast,
With motley legions and barbaric pride,
Comes Anthony. From Egypt swarms his host,
From India and far Bactra. At his side
Stands—shame to tell it—an Egyptian bride.
See now the fight; prows churn and oar-blades lash
The foam. 'Twould seem the Cyclads swim the tide,
Torn from his moorings, or the mountains clash,
huge the tower-crowned ships, so terrible the crash.

. Winged darts are hurled, and flaming tow; the leas
Of Neptune redden. There the queen stands by,
And sounds the timbrel for the fray, nor sees
The asps behind. All monsters of the sky
With Neptune, Venus, and Minerva vie.
In vain Anubis barks; Mars raves among
The combatants; the Furies frown on high.
With mantle rent, glad Discord joins the throng;
hind, with bloody scourge, Bellona stalks along.

i. There Actian Phœbus, gazing on the scene,
Bent his dread bow. Egypt, Arabia fled,
And India turned in terror. There, the queen
Calls to the winds; behold, the sails are spread.
Her, pale with thoughts of dying, through the dead
The waves and zephyrs—so the gold expressed—
Bear onward. Yonder, to his sheltering bed
Nile, sorrowing, calls the fugitives to rest,
folds his winding robes, and bares his azure breast.

XCIII. There, Cæsar sacred to his gods proclaims
Three hundred temples, each a stately fane.
Behold his triple triumph. Shouts and games
Gladden the streets; glad matrons chant the strain
At every altar, and the steers are slain.
He takes the offerings, and reviews the throng,
Throned in the portal of Apollo's fane.
Below, the captive nations march along,
Diverse in arms and garb, and each of different tongue.

XCIV. Wild Nomads, Africans uncinctured came,
Carians, Gelonian bowmen, and behind
The Leleges, the Dahæ, hard to tame,
The Morini, extreme of human-kind.
Last, proud Araxes, whom no bridge could bind,
Euphrates humbled, and the horned Rhine.
All this, by Vulcan on the shield designed,
He sees, and, gladdening at the gift divine,
Upbears aloft the fame and fortunes of his line.

BOOK NINE

Argument

Certified by Juno of the absence of Æneas, Turnus leads his forces against the Trojans. When they entrench themselves within their lines, he attempts to burn their ships, which are thereupon changed by Cybele into nymphs, and float away (1-144). Turnus undaunted harangues his men and beleaguers the camp (145-198). Nisus and Euryalus scheme, and petition, to sally forth to find Æneas and a rescue. Setting out with promise of rich rewards if successful, they surprise the Latin Camp but are themselves in turn surprised and slain (199-513). Their victims are buried; their heads are paraded on pikes before the Trojan Camp, to the agony of the mother of Euryalus (514-576). The allies assault the camp. Virgil invokes Calliope to describe the fray (577-603). The collapse of a tower and losses on both sides prelude Ascanius' baptism of fire. He kills his man (604–765). The brothers Pandarus and Bitias open the camp-gates in defiance. Bitias falls, and Pandarus, retreating, shuts Turnus within the camp, who kills him, but failing to let in his friends is eventually hard pressed (766-882). The Trojans rally round Mnestheus and Serestus. Turnus plunges into the river and with difficulty escapes by swimming (883-927).

While thus in distant quarter moves the scene,
Down to the daring Turnus from the skies
Comes Iris, sent by the Saturnian queen.
Him seated in a hallowed vale, where lies
His father's grove, Pilumnus', she espies.
There straight with rosy lips the daughter fair
Of Thaumas hails the hero: "Turnus, rise.
Behold what none of all the Gods would dare
promise, rolling Time hath proffered without prayer.

"Fleet left and friends, Æneas to the court
Of Palatine Evander speeds his way,
Nay, the far towns of Corythus hath sought,
And arms the Lydian swains to meet the fray!
Now call for steel and chariot. Why delay?
Surprise the camp and capture it."—She said,
And straight on balanced pinions soared away,
Cleaving the bow. The warrior marked, and spread
hands, and thus with prayer pursued her as she fled:

"O Iris, Heaven's fair glory, who hath sent
Thee hither? whence this sudden light so clear?
I see the firmament asunder rent,
And planets wandering in the polar sphere.
Blest omens, hail! I follow thee, whoe'er
Thou art, that call'st to battle." He arose
With joy, and stepping to the streamlet near,
Scoops up the water in his palms, and bows
ippliance to the Gods, and burdens Heaven with vows.

Now all the host were marching on the meads,
Well-horsed, and panoplied in golden gear,
With broidered raiment. Brave Messapus leads
The van, the sons of Tyrrheus close the rear,
And Turnus in mid column shakes his spear.
Slow moves the host, as when his seven-fold head
Great Ganges lifts in silence, calm and clear,
Or Nile, whose flood the fruitful soil hath fed,
s from the fattened fields, and hides him in his bed.

v. Far off, the Teucrians from their camp descried
The gathering dust-cloud on the plains appear.
Then brave Caïcus from a bastion cried,
"What dark mass, rolling towards us, have we here?
Arm, townsmen, arm! Bring quick the sword and spear,
And mount the battlements, and man the wall.
The foemen, ho!" And with a mighty cheer
The Teucrians, hurrying at the warning call,
Pour in through all the gates, and muster on the wall.

vi. So, parting, wise Æneas gave command,
Should chance surprise them, with their chief away,
To shun the field, nor battle hand to hand,
But safe behind their sheltering earthworks stay,
And, guarding wall and rampart, stand at bay.
So now, though passion and indignant hate
Prompt to engage, his mandate they obey,
And bar each inlet, and secure each gate,
And, armed, in sheltering towers their enemies await.

vii. Turnus, with twenty horsemen, left the rest
To lag behind, and near the town-gate drew
All unforeseen. A Thracian steed he pressed,
Dappled with white; a crest of scarlet hue
High o'er his golden helmet flamed in view.
Loudly he shrills in anger to his train,
"Who first with me will at the foemen—who?
See there!" and, rising hurls his spear amain,
Sign of the fight begun, and pricks along the plain.

viii. With shouts his comrades welcome the attack,
And clamouring fiercely follow in his train.
They marvel at the Teucrian hearts so slack,
That none will dare to trust the open plain,
And fight like men, but in the camp remain,
And safe behind their sheltering rampart stay.
Now here, now there, fierce Turnus in disdain
Rides round the walls, and, searching for a way,
Where way is none, still strives an entrance to essay.

As wolf, in ambush by the fold, sore beat
With winds, at midnight howls amid the rain.
The lambs beneath their mothers safely bleat.
He, mad with rage, and faint with famine's pain,
Thirsts for their blood, and ramps at them in vain;
So raves fierce Turnus, as his eyes survey
The walls and camp. Grief burns in every vein,
As round he looks for access and a way
shake the Teucrians out, and strew them forth to slay.

The fleet, as by the flanking camp it lies,
Fenced by the river and the mounded sand,
He marks, then loudly to the burning cries,
And with a flaming pinestock fills his hand,
Himself aflame. His presence cheers the band.
All set to work, and strip the watchfires bare:
Each warrior arms him with a murky brand:
The smoking torch shoots up a pitchy glare,
l clouds of mingled soot the Fire-god flings in air.

Say, Muse, what god from Teucrians turned the flame,
Such fiery havoc. O, the tale declare;
Old is its faith, but deathless is its fame.
When first Æneas did his fleet prepare
'Neath Phrygian Ida, through the seas to fare,
To Jove the Berecynthian queen divine
Spake thus, 'tis said, urging a suppliant's prayer:
'O Lord Olympian, hearken and incline.
nt what thy mother asks, who made Olympus thine.

"A wood, beloved for many a year, was mine,
A grove of sacrifice, on Ida's height,
Darksome with maple and the swart pitch-pine.
This wood, these trees, my ever-dear delight,
Gladly I gave to speed the Dardan's flight.
But doubts and fears my troubled mind assail.
O calm them; may a parent's prayer have might,
And this their birth upon our hills avail
guide their voyage safe, and shield them from the gale."

XIII. Then spake her son, who wields the starry sphere,
"Mother, what would'st thou of the Fates demand?
What art thou seeking for these Teucrians here?
Shall vessels, fashioned by a mortal hand,
The gift of immortality command?
And shall Æneas sail the uncertain main,
Himself of safety certain, and his band?
Did ever God such privilege attain?
Nay, rather, when at length, Ausonian ports they gain,

XIV. "Their duty done, and Ocean's dangers o'er,
What ships soe'er shall have escaped, to bear
The Dardan chief to the Laurentian shore,
Shall lose their perishable form, and wear
The sea-nymphs' shape, like Galatea fair
And Doto, when they breast the deep." He spake,
And by his brother's Stygian river sware,
Whose pitchy torrent swells the infernal lake,
And with his awful nod made all Olympus shake.

XV. The day was come, the fated time complete,
When Turnus' insults bade the Mother rise
And ward the firebrands from her sacred fleet.
A sudden light now flashed upon their eyes,
A cloud from eastward ran athwart the skies,
With choirs of Ida, and a voice through air
Pealed forth, and filled both armies with surprise,
"Trojans, be calm; your needless pains forbear,
Nor arm to save these ships; their safety is my care.

XVI. "Sooner shall Turnus make the ocean blaze,
Than these my pines. Go, sea-nymphs, and be free,
Your mother bids you." Each at once obeys,
Their cables snapt, like dolphins in their glee,
They dip their beaks, and dive beneath the sea.
Hence, where before along the shore had stood
The brazen poops—O marvellous to see!—
So many now, with maiden forms endued,
Rise up, and reappear, and float upon the flood.

. All stand aghast; amid the startled steeds
Messapus quails, and Tiber checks his tide,
And, hoarsely murmuring, from the deep recedes.
Yet fails not Turnus, prompt to cheer or chide.
"To Teucrians point these prodigies," he cried,
"They bide not, they, Rutulian sword and brand.
E'en Jove their wonted succour hath denied.
Barred is the sea, and half the world is banned;
th, too, is ours, such hosts Italia's chiefs command.

ı. "I fear not Fate, nor what the Gods can do.
Suffice for Venus and the Fates the day
When Trojans touched Ausonia. I have, too,
My Fates, these robbers of my bride to slay.
Not Atreus' sons alone, and only they,
Have known a sorrow and a smart so keen,
And armed for vengeance. But enough, ye say,
Once to have fallen? One trespass then had been
ıugh, and made them loathe all womankind, I ween.

"Lo, these who think a paltry wall can save,
A narrow ditch can thwart us,—these, so bold,
With but a span betwixt them and the grave!
Saw they not Troy, which Neptune reared of old,
Sink down in ruin, as the flames uprolled?
But ye, my chosen, who with me will scale
Yon wall, and storm their trembling camp? Behold,
No aid divine nor ships of thousand sail,
Vulcan's arms I need, o'er Trojans to prevail.

"Nay; let Etrurians join them, one and all,
No raid, nor robbed Palladium they shall fear,
Nor sentries stabbed beneath the night's dark pall.
No horse shall hide us; by the daylight clear
Our flames shall ring their ramparts. Dream they here
To find such Danaan striplings, weak as they
Whom Hector baffled till the tenth long year?
But now, since near its ending draws the day,
e rest, and bide prepared the dawning of the fray."

xxi. His outposts plants Messapus, set to guard
The gates with watchfires, and the walls invest.
Twice seven captains round the camp keep ward,
Each with a hundred warriors of the best,
With golden armour and a blood-red crest.
These to and fro pace sentinels, and share
The watch in turn; those, on the sward at rest,
Tilt the brass wine-bowl. Bright the watch-fires flare,
And games and festive mirth the wakeful night outwear.

xxii. Forth look the Trojans from their walls, and line
The heights in arms, and test with hurrying fear
The gates, and bridges to the bulwarks join,
And bring up darts and javelins. Mnestheus here,
There bold Serestus is at hand to cheer,
They, whom Æneas left to rule the host,
Should ill betide them, or the foe draw near.
Thus all in turn, where peril pressed the most,
Keep watch along the wall, dividing danger's post.

xxiii. Nisus, the bold, stood warder of the gate,
The son of Hyrtacus, whom Ida fair,
The huntress, on Æneas sent to wait,
Quick with light arrows and the flying spear.
Beside him stood Euryalus, his fere;
Scarce on his cheeks the down of manhood grew,
The comeliest youth that donned the Trojan gear.
Love made them one; as one, to fight they flew,
As one they guard the gates, companions tried and true.

xxiv. Then Nisus: "Is it that the Gods inspire,
Euryalus, this fever of the breast?
Or make we gods of but a wild desire?
Battle I seek, or some adventurous quest,
And scorn to dally with inglorious rest,
See yonder the Rutulians, stretched supine,
What careless confidence is theirs, oppressed
With wine and slumber; how the watch-fires shine,
Faint, few, and far between; what silence holds the line.

. "Learn now the plan and purpose of my mind,
'Æneas should be summoned,' one and all,—
Camp, council,—cry, and messengers would find
To take sure tidings and our chief recall.
If thee the meed I ask for shall befall,—
Bare fame be mine—methink the pathway lies
By yonder mound to Pallanteum's wall."
Then, fired with zeal and smitten with surprise,
us to his ardent friend Euryalus replies:

1. "Me, me would Nisus from such deeds debar?
Am I to send thee singly to thy fate?
Not thus my sire Opheltes, bred to war,
Brought up and taught me, when in evil strait
Was Troy, and Argives battered at her gate.
Not thus to great Æneas was I known,
His trusty follower through the paths of Fate.
Here dwells a soul that dares the light disown,
d counteth life well sold, to purchase such renown."

11. "For *thee* I feared not," Nisus made reply,
"'Twere shame, indeed, to doubt a friend so tried.
So may great Jove, or whosoe'er on high
With equal eyes this exploit shall decide,
Restore me soon in triumph to thy side.
But if—for divers hazards underlie
So bold a venture—evil chance betide,
Or angry deity my hopes bely,
ee Heaven preserve, whose youth far less deserves to die.

111. "Mine be a friend to lay me, if I fall,
Rescued or ransomed, in my native ground;
Or, if hard fortune grudge a boon so small,
To make fit honour to my shade redound,
And o'er the lost one rear an empty mound.
Ne'er let a childless mother owe to me
A pang so keen, and such a cureless wound.
She, who, alone of mothers, dared for thee
estes' walls to leave, and braved the stormy sea."

xxix. "My purpose holds and shifts not," he replies,
"These empty pretexts cannot shake me—no.
Hence, let us haste." And to the guard he cries,
Who straight march up, and forth the two friends go
To find the chief. All creatures else below
Lay wrapt in sleep, forgetting toil and care;
But sleepless still, in presence of the foe,
Troy's chosen chiefs urge council, what to dare,
Whom to Æneas send, the desperate news to bear.

xxx. There, in the middle of the camp and plain,
Each shield in hand, and leaning on his spear,
They stand; when lo! in eager haste the twain,
Craving an audience instantly, appear.
High matter theirs, and worth a pause to hear.
Then first Iulus greets the breathless pair,
And calls to Nisus. "Dardans, lend an ear,"
Outspake the son of Hyrtacus, "Be fair,
Nor rate by youthful years the proffered aid we bear.

xxxi. "See, hushed with wine and slumber, lies the foe.
Where by the sea-gate, parts the road in twain,
A stealthy passage from the camp we know.
Black roll the smoke-clouds, and the watch-fires wane.
Leave us to try our fortune, soon again
Yourselves shall see, from Pallanteum's town,
Æneas, rich with trophies of the slain.
Plain lies the path, for oft the chase hath shown
From darksome vales the town, and all the stream is known."

xxxii. "O Gods!" exclaimed Aletes, wise and old,
"Not yet ye mean to raze the Trojan race,
Who give to Troy such gallant hearts and bold."
So saying, he clasped them in a fond embrace,
And bathed in tears his features and his face.
"What gifts can match such valour? Deeds so bright
Heaven and your hearts with fairest meed shall grace.
The rest our good Æneas shall requite,
Nor young Ascanius e'er such services shall slight."

iii. "Yea, gallant Nisus," adds Ascanius there,
"I, too, who count my father's safety mine,
Adjure thee, by the household gods I swear
Of old Assaracus and Teucer's line,
And hoary Vesta's venerable shrine,
Whate'er of fortune or of hopes remain,
To thee and thy safe-keeping I resign.
Bring back my sire in safety; care nor pain
ll ever vex me more, if he return again.

iv. "Two goblets will I give thee, richly wrought
Of sculptured silver, beauteous to behold,
The spoils my sire from sacked Arisbe brought,
With two great talents of the purest gold,
Two tripods, and a bowl of antique mould,
The gift at Carthage of the Tyrian queen.
Nay, more, if e'er Italia's realm I hold,
And share the spoils of conquest,—thou hast seen
e steed that Turnus rode, his arms of golden sheen,—

v. "That steed, that shield, that crest of crimson hue,
I keep for thee,—thine, Nisus, from to-day.
Twelve lovely matrons and male captives too,
Each with his armour, shall my sire convey,
With all the lands that own Latinus' sway.
But thee, whose years the most with mine agree,
Brave youth! my heart doth welcome. Come what may,
In peace or war my comrade shalt thou be.
ine are my thoughts, my deeds; fame tempts me but for thee."

vi. "No time, I ween," Euryalus replies,
"Shall shame the promise of this bold design,
Come weal, come woe. One boon alone I prize
Beyond all gifts. A mother dear is mine,
A mother, sprung from Priam's ancient line.
Troy nor the walls of King Acestes e'er
Stayed her from following, when I crossed the brine.
Her of this risk—whate'er the risk I dare—
etless, I left behind, nor breathed a parting prayer.

xxxvii. "Night bear me witness; by thy hand I swear,
I cannot bear a parent's tears. But O!
Be thou her solace, comfort her despair;
This hope permit, and bolder will I go,
To face all hazards and confront the foe."
Grief smote the Dardans, and the tears ran down,
And young Iulus, pierced with kindred woe,
Outweeps them all; in filial love thus shown,
Touched to the heart, he traced the likeness of his own.

xxxviii. "All, all," he cries, "that such a deed can claim,
I promise for thy guerdon. Mine shall be
Thy mother,—mine, Creusa save in name;
Nor small her praise to bear a son like thee.
Howe'er shall Fortune the event decree,
I swear—so swore my father—by my head,
What gifts I pledge, if thou return, to thee,
These, if thou fall, thy mother in thy stead,
These shall thy kinsmen keep, the heirlooms of the dead."

xxxix. Weeping, the gilded falchion he untied,
Lycaon's work, with sheath of ivory fair.
To Nisus Mnestheus gave a lion's hide,
His helmet changed Aletes. Forth they fare,
And round them to the gates, with vows and prayer,
The band of chiefs their parting steps attend;
And, manlier than his years, Iulus fair
Full many a message to his sire would send.
Vain wish! his fruitless words the scattering breezes rend.

xl. So past the trench, upon the shadowy plain
Forth issuing, to the foemen's tents they creep,
Fatal to many, ere the camp they gain.
Warriors they see, who drank the wine-bowl deep,
Beside their tilted chariots stretched in sleep,
And reins, and wheels and wine-jars tost away,
And arms and men in many a mingled heap.
Then Nisus: "Up, Euryalus, and slay!
Haste, for the hour is ripe, and yonder lies the way.

XLI. "Watch thou, lest hand be lifted in the rear.
There, flanked with swaths of corpses, will I reap
Thy pathway; broad shall be the lane and clear."
So saying, he checks his voice, and, aiming steep,
Drives at proud Rhamnes. On a piled-up heap
Of carpets lay the warrior, and his breast
Heaved with hard breathing and the sounds of sleep:
Augur and king, whom Turnus loved the best.
Not all his augur's craft could now his doom arrest.

XLII. Three slaves beside him, lying heedless here
Amidst their arms, he numbers with the slain,
Then Remus' page, and Remus' charioteer,
Caught by their steeds. The weapon, urged amain,
Swoops down, and cleaves their drooping necks in twain.
Their master's head he severs with a blow,
And leaves the trunk, still heaving, on the plain,
And o'er the cushions and the ground below,
Wet with the warm, black gore, the spouting streams outflow.

XLIII. Lamus and Lamyras he slew outright,
And fair Serranus, as asleep he lay,
Tamed by the God; for long and late that night
The youth had gamed. Ah! happier, had his play
Outlived the night, and lasted till the day.
Like some starved lion, that on the teeming fold
Springs, mad with hunger, and the feeble prey,
All mute with terror, in his clutch doth hold,
And rends with bloody mouth, and riots uncontrolled,

XLIV. Such havoc wrought Euryalus, so flamed
His fury. Fadus and Herbesus died,
And Abaris, and many a wight unnamed,
Caught unaware. But Rhœtus woke, and tried
In fear behind a massive bowl to hide.
Full in the breast, or e'er the wretch upstood,
The shining sword-blade to the hilt he plied,
Then drew it back death-laden. Wine and blood
Gush out, the dying lips disgorge the crimson flood.

xlv. Thence, burning, to Messapus' camp he speeds,
Where faint the watch-fires flicker far away,
And tethered on the herbage graze the steeds,
When briefly thus speaks Nisus, fain to stay
The lust of battle and mad thirst to slay:
"Cease we; the light, our enemy, is near.
Vengeance is glutted; we have hewn our way."
Bowls, solid silver armour here and there
They leave behind untouched, and arras rich and rare.

xlvi. The arms and belt of Rhamnes, bossed with gold,
Which Cædicus, his friendship to attest,
Sent to Tiburtine Remulus of old,
Whose grandson took it, as a last bequest
(Rutulians thence these spoils of war possessed)—
These trophies seized Euryalus, and braced
The useless trappings on his valorous breast,
And on his head Messapus' helm he placed,
Light and with graceful plumes; and from the camp they haste.

xlvii. Meanwhile from out Laurentum rides a train
With news of Turnus, while the main array
With marshalled ranks is lingering on the plain,
Three hundred shieldsmen Volscens' lead obey.
Now to the ramparts they have found their way,
When lo, to leftward, hurrying from their raid,
They mark the youths amid the twilight grey.
His glittering helm Euryalus betrayed, [shade.
That flashed the moonbeams back, and pierced the glimmering

xlviii. Nor passed the sight unheeded. Shrill and loud
"Stand, who are ye in armour dight, and why?
What make ye there?" cries Volscens from the crowd,
"And whither wend ye?" Naught the youths reply,
But swiftly to the bordering forest fly,
And trust to darkness. Then around each way
The horsemen ride, all outlet to deny;
Circling, like huntsmen, closely as they may,
They watch the well-known turns, and wait the expected prey.

ıx. Shagg'd with rough brakes and sable ilex, spread
The wood, and, glimmering in the twilight grey,
Through broken tracks a narrow pathway led.
The shadowy boughs, the cumbrous spoils delay
Euryalus, and fear mistakes the way.
Nisus, unheeding, through the foemen flies,
And gains the place,—called Alba now—where lay
Latinus' pastures; then with back-turned eyes
ands still, and seeks in vain his absent friend, and cries:
"Where, in what quarter, have I left thee? Where,
Euryalus, shall I follow thee? What clue
Shall trace the mazes of this silvan snare,
The tangled path unravelling?" Back he flew,
Picking his footsteps with observant view,
And roamed the silent brushwood. Steeds he hears,
The noise, the signs of foemen who pursue.
A moment more, and, bursting on his ears,
here came a shout, and lo, Euryalus appears.
Him, in false ways, amid the darkness, ta'en,
The gathering band with sudden rush o'erbear.
Poor Nisus sees him struggling, but in vain.
What should he do? By force of arms how dare
His friend to rescue? Shall he face them there,
And rush upon the foemen's swords, to die,
And welcome wounds that win a death so fair?
His spear he poises, and with upturned eye
nd stalwart arm drawn back, invokes the Moon on high:
. "Come thou, Latonia, succour my distress!
Guardian of groves, bright glory of the sky,
If e'er with offerings for his son's success
My sire thine altars hath adorned, or I
Enriched them from the chase, and hung on high
Spoils in thy deep-domed temple, or arrayed
Thy roof with plunder; make this troop to fly,
And guide my weapons through the air." He prayed,
nd, winged with strength, the steel went whistling through the
shade.

LIII. It struck the shield of Sulmo at his side;
There broke the shaft and splintered. Down he rolled
Pierced through the midriff, and his life's warm tide
Poured from his bosom, and the long sobs told
Its heavings, ere the stiffening limbs grew cold.
All look around and tremble, when again
The youth another javelin, waxing bold,
Aimed from his ear-tip. Through the temples twain
Of Tagus whizzed the steel, and warmed within the brain.

LIV. Fierce Volscens raves with anger, nor espies
The wielder of the weapon, nor which way
To rush, aflame with fury. "Thou," he cries,
"Thy blood meanwhile the penalty shall pay
For both," and with his falchion bared to slay
Springs at Euryalus. Then, wild with fear,
Poor Nisus shouts, in frenzy of dismay,
Nor longer in the dark can hide, nor bear
A pang of grief so keen—to lose a friend so dear,

LV. "Me—me, behold the doer! mine the deed!
Kill me, Rutulians. By this hand they fell.
He could not—durst not. By the skies I plead,
By yon bright stars, that witnessed what befell,
He only loved his hapless friend too well."
Vain was his prayer; the weapon, urged amain,
Pierced through his ribs and snowy breast. Out swell
Dark streams of gore his lovely limbs to stain;
The sinking neck weighs o'er the shoulders of the slain.

LVI. So doth the purple floweret, dying, droop,
Smit by the ploughshare. So the poppy frail
On stricken stalk its languid head doth stoop,
And bows o'erladen with the drenching hail.
But onward now, through thickest ranks of mail,
Rushed Nisus. Volscens only will he slay;
He waits for none but Volscens. They assail
From right and left, and crowd his steps to stay.
He whirls his lightning brand, and presses to his prey.

ı. Ere long he meets him clamouring, and down
His throat he drives the griding sword amain,
And takes his life, ere laying down his own.
Then, pierced he sinks upon his comrade slain,
And death's long slumber puts an end to pain.
O happy pair! if aught my verse ensure,
No length of time shall make your memory wane,
While, throned upon the Capitol secure,
ıe Æneian house shall reign, and Roman rule endure.

ıı. Weeping, the victors took the spoils and prey,
And back dead Volscens to their camp they bore.
Nor less the wailing in the camp that day,
Brave Rhamnes found, and many a captive more,
Numa, Serranus, weltering in their gore.
Thick round the dead and dying, where the plain
Reeks freshly with the frothing blood, they pour.
Sadly they know Messapus' spoils again,
ıe trappings saved with sweat, the helmet of the slain.

. Now, rising from Tithonus' saffron couch,
The Goddess of the dawn with orient ray
Sprinkled the earth, and 'neath the wakening touch
Of sunlight, all things stand revealed to-day.
Turnus himself, accoutred for the fray,
Wakes up his warriors with the morning light.
At once each captain marshals in array
His company, in brazen arms bedight,
ıd rumours whet their rage, and prick them to the fight.

Nay more, aloft upon the javelin's end,
With shouts they bear—O miserable sight!—
The heads, the heads of Nisus and his friend.
On the walls' left—the river flanked their right—
The sturdy Trojans stand arrayed for fight,
And line the trenches and each lofty tower,
Sad, while the foemen, clamorous with delight,
March onward, with the heroes' heads before,
ıll known—alas! too well—and dropping loathly gore.

LXI. Now Fame, winged herald, through the wildered town
Swift to Euryalus' mother speeds her way.
Life's heat forsakes her; from her hand drops down
The shuttle, and the task-work rolls away.
Forth with a shriek, like women in dismay,
Rending her hair, in frantic haste she flies,
And seeks the ramparts and the war's array,
Heedless of darts and dangers and surprise,
Heedless of armèd men, and fills the heaven with cries.

LXII. "Thou—is it thou, Euryalus, my own?
Thou, the late solace of my age? Ah, why
So cruel? Could'st thou leave me here alone,
Nor let thy mother bid a last good-bye?
Now left a prey on Latin soil to lie
Of dogs and birds, nor I, thy mother, there
To wash thy wounds, and close thy lightless eye,
And shroud thee in the robe I wrought so fair,
Fain with the busy loom to soothe an old wife's care!

LXIII. "Where shall I follow thee? Thy corpse defiled,
Thy mangled limbs—where are they? Woe is me!
Is this then all of what was once my child?
Was it for this I roamed the land and sea?
Pierce *me*, Rutulians; hurl your darts at me,
Me first, if ye a mother's love can know.
Great Sire of Heaven, have pity! set me free.
Hurl with thy bolt to Tartarus below
This hateful head, that longs to quit a world of woe!"

LXIV. So wails the mother, weeping and undone,
And sorrow smites each warrior, as he hears,
Each groaning, as a father for his son.
Grief runs, like wildfire, through the Trojan peers,
And numbs their courage, and augments their fears.
Then, fain the spreading sorrow to allay,
Ilioneus and Iulus, bathed in tears
Call Actor and Idæus; gently they
The aged dame lift up, and to her home convey.

. Now terribly the brazen trumpet pealed
Its summons, and the war-shout rent the air.
On press the Volscians, locking shield to shield,
And fill the trenches, and the breastwork tear.
These plant their ladders for assault, where'er
A gap, just glimmering, shows the line less dense.
Vain hope! the Teucrians with their darts are there.
Stout poles they ply, and thrust them from the fence,
ained by a lingering siege, and tutored to defence.

ı. Stones, too, they roll, to crush the serried shields:
Blithely the warriors bear the storm below,
Yet not for long; for, see, the penthouse yields.
Down on the midst, where thickest press the foe,
The Teucrians, rolling, with a crash let go
A ponderous mass, that opens to the light
The jointed shields, and lays the warriors low.
Nor care they longer in the dark to fight,
: vie with distant darts to sweep the rampart's height.

ıı. Pine-stock in hand, Mezentius hurls the flame;
There, fierce Messapus rends the palisade,—
Tamer of steeds, from Neptune's loins he came,—
And shouts aloud for ladders to invade.
Aid me, Calliope; ye Muses, aid
To sing of Turnus and his deeds that day,
The deaths he wrought, the havoc that he made,
And whom each warrior singled for his prey;
ll back the war's great scroll, the mighty leaves display.

ıı. Built high, with lofty gangways, stood a tower,
Fit post of vantage, which the Latins vied,
With utmost effort and with all their power,
To capture and destroy, while armed inside
With stones, the Trojans through the loopholes plied
Their missiles. Turnus, 'mid the foremost, cast
A blazing brand, and, fastening to the side,
Up went the flame; from floor to floor it passed,
ng to and licked the posts, and maddened with the blast.

LXIX. Within 'twas hurrying and tumultuous fright,
As, crowding backward, they retreat before
The advancing flames, and vainly long for flight.
Lo! toppling suddenly, the tower went o'er,
And shook the wide air with reverberant roar.
Half-dead, the huge mass following amain,
They come to earth, stabbed by the darts they bore,
Or pierced by splinters through the breast. Scarce twain
Escape—Helenor one, and Lycus—from the slain.

LXX. Of these Helenor,—whom to Lydia's lord
By stealth his slave, the fair Licymnia, bore,
And sent to Ilium, where a simple sword
And plain, white shield, yet unrenowned, he wore,—
He, when he sees, around him and before,
The Latin hosts, as when in fierce disdain,
Hemmed round by huntsmen, in his rage the boar
O'erleaps the spears, so, where the thickest rain
The foemen's darts, springs forth Helenor to be slain.

LXXI. But fleeter far, young Lycus hastes to slip
Through swords, through foes, and gains the walls, and trie
To climb them, and a comrade's hand to grip.
With foot and spear behind him, as he flies,
Comes Turnus. Scornfully the victor cries,
"Mad fool! to fly, whom I have doomed to fall;
Think'st thou to baffle Turnus of his prize?"
Therewith he grasps him hanging, and withal
Down with his victim drags huge fragments of the wall.

LXXII. E'en so some snowy swan, or timorous hare
Jove's armour-bearer, swooping from the sky,
Grips in his talons, and aloft doth bear.
So, where apart the folded weanlings lie,
Swift at some lamb the warrior-wolf doth fly,
And leaves the mother, bleating in her woe.
Loud rings the noise of battle. With a cry
The foe press on; these fill the trench below,
These to the topmost towers the blazing firebrands throw

ıı. Ilioneus with a rock's huge fragment quelled
Lucetius, creeping to the gate below
With fire. Asylas Corynæus felled,
Liger Emathion, one skilled to throw
The flying dart, one famous with the bow.
Cænus—brief triumph!—made Ortygius fall,
With Dioxippus, Turnus lays him low,
Then Itys, Clonius, Promolus withal,
ıris, and Idas last, the warder of the wall.

v. There, slain by Capys, poor Privernus lay,
Grazed by Themilla's javelin; with a start
The madman flung his trusty shield away,
And clapped his left hand to the wounded part,
Fain, as he thought, to ease him of the smart.
Thereat, a light-winged arrow, unespied,
Whirred on the wind. It missed the warrior's heart,
But pierced his hand, and pinned it to his side,
, entering, clave the lung, and with a gasp he died.

. With broidered scarf of Spanish crimson, stood
A comely youth, young Arcens was his name,
Sent by his father, from Symæthus' flood,
And nurtured in his mother's grove, he came,
Where, rich and kind, Palicus' altars flame.
His lance laid by, thrice whirling round his head
The whistling thong, Mezentius took his aim.
Clean through his temples hissed the molten lead,
prostrate in the dust, the gallant youth lay dead.

ı. Then first, 'tis said, in war Ascanius drew
His bow, wherewith in boyish days he plied
The flying game. His hand Numanus slew,
Called Remulus, to Turnus late allied,
For Turnus' youngest sister was his bride.
He, puffed with new-won royalty and proud,
Stalked in the forefront of the fight, and cried
With random clamour and big words and loud,
by his noise to show his grandeur to the crowd.

LXXVII. "Think ye no shame, poor cowards, thus again
Behind your sheltering battlements to stand,
Twice-captured Phrygians! and to plant in vain
These walls, to shield you from the foemen's hand?
Lo, these the varlets who our wives demand!
What God, what madness blinded you, that e'er
Ye thought to venture to Italia's land?
No wily-worded Ithacan is near;
Far other foes than he or Atreus' sons are here.

LXXVIII. "Our babes are hardened in the frost and flood,
Strong is the stock and sturdy whence we came.
Our boys from morn till evening scour the wood,
Their joy is hunting, and the steed to tame,
To bend the bow, the flying shaft to aim.
Patient of toil, and used to scanty cheer,
Our youths with rakes the stubborn glebe reclaim,
Or storm the town. Through life we grasp the spear.
In war it strikes the foe, in peace it goads the steer.

LXXIX. "Age cannot stale, nor creeping years impair
Stout hearts as ours, nor make our strength decay.
Our hoary heads the heavy helmet bear.
Our joy is in the foray, day by day
To reap fresh plunder, and to live by prey.
Ye love to dance, and dally with the fair,
In saffron robes with purple flounces gay.
Your toil is ease, and indolence your care,
And tunics hung with sleeves, and ribboned coifs ye wear.

LXXX. "Go Phrygian women, for ye are not men!
Hence, to your Dindymus, and roam her heights
With Corybantian eunuchs! Get ye, then,
And hear the flute, harsh-grating, that invites
With twy-mouthed music to her lewd delights,
Where boxen pipe and timbrel from afar
Shriek forth the summons to her sacred rites
Put by the sword, poor dotards as ye are,
Leave arms to men, like us, nor meddle with the war."

xi. Such taunts Ascanius brooked not. Stung with pride,
A shaft he fitted to the horse-hair twine,
And, turning, stood with outstretched arms, and cried:
"Bless, Jove omnipotent, this bold design:
Aid me, and yearly offerings shall be thine.
A milk-white steer—I bind me to the vow—
Myself will lead, the choicest, to thy shrine,
Tall as his mother, and with gilded brow,
l butting horns, and hoofs, that spurn the sand e'en now."

xii. Jove heard, and leftward, where the sky was blue,
Thundered aloud. At once the fateful bow
Twanged; with a whirr the fateful arrow flew,
And pierced the head of Remulus. "Now go,
And teach thy proud tongue to insult a foe,
And scoff at Trojan valour. *This* reply
Twice-captured Phrygians to thy taunts bestow."
Ascanius spoke; the Teucrians with a cry,
ss on, their joyous hearts uplifting to the sky.

xiii. Meanwhile, Apollo from his cloudy car
The Ausonian host, and leaguered town descries,
And calls the youthful conqueror from afar:
"Hail to thy maiden prowess; yonder lies
Thy path, brave boy, to glory and the skies.
O sons of Gods, and sire of Gods to be,
All wars shall cease beneath the race to rise
From great Assaracus. Nor thine, nor thee
l narrow Troy contain; so stands the Fate's decree."

xiv. He spake, and through the breathing air shot down,
And sought Ascanius, now a god no more,
But shaped like aged Butes, whilom known
The servant of the Dardan king, who bore
Anchises' shield, and waited at his door,
Then left to guard Ascanius. Such in view
Apollo seemed; such clanging arms he wore;
Such were his hoary tresses, voice, and hue,
l these his words, as near the fiery youth he drew:

LXXXV. "Enough, to live, and see Numanus bleed,
Child of Æneas! This, thy valour's due,
Great Phœbus grants, nor stints a rival's meed.
Now cease."—He spake, and vanished from their view.
His arms divine the Dardan chieftains knew,
And heard the quiver rattle in his flight.
So, warned by Phœbus' presence, back they drew
The fiery youth, then plunged into the fight.
Death seems a welcome risk, and danger a delight.

LXXXVI. Shouts fill the walls and outworks; casque and shield
Clash; bows are bent, and javelins hurled amain:
Fierce grows the fight, and weapons strew the field.
So fierce what time the Kid-star brings the rain,
The storm, from westward rising, beats the plain:
So thick with hail, the clouds, asunder riven,
Pour down a deluge on the darkened main,
When Jove, upon his dreaded south-wind driven
Stirs up the watery storm, and rends the clouds of heaven.

LXXXVII. Pandarus and Bitias, whom in Ida's grove
The nymph Iæra to Alcanor bare,
Tall as their mountains or the pines of Jove,
Fling back the gate committed to their care,
And bid the foemen enter, if they dare.
With waving plumes, and armed from top to toe,
In front, beside the gateway, stand the pair,
Tall as twin oaks, with nodding crests, that grow
Where Athesis' sweet stream or Padus' waters flow.

LXXXVIII. Up rush the foemen to the open gate,
Quercens, Aquicolus, in armour bright,
Brave Hæmon, Tmarus, eager and elate,
In troops they come, in troops they turn in flight,
Or fall upon the threshold, slain outright.
Now fiercer swells the discord, louder grows
The noise of strife, as, hastening to unite,
The sons of Troy their banded ranks oppose,
And battle hand to hand and, sallying, charge the foes.

xix. Elsewhere to Turnus, as he raged, and marred
The ranks, came tidings of the foe, elate
With new-wrought carnage, and the gates unbarred.
Forth from his work he rushes, grim with hate,
To seek the brothers, and the Dardan gate.
Here brave Antiphates, the first in view
(The bastard offspring of Sarpedon great,
Borne by a Theban) with his dart he slew;
ft through the yielding air the Italian cornel flew.

Down through his throat into the chest it passed.
Out from the dark pit gushed a foaming tide;
The cold steel, warming in the lung, stood fast.
Then Merops, Erymas, Aphidnus died,
And Bitias, fierce with flaming eyes of pride.
No dart for him; no dart his life had ta'en.
A spear phalaric, thundering, pierced his side.
Nor bulls' tough hides, nor corselet's twisted chain,
ice linked with golden scales the monstrous blow sustain.

Prone falls the giant in a heap. Earth groans,
His shield above him thunders. Such the roar,
When falls the solid pile of quarried stones,
Sunk in the sea off Baiæ's echoing shore;
So vast the ruin, when the waves close o'er,
And the black sands mount upward, as the block,
Dashed headlong, settles on the deep-sea floor,
And Prochyta and Arime's steep rock,
ed o'er Typhœus, quake and tremble with the shock.

. Now Mars armipotent the Latins lends
Fresh heart and strength, but Fear and black Dismay
And Flight upon the Teucrian troops he sends.
From right and left they hurry to the fray,
And o'er each spirit comes the War-God's sway.
But when brave Pandarus saw his brother's fate,
And marked the swerving fortune of the day,
He set his broad-built shoulders to the gate;
e groaning hinges yield, and backward rolls the weight.

xciii. Full many a friend without the camp he leaves,
Sore straitened in the combat; these, the rest,
Saved like himself, he rescues and receives.
Madman! who, blind to Turnus, as he pressed
Among them, made the dreaded foe his guest.
Fierce as a tiger in the fold, he preys.
Loud ring his arms; his helmet's blood-red crest
Waves wide; strange terrors from his eyes outblaze,
And on his dazzling shield the living lightning plays.

xciv. That hated form, those giant limbs too plain
The Trojans see, and stand aghast with fear.
Then, fired with fury for his brother slain,
Forth leaping, shouts huge Pandarus with a jeer,
"No Queen Amata's bridal halls are here;
No Ardea this; around the camps the foe.
No flight for thee." He, smiling, calm of cheer,
"Come, if thou durst; full soon shall Priam know
Thou too hast found a new Achilles to thy woe."

xcv. He spake. Then Pandarus a javelin threw,
Cased in its bark, with hardened knots and dried.
The breezes caught the missile as it flew;
Saturnian Juno turned the point aside,
And fixed it in the gate. "Ha! bravely tried!
Not so *this* dart shalt thou escape; not so
Send I the weapon and the wound." He cried,
And, sword in hand, uprising to the blow,
Between the temples clave the forehead of his foe.

xcvi. The beardless cheeks, so fearful was the gash,
Gape wide. Aloud his clanging arms resound.
Earth groans beneath, as prone, amid the splash
Of blood and brains, he sprawls upon the ground,
And right and left hangs, severed by the wound,
His dying head. In terror, strewn afar,
The Trojans fly. Then, then had Turnus found
Time and the thought to burst the town-gate's bar,
That day had seen the last of Trojans and the war.

vii. But lust of death, and vengeance unappeased
Urged on the conqueror. Phalaris he slew,
Then hamstrung Gyges, and their javelins seized,
And hurled them at their comrades, as they flew,
For Juno nerved and strengthened him anew.
Here Halys fell, and hardy Phlegeus there,
Pierced through his shield. Alcander down he threw,
Prytanis, Noëmon, Halius unaware,
on the walls they stood, and roused the battle's blare.

viii. Slain, too, was Lynceus, as he ran for aid,
Cheering his friends. Back-handed, with fierce sway,
His right knee bent, he swung the sweeping blade,
And head and helmet tumbled far away.
Fell Clytius, Amycus expert to slay
The wood-deer, and the venomed barb to wing,
And Creteus, too, who loved the minstrel's lay,
The Muses' friend, whose joy it was to sing
steeds, and arms and men, and wake the lyre's sweet string.

ix. Then meet at length, their kinsmen's slaughter known,
Brave Mnestheus, and Serestus fierce, and see
Their friends in flight, and foemen in the town.
Then Mnestheus cries: "Friends, whither would ye flee?
What other walls, what further town have we?
Shame on the thought, shall then a single foe,
One man alone, O townsmen! ay, and he
Cooped thus within your ramparts, work such woe,
h deaths—and unavenged? and lay your choicest low?

'Is yours no pity, sluggard souls? no shame
For Troy's old gods, and for your native land,
And for the great Æneas, and his name?"
Fired by his words, they gather heart, and stand,
Shoulder to shoulder, rallying in a band.
Backward, but slowly he retreats, too proud
To turn, and seeks the ramparts hard at hand,
Girt by the stream; while, clamouring aloud,
rcer the foe press on, and larger grows the crowd.

CI. As when an angry lion, held at bay,
And pressed with galling javelins, half in fright,
But grim and glaring, step by step gives way,
Too wroth to turn, too valorous for flight,
And fain, but impotent, to wreak his spite
Against his armed assailants; even so,
Slowly and wavering, Turnus quits the fight,
Boiling with rage; yet twice he charged the foe,
Twice round the walls in rout they fled before his blow.

CII. But now new hosts come swarming from the town,
Nor Juno dares his failing force to stay,
For Jove in wrath sent heavenly Iris down,
Stern threats to bear, should Turnus disobey,
And longer in the Trojan camp delay.
No more his shield, nor strength of hand avail
To ward the storm; so thick the javelins play.
Loud rings his helmet with the driving hail;
Rent with the volleyed stones, the solid brass-plates fail.

CIII. Reft are his plumes, and shattered by the blows
The shield-boss. Faster still the darts they pour,
And thundering Mnestheus towers amid his foes.
Trembling with pain, exhausted, sick, and sore,
He gasps for breath. Sweat streams from every pore,
And, black with dust, from all his limbs descends.
Headlong, at length, he plunges from the shore,
Clad all in arms. The yellow river bends,
And bears him, cleansed from blood, triumphant to his friends.

BOOK TEN

Argument

The gods meet in council. Venus pleads for the Trojans, Juno for the Latins. Jupiter as a compromise leaves the arbitrament to Fate (**1-153**). The siege of the Trojan camp continues. Æneas meanwhile is sailing with his Arcadian and Tuscan allies down the Tiber (**154-207**). Catalogue of the helpers of Æneas, who is presently warned by the nymphs in what peril Ascanius stands: comes in sight of the camp and with difficulty lands his men (**208-369**). A hard-fought battle by the river follows, of which Pallas and Lausus are the heroes (**370-531**). Pallas is killed by Turnus in single combat (**532-603**). Æneas in revenge gives no quarter, but slays and slays, until Juno, warned by Jupiter that if she would save Turnus even for a time she must act at once, goes down into the battle and fashions in the form of Æneas a phantom, which flees before Turnus and lures him into a ship, by which he is miraculously carried away to his father's city (**604-838**). Mezentius takes up the command, but after performing prodigies of valour is wounded by Æneas (**839-954**). Mezentius withdraws, and his son Lausus is killed while covering his retreat. Thereupon Mezentius gets to horse and rides back to die in a vain endeavour to avenge his son. Æneas exults over Mezentius (**955-1089**).

Meanwhile, at bidding of almighty Jove,
His palace, as Olympus' gates unfold,
Stands open. To his starry halls above
The Sire of Gods and men, whose eyes behold
The wide-wayed earth, the Dardans' leaguered hold,
And Latium's peoples, from his throne of state
Convokes the council. Ranged on seats of gold
Around the halls, in silence they await.
imself, in measured speech, begins the grand debate.

"Heaven's great inhabitants, what change hath brewed
Rebellious thoughts, my purpose thus to mar?
'Twixt Troy and Italy I banned the feud;
My nod forbade it. Whence this impious jar?
What fear hath stirred them to provoke the war?
Fate in due course shall bring the destined hour,—
Foredate it not—when Carthage from afar
Her barbarous hordes through riven Alps shall pour,
storm the towers of Rome, to ravage and devour.

"Then may ye rend, and ravage and destroy,
Then may ye glut your vengeance. Now forbear,
And plight this peaceful covenant with joy."
Thus Jove; but Venus of the golden hair,
Less brief, made answer: "Lord of earth and air!
O Father! Power eternal! whom beside
We know none other, to approach with prayer,
See the Rutulians, how they swell with pride;
Turnus, puffed with triumph, borne upon the tide.

"Their very walls the Teucrians shield no more.
Within the gates, amid the mounds the fray
Is raging, and the trenches float with gore,
While, ignorant, Æneas is away.
Is theirs no rest from leaguer—not a day?
Again a threatening enemy hangs o'er
A new-born Troy! New foemen in array
Swarm from Ætolian Arpi, and once more
son of Tydeus comes, as dreadful as before.

v. "Ay, wounds are waiting for thine offspring still,
And mortal arms must vex her. List to me:
If maugre thee, and careless of thy will,
The Trojans sought Italia, let them be,
Nor aid them; let their folly reap its fee.
But if, oft called by many a warning sign
From Heaven and Hell, they followed thy decree,
Who then shall tamper with the doom divine,
Or dare to forge new Fates, or alter words of thine?

vi. "Why tell of grievances in days forepast,
The vessels burnt on Eryx' distant shore,
The tempest's monarch, and the raging blast
Stirred in Æolia, and the winds' uproar,
And Iris, heaven-sent messenger? Nay more,
From Hell's dark depths she summons her allies,
The ghosts of Hades, overlooked before.
Through Latin towns, sent sudden from the skies,
Alecto wings her flight, and riots as she flies.

vii. "I reck not, I, of empire; once, indeed,
While fortune smiled, I hoped for it; but now
Theirs, whom thou choosest, be the victor's meed.
But if no land thy ruthless spouse allow
To Teucrian outcasts, hearken to me now:
O Father! by the latest hour of Troy,
By Ilion's smoking ruins, deign to show
Thy pity for Ascanius; spare my boy;
Safe let him cease from arms, my darling and my joy.

viii. "Let brave Æneas follow, as he may,
Where future leads, and wander on the brine.
Him shield, and let me snatch him from the fray.
Paphos, Cythera, Amathus are mine,
And on Idalium is my home and shrine:
There let him live, forgetful of renown,
And, deaf to fame, these warlike weeds resign;
Then let fierce Carthage press Ausonia down,
For he and his no more shall vex the Tyrian town.

"Ah, what availed to 'scape the fight and flame,
And drain all dangers of the land and main,
If Teucrians seek on Latin soil to frame
Troy's towers anew? Far better to remain
There, on their country's ashes, on the plain
Where Troy once stood. Give, Father, I implore,
To wretched men their native streams again;
Their Xanthus and their Simois restore;
ere let them toil and faint, as Trojans toiled of yore."

Then, roused with rage, spake Juno: "Wherefore make
My lips break silence and lay bare my woe?
What God or man Æneas forced to take
The sword, and make the Latin King his foe?
Fate to Italia called him: be it so:
Driven by the frenzied prophetess of Troy.
Did we then bid him leave the camp, and throw
His life to fortune, ay, and leave a boy
rule the war, and Tuscan loyalty destroy,

"And harass peaceful nations? Who was there
The God, and whose the tyranny to blame
For fraud like that? Where then was Juno? where
Was cloud-sent Iris? Sooth, ye count it shame
That Latins hedge the new-born Troy with flame,
And Turnus dares his native land possess,
Albeit from Pilumnus' seed he came,
And nymph Venilia. Is the shame then less,
t Troy with foreign yoke should Latin fields oppress,

"And rob their maidens of the love they vow,
And lift, and burn and ravage as they list,
Then plead for peace, with arms upon the prow?
Thy sheltering power Æneas can assist,
And cheat his foemen with an empty mist,
The warrior's counterfeit. At thy command
Ships change to sea-nymphs, and the flames desist.
And now, that we should stretch a friendly hand,
I lend Rutulians aid, an infamy ye brand.

xiii. "Thy chief is absent, absent let him be.
He knows not: let him know not. Do I care?
What is Æneas' ignorance to me?
Thou hast thy Paphos, and Idalium fair,
And bowers of high Cythera; get thee there.
Why seek for towns with battle in their womb,
And beard a savage foeman in his lair?
Wrought we the wreck, when Ilion sank in gloom,
We, or the hands that urged poor Trojans to their doom?

xiv. "Was I the robber, who the war begun,
Whose theft in arms two continents arrayed,
When Europe clashed with Asia? I the one,
Who led the Dardan leman on his raid,
To storm the chamber of the Spartan maid?
Did I with lust the fatal strife sustain,
And fan the feud, and lend the Dardans aid?
Then had thy fears been fitting; now in vain
Thy taunts are hurled; too late thou risest to complain."

xv. So pleaded Juno: the immortals all
On this and that side murmured their assent,
As new-born gales, that tell the coming squall,
Caught in the woods, their mingled moanings vent.
Then thus began the Sire omnipotent,
Who rules the universe, and as he rose,
Hush'd was the hall; Earth shook; the firmament
Was silent; whist was every wind that blows,
And o'er the calm deep spread the stillness of repose.

xvi. "Now hearken all, and to my words give heed.
Since naught avails this discord to allay,
And peace is hopeless, let the war proceed.
Trojans, Rutulians—each alike this day
Must carve his hopes and fortune as he may.
Fate, blindness, crooked counsels—whatso'er
Holds Troy in leaguer, equally I weigh
The chance of all, nor would Rutulians spare.
For each must toil and try, till Fate the doom declare."

. He spake, and straightway, to confirm his word,
Invoked his brother, and the Stygian flood,
The pitchy whirlpool, and the banks abhorr'd,
Then bent his brow, and with his awful nod
Made all Olympus tremble at the god.
So ceased the council. From his throne of state,
All golden, he arose, and slowly trod
The courts of Heaven. The powers celestial wait
und their sovereign Lord, and lead him to the gate.

. Now, fire in hand, and burning to destroy,
The fierce Rutulians still the siege maintain.
Pent in their ramparts stay the sons of Troy,
Hopeless of flight, and line the walls in vain,
A little band, but all that now remain.
Thymœtes, son of Hicetaon bold,
Asius, the son of Imbrasus, the twain
Assaraci, Castor and Thymbris old,
se, battling in the van, the desperate strife uphold.

Next stand the brethren of Sarpedon slain,
Claros and Themon,—braver Lycians none.
There, with a rock's huge fragment toils amain
Lyrnessian Acmon, famous Clytius' son,
Menestheus' brother, nor less fame he won.
Hot fares the combat; from the walls these fling
The stones, and those the javelins. Each one
Toils to defend; these blazing firebrands bring,
fetch the flying shafts, and fit them to the string.

There too, bare-headed, in the midst is seen
Fair Venus' care, the Dardan youth divine,
Bright as a diamond, or the lustrous sheen
Of gems, that, set in yellow gold, entwine
The neck, or sparkling on the temples shine.
So gleams the ivory, inlaid with care
n chest of terebinth, or boxwood scrine;
And o'er his milk-white neck and shoulders fair,
ned with the pliant gold, streams down the warrior's hair.

xxi. There, too, brave Ismarus, the nations see,
Scattering the poisoned arrows from thy hands;
A gallant knight, and born of high degree
In far Mæonia, where his golden sands
Pactolus rolls along the fruitful lands.
There he, whom yesterday the voice of fame
Raised to the stars, the valiant Mnestheus stands,
Who drove fierce Turnus from the camp with shame;
There, Capys, he who gave the Capuan town its name.

xxii. Thus all day long both armies toiled and fought.
And now, at midnight, o'er the deep sea fares
Æneas. By Evander sent, he sought
The Tuscan camp. To Tarchon he declares
His name and race, the aid he asks and bears,
The friends Mezentius gathers to the fray,
And Turnus' violence; then warns, with prayers,
Of Fortune's fickleness. No more delay:
Brave Tarchon joins his power, and strikes a league straightway.

xxiii. So, free of Fate, Heaven's mandate they obey,
And Lydians, with a foreign leader, plough
The deep; Æneas' vessel leads the way.
Sweet Ida forms the figure-head; below,
The Phrygian lions ramp upon the prow.
Here sits Æneas, thoughtful, on the stern,
For war's dark chances cloud the chieftain's brow.
There, on his left, sits Pallas, and in turn
Now cons the stars, now seeks the wanderer's woes to learn.

xxiv. Now open Helicon; unlock the springs,
Ye Goddesses. Strike up the noble stave,
And sing what hosts from Tuscan shores he brings,
What ships he arms, and how they cross the wave.
First, Massicus with brazen Tiger clave
The watery plain. With him from Clusium go,
And Cosæ's town, a hundred, tried and brave;
Deft archers, well the deadly craft they know.
Light from their shoulders hang the quiver and the bow.

. With blazoned troops came Abas, gaunt and grim.
Golden Apollo on the stern he bore.
Six hundred Populonia gave to him,
All trained to battle, and three hundred more
Sent Ilva, rich in unexhausted ore.
Third came Asylas, who the voice divine
Expounds to man, and kens, with prescient lore,
The starry sky, the hearts of slaughtered kine,
e voices of the birds, the lightning's warning sign.

ı. A thousand from Alphæus' Tuscan town
Of Pisa, with him to the war proceed,
In bristling ranks, all spearmen of renown.
Next, Astur—comeliest Astur—clad in weed
Of divers hues, and glorying in his steed:
Three hundred men from ancient Pyrgos fare,
From Cære's home, from Minio's fruitful mead,
And they who breathe Gravisca's tainted air.
e purpose fills them all, to follow and to dare.

ıı. Nor would I leave thee, Cinyras, untold,
Liguria's chief, nor, though a few were thine,
Cupavo. Emblem of his sire of old,
The swan's white feathers on his helmet shine,
Thy fault, O Love. When Cycnus, left to pine
For Phaëthon, the poplar shades among,
Soothed his sad passion with the Muse divine,
Old age with hoary plumage round him clung;
:ward he soared from earth and, soaring up, still sung.

ıı. Now comes his son, with his Ligurian bands,
Oaring their bark. A Centaur from the prow
Looms o'er the waves a-tiptoe, with his hands
A vast rock heaving, as in act to throw;
The long keel ploughs the furrowed deep below.
Next, from his home the gallant Ocnus came,
The son of Manto, who the Fates doth know,
Brave child of Tiber. He his mother's name
l walls to Mantua gave,—great Mantua, rich in fame,

xxix. And rich in heroes, though diversely bred.
Three separate stems four-fold the state compose,
Herself, of Tuscan origin, the head.
Five hundred warriors, all Mezentius' foes,
And armed for vengeance, from her walls arose.
Mincius in front, veiled in his sedges grey
(Fair stream, whose birth from sire Benacus flows),
Shines on the poop, and seaward points the way;
Swift speeds the bark of pine, with foemen for the fray.

xxx. Last, huge Aulestes, rising with his row
Of hundred oarsmen, beats the watery lea.
The lashed deeps boil; big Triton from the prow
Sounds his loud shell, that frights the sky-blue sea.
Waist-high, a man with human face is he;
All else, a fish; beneath his savage breast
The white foam roars before him.—Such to see,
Such, and so numerous was the host that pressed,
Borne in their thirty ships, to succour Troy distrest.

xxxi. Daylight had failed; to mid Olympus' gate
Bright Phœbe drove her nightly-wandering wain.
Tiller in hand, the good Æneas sate
And trimmed the sails, while trouble tossed his brain.
When lo! around him thronged the Sea-nymphs' train,
Whom kind Cybele changed from ships of wood
To rule, as goddesses, the watery main.
As many as late, with brazen beaks, had stood
Linked to the shore, now swim in even line the flood.

xxxii. Far off, their king the goddesses beheld
And danced around him joyously, and lo,
Cymodocea, who in speech excelled,
Clings to the stern; breast-high the nymph doth show;
Her left hand oars the placid deep below.
Then, "Watchest thou, Æneas, child divine?
Watch on," she cries, "and let the canvas go.
Behold us, sea-nymphs, once a grove of pine
On Ida's sacred crest, the Trojans' ships and thine.

XIII. "When on us late the false Rutulian pressed
With sword and flame, perforce, sweet life to save,
We broke our chains, and wander in thy quest.
Our shape the Mother, pitying, changed and gave
Immortal life, to spend beneath the wave.
Thy son, he stays in Latin leaguer pent;
Arcadian horsemen, with the Tuscans brave,
Hold tryst to aid. His troops hath Turnus sent,
arged, with opposing arms, their succour to prevent.

XIV. "Now rise, and when to-morrow's dawn shall shine,
Bid forth thy followers to arms. Be bold,
And take this shield, the Fire-King's gift divine,
Invincible, immortal, rimm'd with gold.
Next morn—so truly as the word is told—
Huge heaps of dead Rutulian foes shall view."
She spake; her hand, departing, loosed its hold,
And pushed the vessel; well the way she knew;
ift as a dart it flies; the rest its flight pursue.

XV. Wondering, Æneas pauses in amaze,
Yet hails the sign, and gladdens at the sight,
And, gazing on the vaulted skies, he prays,
"Mother of Heaven, whom Dindymus' famed height,
And tower-girt towns, and lions yoked delight,
Assist the Phrygians, and direct the fray.
Kind Goddess, prosper us, and speed aright
This augury." He ended, and the day
urning, climbed the sky, and chased the night away.

XVI. Forthwith he calls his comrades to arise
And take fresh heart, and for the fight prepare.
Now, from the stern, the Dardans he espies,
Hemmed in their camp. Aloft his hands upbear
The burning shield. With shouts his Dardans tear
Heaven's concave. Hope with fury fires their veins.
Fast fly their darts, as when through darkened air
With clang and clamour the Strymonian cranes
am forth, the signal given, from winter's winds and rains

xxxvii. Then lost in wonderment, the foemen stand,
Till, looking round, they see the watery ways
A sea of ships, all crowding to the land,
The flaming crest, the helmet all ablaze,
The golden shield-boss, with its lightning rays.
As when a comet, bright with blazing hair,
Its blood-red beams athwart the night displays,
Or Sirius, rising, with its baleful glare
Brings pestilence and drought, and saddens all the air.

xxxviii. Yet quails not Turnus; still his hopes are high
To seize the shore, and keep them from the land.
Now cheering, and now chiding, rings his cry
"Lo, here—'tis here, the battle ye demand.
Up, crush them; war is in the warrior's hand.
Think of your fathers and their deeds of old,
Your homes, your wives. Forestall them on the strand,
Now, while they totter, while the foot's faint hold
Slips on the shelving beach. Fair Fortune aids the bold."

xxxix. So saying, he ponders inly, whom to choose
To mind the siege, and whom the foe to meet.
By planks meanwhile Æneas lands his crews.
Some wait until the languid waves retreat,
Then, leaping, to the shallows trust their feet;
Some vault with oars. Brave Tarchon marks, quick-eyed,
A sheltered spot, where neither surf doth beat,
Nor breakers roar, but smooth the waters glide,
And up the sloping shore unbroken swells the tide.

xl. Here suddenly he bids them turn the prow,
And shouts aloud, "Now, now, my chosen band,
Lean to your oars; strive lustily and row.
Lift the keel onward, till it cleaves the strand,
And ploughs its furrow in the foeman's land.
Let the bark break, with such a haven here
What harm, if once upon the shore we stand?"
So Tarchon spake; his comrades, with a cheer,
Rise on the smooth-shaved thwarts, and sweep the foaming mere.

So, one by one, they gain the land, and, whole
And scatheless, on the Latin shore abide.
All safe but Tarchon. Dashed upon a shoal,
Long on a rock's unequal ridge astride,
In doubtful balance swayed from side to side,
His vessel hangs, and back the waves doth beat,
Then breaks, and leaves them tangled in the tide
'Twixt planks and oars, while, ebbing to retreat,
e shrinking waves draw back, and wash them from their feet.

. Nor loiters Turnus; eager to attack,
Along the shore he marshals his array,
To meet the foe, and drive the Teucrians back.
The trumpet sounds: the Latin churls straightway
Æneas routs, first omen of the day,
Huge Theron slain, their mightiest, who in pride
Of strength, rushed forth and dared him to the fray.
Through quilted brass the Dardan sword he plied,
rough tunic stiff with gold, and pierced th' unguarded side.

ı. Lichas he smites, who vowed his infant life,
Ripped from his mother, dying in her pain,
To Phœbus, freed from perils of the knife.
Huge Gyas, brawny Cisseus press the plain,
As, club in hand, they strew the Tuscan train.
Naught now avail those stalwart arms, that plied
The weapons of Alcides; all in vain
They boast their sire Melampus, comrade tried
Hercules, while earth his toilsome tasks supplied.

. Lo, full at Pharus, in his bawling mouth
He plants a dart. Thou, Cydon, too, in quest
Of Clytius, blooming with the down of youth,
Thy latest joy, had'st laid thy loves to rest,
Slain by the Dardan; but around thee pressed
Old Phorcus' sons. Seven brethren bold are there,
Seven darts they throw. These helm and shield arrest,
Those, turned aside by Venus' gentle care
graze the Dardan's frame, and, grazing, glance in air.

XLV. Then cried Æneas to Achates true,
"Quick, hand me store of weapons; none in vain
This arm shall hurl at yon Rutulian crew,
Not one of all that whilom knew the stain
Of Argive blood upon the Trojan plain."
So saying, he snatched, and in a moment threw
His mighty spear, that, hurtling, rent in twain
The brazen plates of Mæon's shield, and through
The breastplate pierced the breast, nor faltered as it flew

XLVI. Up ran, and raised his brother, as he lay,
Alcanor. Shrill another javelin sung,
And pierced his arm, and, reddening, held its way,
And from his shoulders by the sinews hung
The dying hand. Then straight, the dart outwrung,
His brother Numitor the barb let fly
Full at Æneas. In his face he flung,
But failed to smite. The weapon, turned awry,
Missed the intended mark, and grazed Achates' thigh.

XLVII. Up Clausus came, of Cures, in the pride
Of youth. His stark spear, urged with forceful sway,
Through Dryops' throat, beneath the chin, he plied,
And voice and life forsook him, as he lay,
Spewing thick gore, his forehead in the clay.
Three Thracians next, three sons of Idas bleed.
Ismarians these Halæsus to the fray
Brings his Auruncan bands, and Neptune's seed,
Messapus, too, comes up, the tamer of the steed.

XLVIII. Each side strives hard the other's ground to win.
E'en on Ausonia's threshold raves the fray.
As in the broad air warring winds begin
The battle, matched in strength and rage, nor they,
The winds themselves, nor clouds nor sea give way,
All locked in strife, and struggling as they can,
And long in doubtful balance hangs the day,
So meet the ranks, and mingle in the van,
And foot clings close to foot, and man is massed with man.

x. Where, in another quarter, stones and trees,
Torn from its banks, a torrent at its height
Had strewn with wide-wrought ravage, Pallas sees
His brave Arcadians break the ranks of fight,
And turn before their Latin foes in flight.
Strange to foot-combat, from his trusty horse
The rough ground lured each rider to alight.
Now with entreaties—'tis his last resource—
d now with bitter words he fires their flagging force.

"Shame on ye, comrades! whither do ye run?
By your brave deeds, and by the name ye bear,
And great Evander's, by the wars ye won,
By these my hopes, which even now bid fair
E'en with my father's honours to compare.
Trust not your feet; the sword, the sword must hew
A pathway through the foemen. See, 'tis there,
Where foes press thickest, and our friends are few,
noble country calls for Pallas and for you.

"No gods assail us; mortals fight to-day
With mortals. Lives as many as theirs have we,
As many hands, to match them in the fray.
Earth fails for flight, and yonder lies the sea.
Seaward or Troyward—whither shall we flee?"
So saying, he plunged amid the throng. First foe,
Fell Lagus, doomed an evil fate to dree.
Him, toiling hard a ponderous stone to throw,
ween the ribs and spine a whistling dart laid low.

Scarce from his marrow could the victor tear
The steel, so tightly clung it to the bone.
Forth Hisbo leaped, to smite him unaware.
Rash hope! brave Pallas caught him, rushing on,
And through the lung his sword a passage won.
Then Sthenius he slew; beside him bled
Anchemolus, of Rhoetus' stock the son,
The lewd defiler of his stepdame's bed.
e stopped his lewdness now, and stretched him with the dead.

LIII. Ye, too, young Thymber and Larides fair,
Twin sons of Daucus, did the victor quell.
So like in form and features were the pair,
That e'en their doting parents failed to tell
This one from that. Alas! the sword too well
Divides them now. Here, tumbled on the sward,
At one fierce swoop, the head of Thymber fell.
Thy severed hand, Larides, seeks its lord;
The fingers, half alive and quivering, clutch the sword.

LIV. Fired by his words, his deeds the Arcadians view,
And shame and anger arm them to the fray.
Rhoeteus, as past his two-horsed chariot flew
He pierced,—'twas Ilus Pallas meant to slay,
And Ilus gained that moment of delay.
Rhoeteus, in flight from Teuthras and from thee,
His brother Tyres, met the spear midway.
Down from his chariot in the dust rolled he,
And, dying, with his heels beat the Rutulian lea.

LV. As when a shepherd, on a summer's day,
The wished-for winds arising, hastes to cast
The flames amid the stubble: far away,
The mid space seized, the line of fire runs fast
From field to field, and broadens with the blast:
And, sitting down, the victor from a height
Surveys the triumph, as the flames rush past.
So all Arcadia's chivalry unite,
And round thee, Pallas, throng, and aid thee in the fight.

LVI. But lo, from out the foemen's ranks, athirst
For battle, fierce Halesus charged, and drew
His covering shield before him. Ladon first,
Then Pheres, then Demodocus he slew.
Next, at his throat as bold Strymonius flew,
The glittering falchion severed at a blow
The lifted hand. At Thoas' face he threw
A stone, that smashed the forehead of his foe,
And bones, and blood, and brains the spattered earth bestrow.

. Halesus, when a boy, in woods concealed,
His sire, a seer, had reared with tender care.
But soon as death the old man's eyes had sealed,
Fate marked the son for the Evandrian spear.
Him Pallas sought; "O Tiber!" was his prayer,
"True to Halesus let this javelin go.
His arms and spoils thy sacred oak shall bear."
'Twas heard: Halesus, shielding from the foe
on, leaves his breast unguarded to the blow.

. Firm Lausus stands, bearing the battle's brunt,
Nor lets Halesus' death his friends dismay.
Dead falls the first who meets him front to front,
Brave Abas, knot and holdfast of the fray.
Down go Arcadia's chivalry that day,
Down go the Etruscans, and the Teucrians, those
Whom Grecian conquerors had failed to slay.
Man locked with man, amid the conflict's throes,
h strength and leaders matched, the rival armies close.

On press the rearmost, crowding on the van,
So thick, that neither hand can stir, nor spear
Be wielded; each one struggles as he can.
Here Pallas, there brave Lausus, charge and cheer,
Two foes, in age scarce differing by a year.
Both fair of form. Stern Fate to each forbade
His home return. But Jove allowed not here
A meeting; he who great Olympus swayed,
hile for mightier foes their destined doom delayed.

Warned by his gracious sister, Turnus flies
To take the place of Lausus. Driving through
The ranks, "Stand off," he shouts to his allies,
"I fight with Pallas; Pallas is my due.
Would that his sire were here himself to view!"
All clear the field. Then, pondering with surprise
The proud command, as back the crowd withdrew,
The youth, amazed at Turnus, rolls his eyes
scans his giant foe, and thus in scorn replies:

LXI. "Or kingly spoils shall make me famed to-day,
Or glorious death. Whatever end remain,
My sire can bear it. Put thy threats away."
Then forth he stepped; cold horror chills his train.
Down from his car, close combat to darrain,
Leapt Turnus. As a lion, who far away
Has marked a bull, that butts the sandy plain
For battle, springs to grapple with his prey;
So dreadful Turnus looks, advancing to the fray.

LXII. Him, deemed within his spear-throw, undismayed
The youth prevents, if chance the odds should square,
And aid his daring. To the skies he prayed,
"O thou, my father's guest-friend, wont whilere
A stranger's welcome at his board to share,
Aid me, Alcides, prosper my emprise;
Let Turnus fall, and, falling, see me tear
His blood-stained arms, and may his swooning eyes
Meet mine, and bear the victor's image, when he dies."

LXIII. Alcides heard, and, stifling in his breast
A deep groan, poured his unavailing grief.
Whom thus the Sire with kindly words addressed:
"Each hath his day; irreparably brief
Is mortal life, and fading as the leaf.
'Tis valour's part to bid it bloom anew
By deeds of fame. Dead many a godlike chief,
Dead lies my son Sarpedon. Turnus too
His proper Fates demand; his destined hour is due."

LXIV. So saying, he turned, and shunned the scene of death.
Forth Pallas hurled the spear with all his might,
And snatched the glittering falchion from the sheath.
Where the shield's top just matched the shoulders' height,
Clean through the rim, the javelin winged its flight,
And grazed the flesh. Then Turnus, poising slow
His oakbeam, tipt with iron sharp and bright,
Took aim, and, hurling, shouted to his foe,
"See, now, if this my lance can deal a deadlier blow."

He spake, and through the midmost shield, o'erlaid
With bull-hide, brass, and iron, welded hard,
Whizzed the keen javelin, nor its course delayed,
But pierced the broad breast through the corslet's guard.
He the warm weapon, in the wound embarred,
Wrenched, writhing in his agony; in vain;
Out gushed the life and life-blood. O'er him jarred
His clanging armour, as he rolled in pain.
ng, with bloody mouth he bites the hostile plain.

Then Turnus, standing o'er the dead, "Go to,
Arcadians, hear and let Evander know,
I send back Pallas, handled as was due.
If aught of honour can a tomb bestow,
If earth's cold lap yield solace to his woe,
I grant it. Dearly will his Dardan guest
Cost him, I trow." Then, trampling on the foe,
His left foot on the lifeless corpse he pressed,
tore the ponderous belt in triumph from his breast;

. The belt, whereon the tale of guilt was told,—
The wedding night, the couches smeared with gore,
The bridegrooms slain—which Clonus in the gold,
The son of Eurytus, had grav'n of yore,
And Turnus now, exulting, seized and wore.
Vain mortals! triumphing past bounds to-day,
Blind to to-morrow's destiny. The hour
Shall come, when gold in plenty would he pay
r Pallas to have touched, and curse the costly prey.

. With tears his comrades lifted from the ground
Dead Pallas; groaning, on his shield they bore
Him homeward, and the bitter wail went round.
O grief! O glory! fall'n to rise no more!
Thus back we bring thee, thus the son restore!
One day to battle gave thee, one hath ta'en,
Victor and vanquished in the self-same hour!
Yet fall'n with honour, for behind thee slain,
s of Rutulian foes thou leavest on the plain!"

LXIX. Sure tidings to Æneas came apace,—
'Twas no mere rumour—of his friends in flight;
Time pressed for help, death stared them in the face.
Sweeping his foes before him, left and right
He mows a passage through the ranks of fight.
Thee, haughty Turnus, thee he burns to find,
Hot with new blood, and glorying in thy might.
The sire, the son, the welcome warm and kind,
The feast, the parting grasp—all crowd upon his mind.

LXX. Eight youths alive he seizes for the pyre,
Four, sons of Sulmo, four, whom Ufens bred,
Poor victims, doomed to feed the funeral fire,
And pour their blood in quittance for the dead.
Then from afar a bitter shaft he sped
At Magus. Warily he stoops below
The quivering steel, that whistles o'er his head,
And, like a suppliant, crouching to his foe,
Clings to Æneas' knees, and cries in words of woe:

LXXI. "O by the promise of thy youthful heir,
By dead Anchises, pity, I implore,
My son, my father; for their sakes forbear.
Rich is my house, its cellars heaped with store
Of gold, and silver talents by the score.
'Tis not my doom, that shall the day decide.
If Trojans win, one foeman's life the more
Mars not the triumph, nor can turn the tide."
Thus he, and thus in scorn the Dardan chief replied

LXXII. "The treasures that thou vauntest, let them be.
Thy gold, thy silver, and thy hoarded gain
Spare for thy children, for they bribe not me.
Since Pallas fell by Turnus' hand, 'twere vain
To think thy pelf will traffic for the slain,
So deems my son, so deems Anchises' shade."
He spake, and with his left hand grasped amain
His helmet. Even as the suppliant prayed,
Hilt-deep, the neck bent back, he drove the shining blade.

II. Hard by, the son of Hæmon there was seen,
Apollo's priest and Trivia's, all aglow
In robe and armour of resplendent sheen,
The holy ribboned chaplet on his brow.
Him, met, afield he chases, lays him low,
And o'er him, like a storm-cloud, dark as night,
Stands, hugely shadowing the fallen foe:
And back Serestus bears his armour bright,
rophy, vowed to thee, Gradivus, lord of fight.

IV. Then Cæculus, to Vulcan's race allied,
And Marsian Umbro, rally 'gainst the foe
The wavering ranks. The Dardan on his side
Still rages. First from Anxur with a blow
His sword the shield-arm and the shield laid low.
Big things had Anxur boasted, empty jeers,
And deemed his valour with his vaunts would grow:
Perchance, with spirit lifted to the spheres,
ar hairs he looked to see, and length of peaceful years.

V. Sheathed in bright arms, proud Tarquitus in scorn,
Whom Dryope the nymph, if fame be true,
To Faunus, ranger of the woods, had borne,
Leaped forth, and at the fiery Dardan flew.
He, drawing back his javelin, aimed and threw.
And through the cuirass and the ponderous shield
Pinned him. Then, vainly as he strove to sue,
Much pleading, even while the suppliant kneeled,
ot off, the lifeless head went rolling on the field.

VI. His reeking trunk the victor in disdain
Spurns with his foot, and cries aloud, "Lie there,
Proud youth, and tell thy terrors to the slain.
No tender mother shall thy shroud prepare,
No father's sepulchre be thine to share.
Thy carrion corpse shall be the vultures' food,
And birds that batten on the dead shall tear
Thee piecemeal, and the fishes lick thy blood,
wned in the deep sea-gulfs, or drifting on the flood."

LXXVII. Lucas, Antæus in the van were slain.
Here Numa, there the fair-haired Camers lay,
Great Volscens' son; full many a wide domain
Was his, and mute Amyclæ owned his sway.
As when Ægeon, hundred-armed, they say,
And hundred-handed, would the Sire withstand,
And fifty mouths, and fifty maws each way
Shot flames against Jove's thunder, and each hand
Clashed on a sounding shield, or bared a glittering brand,

LXXVIII. So raves Æneas, victor of the war,
His sword now warmed, and many a foeman dies.
Now at Niphæus, in his four-horse car
Breasting the battle, in hot haste he flies.
Scared stand the steeds, in terror and surprise,
So dire his gestures, as he strides amain,
So fierce his looks, so terrible his cries;
Then, turning, from his chariot on the plain
Fling their ill-fated lord, and gallop to the main.

LXXIX. With two white steeds into the midmost dashed
Bold Lucagus and Liger, brethren twain.
Around him Lucagus his broad sword flashed
His brother wheeled the horses with the rein.
Fired at the sight, Æneas in disdain
Rushed on them, towering with uplifted spear.
"No steeds of Diomede, nor Phrygian plain,"
Cries Liger, "nor Achilles' car are here.
This field shall end the war, thy fatal hour is near."

LXXX. So fly his words, but not in words the foe
Makes answer, but his javelin hurls with might.
As o'er the lash proud Lucagus bends low
To prick the steeds, and planting for the fight
His left foot forward, stands in act to smite,
Clean through the nether margin of his shield
The Dardan shaft goes whistling in its flight,
And thrills his groin upon the left. He reeled,
And from the chariot fell half-lifeless on the field.

ii. Then bitterly Æneas mocked him: "Lo,
Proud Lucagus! no lagging steeds have played
Thy chariot false, nor shadows of the foe
Deceived thy horses, and their hearts dismayed.
'Tis thou—thy leap has lost the car!" He said
And snatched the reins. The brother in despair
Slipped down, and spread his hapless hands, and prayed:
"O by thyself, great son of Troy, forbear;
Those who bore thee such, have pity on my prayer."

ii. More would he, but Æneas: "Nay, not so
Thou spak'st erewhile. Die now, and take thy way,
And join thy brother, brotherlike, below."
Deep in the breast he stabbed him as he lay,
And bared the life's recesses to the day.
Such deaths the Dardan dealt upon the plain,
Like storm or torrent, full of rage to slay.
And now at length Ascanius and his train
t forth, and leave their camp, long leaguered, but in vain.

iii. Great Jove meanwhile to Juno spake and said,
"Sweet spouse and sister, thou hast deemed aright,
'Tis Venus, sure, who doth the Trojans aid,
Not courage, strength and patience in the fight."
Then Juno meekly: "Dearest, why delight
With cruel words to vex me, sad with fear
And sick at heart? Had still my love the might
t had and should have; were I still so dear,
thou, with all thy power, should'st then refuse to hear,

iv. "But safe should Turnus from the fight once more
Return to greet old Daunus. Be it so,
And let him die, and shed his righteous gore
To glut the vengeance of his Teucrian foe,
Albeit his name celestial birth doth show,
Fourth in succession from Pilumnus, yea,
Though oft his hand thy sacred shrines below
Hath heaped his gifts." She ended, and straightway
answer made the Sire, who doth Olympus sway:

LXXXV. "If but a respite for the youth be sought,
A little time of tarrying, ere he die,
And thus thou read'st the purport of my thought,
Take then awhile thy Turnus; let him fly
And 'scape his present fates; thus far may I
Indulge thee. But if aught beneath thy prayer
Lie veiled of purpose or of hopes more high,
To change the war's whole aspect, then beware,
For idle hopes thou feed'st, as empty as the air."

LXXXVI. Then She with tears: "What if thy heart should give
The pledge and promise, that thy lips disdain,
And Turnus by thy warrant still should live?
Now death awaits him guiltless, or in vain
I read the Fates. Ah! may I merely feign
An empty fear, and better thoughts advise
Thee—for thou can'st—to spare him and refrain!"
So saying, arrayed in storm-clouds, through the skies
Down to Laurentum's camp and Ilian lines she flies.

LXXXVII. Then straight the Goddess from a hollow cloud—
Strange sight to see!—a thin and strengthless shade
Shaped like the great Æneas, and endowed
With Dardan arms, and fixed the shield, and spread
The plume and crest as on his godlike head.
And empty words, a soulless sound, she gave,
And feigned the fashion of the warrior's tread.
Thus ghosts are said to glide above the grave;
Thus oft delusive dreams the slumbering sense enslave.

LXXXVIII. Proud stalks the phantom, gladdening in the van,
With darts provokes him, and with words defies.
Forth rushed fierce Turnus, hurling as he ran
His whistling spear. The shadow turns and flies.
Then Turnus, glorying in his fancied prize,
"Where now, Æneas, from thy plighted bride?
The land thou soughtest o'er the deep, it lies
Here, and this hand shall give it thee." He cried,
And waved his glittering sword, and chased him, nor espied

ix. The winds bear off his triumph.—Hard at hand,
With steps let down and gangway ready laid,
Moored by the rocks, a vessel chanced to stand,
Which brave Osinius, Clusium's king, conveyed.
Here, as in haste, for shelter plunged the shade.
On Turnus pressed, and with a bound ascends
The lofty gangways, dauntless nor delayed.
The bows scarce reached, the rope Saturnia rends,
down the refluent tide the loosened ship descends.

Loud calls Æneas for his absent foe,
And many a hero-body—all who dare
To meet him—hurries to the shades below.
No more the phantom lingers in his lair,
But, soaring, melts into the misty air.
Turnus a storm-wind o'er the deep sea blows.
Backward he looks, and of events unware,
And all unthankful to escape his foes.
o the stars of heaven his hand and voice he throws.

"Great Sire, was I so guilty in thy sight,
To make thee deem such punishment my due?
Whence came I? Whither am I borne? What flight
s this? and how do I return, and who?
Again Laurentum's city shall I view?
What of that band, who followed me, whom I—
Shame on me—left a shameful death to rue?
E'en now I see them scattered,—see them fly,—
see them fall; and hear the groans of those that die.

"What am I doing? Where can Earth for me
Gape deep enough? Ye winds that round me roar,
Pity I crave, on rocks amid the sea—
Tis Turnus, I, a willing prayer who pour—
Dash me this ship, or drive it on the shore,
Mid ruthless shoals, where no Rutulian eyes
May see my shame, nor prying Fame explore."
Thus he, and, tost in spirit, as he cries,
plan and that in turn his wavering thoughts devise:

XCIII. Madly to grasp the dagger in his hand,
And through his ribs drive home the naked blade,
Or plunge into the deep, and swim to land,
And, armed, once more the Teucrian foes invade.
Thrice, but in vain, each venture he essayed.
Thrice Heaven's high queen, in pity fain to save,
Held back the youth, and from his purpose stayed.
And borne along by favouring tide and wave,
On to his father's town the level deep he clave.

XCIV. Jove prompting, fierce Mezentius now the fight
Takes up, and charges at the Teucrian foes.
And, hurrying up, the Tuscan troops unite.
All against one—one only—these and those
Their gathered hate and crowding darts oppose.
Unmoved he stands, as when a rocky steep
In ocean, bare to every blast that blows,
Around whose base the savage waves upleap,
Braves all the threats of heaven, and buffets of the deep.

XCV. Hebrus he slew, from Dolichaon sprung,
Then Latagus, then Palmus, as he fled.
Full in the face of Latagus he flung
A monstrous stone, that stretched him with the dead.
Palmus, with severed hamstring, next he sped,
And rolled him helpless. Lausus takes his gear;
The shining crest he fits upon his head,
And dons the breastplate. 'Neath the conqueror's spear
Phrygian Evanthes falls, and Paris' friend and peer,

XCVI. Young Mimas, whom to Amycus that night
Theano bore, when, big with Ilion's bane,
Queen Hecuba brought Paris forth to light.
Now Paris sleeps upon his native plain,
But Mimas on a foreign shore is slain.
As when a wild-boar, hounded from the hill,
Who long on pine-clad Venulus hath lain,
Or in Laurentum's marish fed his fill,
Now in the toils caught fast, before his foes stands still,

. And snorts with rage, and rears his bristling back ;
None dares approach him, but aloof they wait,
Safe-shouting, and with distant darts attack ;
E'en so, of those who burn with righteous hate,
None dares against Mezentius try his fate.
But cries are hurled, and distant missiles plied,
While he, undaunted, but in desperate strait,
Gnashes his teeth, and from his shield's tough hide
es off the darts in showers, and shifts from side to side.

1. From ancient Corythus came Acron there,
A Greek, in exile from his half-won bride.
Him, dealing havoc in the ranks, elsewhere
Mezentius marked ; the purple plumes he eyed,
The robe his loved one for her lord had dyed.
As when a lion, prowling to and fro,
Sore pinched with hunger, round the fold, hath spied
A stag tall-antlered, or a timorous roe,
stly he grins, erect his horrid mane doth show ;

Prone o'er his victim, to the flesh he clings,
And laps the gore ; so, burning in his zeal,
The fierce Mezentius at his foemen springs.
Poor Acron falls, and earth with dying heel
spurns, and the red blood stains the splintered steel.
Orodes fled ; Mezentius marks his flight,
And scorns with lance a covert wound to deal,
But face to face confronts him in the fight,
age, not craft, prevails, and might o'ermatches might.
With foot and spear upon him, "See," he cries,
'Their champion ; see the great Orodes slain ! "
All shout applause, but, dying, he replies,
'Strange foe, not long thy triumph shall remain ;
Like fate awaits thee, on the self-same plain."
Die ! " said Mezentius, with a smile of spite,
'Jove cares for me," and plucked the shaft again.
Grim rest and iron slumber seal his sight ;
drooping eyelids close on everlasting night.

CI. Now Cædicus made great Alcathous fall,
Sacrator killed Hydaspes; Rapo too
Parthenius and Orses, strong and tall;
Messapus Clonius, whom his steed o'erthrew,
And, foot to foot, Lycaon's son he slew,
Brave Ericetes. Valerus with a blow
Felled Agis, Lycia's warrior. Salius flew
At Thronius, but Nealces lays him low,
Skilled with the flying dart and far-deceiving bow.

CII. Stern Mars, impartial, weighs in equal scale
The mutual slaughter, and the ghastly fight
Raves, as in turn they perish or prevail,
Vanquished or victor, for none dreams of flight.
From Heaven the gods look pitying on the sight,
Such fruitless hate, such scenes of mortal woe.
Here Venus, there great Juno, filled with spite,
Sits watching. Pale Tisiphone below
Fierce amid thousands raves, and bids the discord grow.

CIII. His massive spear Mezentius, flown with pride,
Shakes in his fury, as he towers amain,
Like huge Orion, when with ample stride
He cleaves the deep-sea, where the Nereids reign,
And lifts his lofty shoulders o'er the main,
Or when, uprooting from the mountain head
An aged ash, he stalks along the plain,
And hides his forehead in the clouds; so dread
Mezentius clangs his arms, so terrible his tread.

CIV. Æneas marks him in the files of fight
Far off, and hastes to meet him in advance.
Dauntless he waits, collected in his might,
The noble foe, then, measuring at a glance
The space his arm can cover with the lance;
"May this right hand, my deity," cried he,
"And this poised javelin aid the doubtful chance.
The spoils, from this false pirate stript, to thee
My Lausus, I devote; his trophy shalt thou be."

So saying, from far his whistling shaft he threw.
Wide glanced the missile, by the tough shield bent,
And finding famed Antores, as it flew,
'Twixt flank and bowels pierced a deadly rent.
He, friend of Hercules, from Argos sent,
With king Evander, 'neath Italian skies,
Had fixed his home. Alas! a wound unmeant
Hath laid him low. To heaven he lifts his eyes,
of sweet Argos dreams, his native land, and dies.

His javelin then the good Æneas cast;
Flying it pierced the hollow disk, and through
The plates of brass, thrice welded firm and fast,
And linen folds, and triple bull-hides flew,
And in the groin, with failing force but true,
Lodged deep. At once Æneas, for his eye
Glistens with joy, the Tuscan's blood to view,
His trusty sword unfastening from his thigh,
ngs at the faltering foe, and bids Mezentius die.

Love for his sire stirred Lausus, and the tears
Rolled down, and heavily he groaned. Thy fate,
Brave youth! thy prowess, if the far-off years
Shall give due credence to a deed so great,
My verse at least shall spare not to relate.
While backward limped Mezentius, spent and slow,
His shield still cumbered with the javelin's weight,
Forth sprang the youth, and grappled with the foe,
'neath Æneas' sword, uplifted for the blow,

Slipped in, and checked him. Onward press the train
With shouts, to shelter the retreating sire,
And distant arrows on the foeman rain.
Safe-covered stands Æneas, thrilled with ire.
As when the storm-clouds in a deluge dire
Pour down the hail, and all the ploughmen fly,
And scattered hinds from off the fields retire,
And rock or stream-side shields the passer-by,
sunshine calls to toil, and reawakes the sky;

CIX. So, whelmed with darts, the Trojan chief defies
The cloud of war, till all its storms abate,
And chides and threatens Lausus. "Fool," he cries,
"Why rush to death, and dare a deed too great?
Rash youth! thy love betrays thee." 'Twas too late;
Rage blinds poor Lausus, and he scorns to stay.
Then fiercer waxed the Dardan's wrath, and Fate
The threads had gathered, for their forceful sway
Hilt-deep within his breast the falchion urged its way.

CX. It pierced the shield, light armour and the vest,
Wrought by his mother with fine golden thread,
And drenched with gore the tunic and the breast.
Sweet life, departing, left the limbs outspread,
And the sad spirit to the ghost-world fled.
But when the son of great Anchises scanned
The face, the pallid features of the dead,
Deeply he groaned, and stretched a pitying hand.
Grief for his own dear sire his noble soul unmanned.

CXI. "Alas! what meed, to match such worth divine,
Can good Æneas give thee? Take to-day
The arms wherein thou joyed'st; they are thine.
Thy corpse—if aught can please the senseless clay—
Back to thy parents' ashes I repay.
Poor youth! thy solace be it to be slain
By great Æneas." Then his friends' delay
He chides, and lifts young Lausus from the plain,
Dead, and with dainty locks fouled by the crimson stain.

CXII. Meanwhile the sire Mezentius, faint with pain,
In Tiber's waters bathes the bleeding wound.
Against a trunk he leans; the boughs sustain
His brazen helm; his arms upon the ground
Rest idly, and his comrades stand around.
Sick, gasping, spent, his weary neck he tends;
Loose o'er his bosom floats the beard unbound.
Oft of his son he questions, oft he sends
To bid him quit the field, and seek his sire and friends.

. But, sad and sorrowful, the Tuscan train
Bear back the lifeless Lausus from the field,
Weeping—the mighty by a mightier slain,
And laid in death upon the warrior's shield.
Far off, their wailing to the sire revealed
The grief, that made his boding heart mistrust.
In agony of vanquish, down he kneeled,
His hoary hairs disfiguring with the dust,
, grovelling, clasped the corpse, and both his hands outthrust.

. "Dear son, was life so tempting to the sire,
To let thee face the foemen in my room,
Whom I begot? Shalt thou, my son, expire,
And I live on, my darling in the tomb,
Saved by thy wounds, and living by thy doom?
Ah! woe is me; too well at length I own
The pangs of exile, and the wound strikes home
'Twas I, thy name who tarnished, I alone,
om just resentment thrust from sceptre and from throne.

"Due to my country was the forfeit; yea,
All deaths Mezentius had deserved to die.
Yet still I leave, and leave not man and day,
But leave I will,—the fatal hour is nigh."
Then, slowly leaning on his crippled thigh
(Deep was the wound, but dauntless was his breast),
He rose, and calling for his steed hard by,
The steed, that oft in victory's hour he pressed,
solace and his pride, the sorrowing beast addressed:

"Rhæbus, full long, if aught of earth be long,
We two have lived. Æneas' head to-day,
And spoils, blood-crimsoned to avenge this wrong,
Back shalt thou bring, or, failing in the fray,
Bite earth with me, and be the Dardan's prey.
Not thou would'st brook a foreign lord, I weet,
Brave heart, or deign a Teucrian to obey."
He spoke, and, mounting to his well-known seat,
t at the ranks spurred forth, his dreaded foe to meet.

cxvii. Each hand a keen dart brandished; o'er his head
Gleamed the brass helmet with its horse-hair crest.
Shame for himself, and sorrow for the dead,
The parent's anguish, and the warrior's zest,
Thrilled through his veins, and kindled in his breast,
And thrice he called Æneas. With delight
Æneas heard him, and his vows addressed:
"So help me Jove, so Phœbus lend his might,
Come on," and couched his spear, advancing to the fight.

cxviii. "Wretch," cries Mezentius, "having robbed my son,
Why scare me now? Thy terrors I defy.
Only through Lausus were his sire undone.
I heed not death nor deities, not I;
Forbear thy taunting; I am here to die,
But send this gift to greet thee, ere I go."
He spake, and quickly let a javelin fly,
Another—and another, as round the foe
In widening orbs he wheels; the good shield bides the blow.

cxix. Thrice round Æneas leftward he careers,
Raining his darts. Thrice, shifting round, each way
The Trojan bears the forest of his spears.
At length, impatient of the long delay,
And tired with plucking all the shafts away,
Pondering awhile, and by the ceaseless blows
Hard pressed, and chafing at the unequal fray,
Forth springs Æneas, and betwixt the brows
Full at the warrior-steed a fatal javelin throws.

cxx. Up rears the steed, and paws the air in pain,
Then, following on his falling rider, lies
And pins him with his shoulder to the plain.
Shouts from each host run kindling through the skies.
Forth springs Æneas, glorying in his prize,
And plucks the glittering falchion from his thigh,
"Where now is fierce Mezentius? where," he cries,
"That fiery spirit?" Then, with upturned eye,
Gasping, with gathered sense, the Tuscan made reply:

1. "Stern foe! why taunt and threaten? 'twere no shame
To slay me. No such covenant to save
His sire made Lausus; nor for this I came.
One boon I ask—if vanquished men may crave
The victor's grace—a burial for the brave.
My people hate me; I have lived abhorred;
Shield me from them with Lausus in the grave."
This said, his throat he offered to the sword,
d o'er his shining arms life's purple stream was poured.

BOOK ELEVEN

Argument

Æneas erects a trophy of Mezentius' arms, and sends the body of Pallas with tears and lamentations to Evander (1-108). A truce for the burial of the dead is asked by the Latins, and sympathy with the Trojan cause finds a spokesman in Drances (109-144). The sorrow of Evander and the funeral rites of Trojans and Latins (145-262). The ambassadors return from the city of Diomedes and report that he praises Æneas and counsels submission (263-336). An anxious debate follows: Latinus suggests terms of peace: Drances inveighs against Turnus, who replies, protesting his readiness to meet Æneas in single combat, and presently seizes the opportunity afforded by a false alarm of impending attack to break up the council. The Latin mothers and maidens offer gifts and litanies to Pallas. Turnus arms for battle (337-576) Camilla and Messapus command the Latin horse; Turnus prepares an ambuscade (577-612). Diana tells the story of Camilla and charges Opis, one of her nymphs, to avenge her should she fall (613-684). Opis watches the battle before the city of Latinus (685-738). The deeds and death of Camilla are recounted: Aruns, her slayer, is slain by Opis (739-972). The Latins are routed, and Turnus, learning the news, abandons the ambush and hurries to the city, closely followed by Æneas (973-1026).

Meanwhile from Ocean peeps the dawning day.
The Dardan chief, though fain his friends to mourn,
And pressed with thoughts of burial, hastes to pay
His vows, as victor, with the rising morn.
A towering oak-tree, of its branches shorn,
He plants upon a mound. Aloft, in sight,
The glittering armour from Mezentius torn,
His spoils, he hangs,—a trophy to thy might,
at Mars, the Lord of war, the Ruler of the fight.

Thereon he sets the helmet and the crest,
Bedewed with gore, the javelins snapt in twain,
And fits the corslet on the warrior's breast,
Pierced in twelve places through the twisted chain.
The left arm, as for battle, bears again
The brazen shield, and from the neck depends
The ivory-hilted falchion of the slain.
Around, with shouts of triumph, crowd his friends,
om thus the Dardan chief with gladdening words commends:

"Comrades, great deeds have been achieved to-day;
Let not the morrow trouble you. See there
The tyrant's spoils, the first-fruits of the fray.
And this my work, Mezentius. Now prepare
To king Latinus and his walls to fare.
Let hope forestall, and courage hail the fray,
So, when the gods shall summon us to bear
The standards forth, and muster our array,
fears shall breed dull sloth, nor ignorance delay.

"Our co-mates now commit we to the ground,
Sole honour that in Acheron below
Awaits them. Go ye, on these souls renowned,
Who poured their blood, to purchase from the foe
This country for our fatherland, bestow
The last, sad gift, the tribute of a tomb.
First to Evander's city, whelmed in woe,
Send Pallas back, whom Death's relentless doom
n reft ere manhood's prime, and plunged in early gloom."

v. He spake, and sought the threshold, weeping sore,
Where by dead Pallas watched with pious care
Acœtes; once Evander's arms he bore,
His squire; since then, with auspices less fair,
The trusted guardian of his dear-loved heir.
A crowd of sorrowing menials stand around,
And Troy's sad matrons, with their streaming hair.
These, when Æneas at the door is found,
Shriek out, and beat their breasts, and bitter wails resound.

vi. He marked the pillowed head, the snow-white face,
The smooth breast, gaping with the wound, and cried
In anguish, while the tears burst forth apace,
"Poor boy; hath Fortune, in her hour of pride,
To me thy triumph and return denied?
Not such my promise to thy sire; not so
My pledge to him, who, ere I left his side
In quest of empire, clasped me, boding woe,
And warned the race was fierce, and terrible the foe.

vii. "He haply now, by empty hope betrayed,
With prayer and presents doth the gods constrain.
We to the dead, whose debt to Heaven is paid,
The rites of mourners render, but in vain.
Unhappy! doomed to see thy darling slain.
Is this the triumph? this the promise sworn?
This the return? Yet never thine the pain
A coward's flight, a coward's scars to mourn;
Not thine to long for death, thy loved one saved with scorn.

viii. "Ah, weep, Ausonia! thou hast lost to-day
Thy champion. Weep, Iulus; he is ta'en,
Thy heart's delight, the bulwark of the fray!"
Thus he with tears, and bids them lift the slain.
A thousand men, the choicest of his train,
He sends as mourners, with the corpse to go,
And stand between the parent and his pain,
A scanty solace for so huge a woe,
But such as pity claims, and piety doth owe.

Of oaken twigs and arbutus they wove
A wattled bier. Soft leaves beneath him made
His pillow, and with leafy boughs above
They twined a verdurous canopy of shade.
There, on his rustic couch the youth is laid,
Fair as the hyacinth, with drooping head,
Cropped by the careless fingers of a maid,
Or tender violet, when life has fled,
t, torn from earth, still blooms, unfaded but unfed.

Two purple mantles, stiff with golden braid,
Æneas brings, which erst, in loving care,
Sidonian Dido with her hands had made,
And pranked with golden tissue, for his wear.
One, wound in sorrow round the corpse so fair,
The last, sad honour, shrouds the senseless clay;
One, ere the burning, veils the warrior's hair.
Rich spoils, the trophies of Laurentum's fray,
pt arms and steeds he brings, and bids them pile the prey.

Here march the captives, doomed to feed the flames;
There, staff in hand, each Dardan chief uprears
The spoil-decked ensigns, marked with foemen's names.
There, too, they lead Accœtes, bowed with years,
He smites his breast, his haggard cheeks he tears,
Then flings his full length prostrate. There, again,
The blood-stained chariot, and with big, round tears,
Stript of his trappings, in the mournful train,
non, the warrior's steed, comes sorrowing for the slain.

These bear the dead man's helmet and his spear;
All else the victor for his spoils hath ta'en.
A melancholy phalanx close the rear,
Teucrians, and Tuscans, and Arcadia's train,
With arms reversed, and mourning for the slain.
So passed the pomp, and, while the tear-drops fell,
Æneas stopped, and, groaning, cried again,
"Hail, mighty Pallas! us the fates compel
other tears to shed. Farewell! a long farewell!"

XIII. He spake, then, turning, to the camp doth fare.
Thither Laurentum's envoys found their way.
Branches of olive in their hands they bear,
And beg a truce,—a respite from the fray,
Their slaughtered comrades in the ground to lay,
And glean the war's sad harvest. Brave men ne'er
Warred with the dead and vanquished. Once were they
His hosts and kinsmen; he would surely spare.
Their plea Æneas owns, and thus accosts them fair:

XIV. "What mischief, Latins, hath your minds misled,
To shun our friendship in the hour of need,
And rush to arms? Peace ask ye for the dead,
The War-God's prey, whom folly doomed to bleed?
Peace to the living would I fain concede.
I came not hither, but with Heaven to guide.
Fate chose this country, and this home decreed;
Nor war I with the race. Your king denied
Our proffered league; 'twas he on Turnus' arms relied.

XV. "'Twere juster then that Turnus hand to hand
His life had ventured. Dreams he in his pride
To end the war, and drive us from the land?
He should have met me; he or I had died,
As Fate or prowess might the day decide.
Go, take your dead, and let the bale-fires blaze:
Ye have your answer." Thus the prince replied,
And each on each the wondering heralds gaze,
Mute with admiring awe, and wildered with amaze.

XVI. Then Drances, ever fain with gibes and hate
To vex young Turnus, takes the word and cries,
"O Trojan, great in fame, in arms more great,
What praise of mine shall match thee with the skies?
What most—thy deeds or justice—shall I prize?
Grateful, this answer to our friends we bear,
And thee (let Turnus seek his own allies),
Thee King Latinus shall his friend declare,
And Latium's sons with joy Troy's destined walls prepare."

. He spake; as one, all murmur their assent.
For twice six days a solemn truce they plight,
And Teucrians, now, with Latins, freely blent
In peaceful fellowship, as friends unite,
And roam the wooded hills. Sharp axes smite
The sounding ash; these with keen wedges cleave
Tall oak and scented cedar; those with might
The pine-tree, soaring to the stars, upheave,
l wains, with groaning wheels, the giant elms receive.

. Now Rumour, harbinger of woe so great,
That told of Pallas victor, fills again
Evander's town. All hurry to the gate,
With torches snatched, as ancient rites ordain.
A line of fire, that parts the dusky plain,
The long road gleams before them, as they go
To meet the mourners. Soon the wailing train
The Phrygians join. With shrieks the matrons know
off the funeral throng, and fill the town with woe.

Naught stays Evander; through the midst he springs,
And falling on the bier, as down they lay
Dead Pallas, groaning to his child he clings,
And hangs with tears upon the senseless clay,
Till speech, half-choked with sorrow, finds a way.
'Pallas, not such thy promise to thy sire,
Warely to trust the War-God in the fray.
I knew what ardour would thy soul inspire,
charms of new-won fame, and battle's fierce desire.

"O bitter first-fruits of a youth so fair!
O war's stern prelude! promise dashed to scorn!
Unheeded vows, and unavailing prayer!
O happy spouse! not left, like me, to mourn
A son thus slaughtered, and a life outworn.
I have o'erlived my destiny; life fled
When Pallas left me childless and forlorn.
O, had I fall'n with Trojans in his stead,
me this pomp brought home, and not my Pallas, dead!

xxi. "Yet, Trojans, you I blame not, nor the hands
We joined in friendship, nor the league we swore.
Old age—too old—this cruel lot demands.
Ah, sweet to think, though falling in his flower,
He fell, where thousand Volscians fell before,
Leading Troy's sons to Latium. Thou shalt have
A Trojan's funeral—can I wish thee more?—
What rites Æneas offers to the brave,
And all Etruria's hosts shall bear thee to the grave.

xxii. "Proud trophies those who perish by thy hand
Bear thee, and slaughtered foemen speak thy fame.
Thou, Turnus, too, an effigy should'st stand,
Hung round with arms, and Pallas' praise proclaim,
Had but thine age and Pallas' been the same,
Like thine the vigour of his years. But O!
Why, Teucrians, do I keep you? wherefore claim
An old man's privilege of empty woe?
This message bear your king, and con it as ye go.

xxiii. "If yet I linger on, with Pallas slain,
Loathing the light, and longing to expire,
'Tis thy right hand that tempts me to remain,
That hand from which—thou see'st it—son and sire
The penalty of Turnus' blood require.
This niche of fame,—'tis all the Fates bestow—
Awaits thee still. For me, all life's desire—
'Twere vain—hath fled; but gladly would I go,
And bear the welcome news to Pallas' shade below."

xxiv. Meanwhile to weary mortals fresh and fair
Upsprings the Dawn, and reawakes the land
To toil and labour. Reared with pious care
By Tarchon and the good Æneas, stand
The funeral pyres along the winding strand.
Here brings each warrior, as in days gone by,
His comrade's corpse, and holds the lighted brand.
The dusk flames burn beneath them, and on high
The clouds of smoke roll up, and shroud the lofty sky.

xv. Three times the Trojans, sheathed in shining mail,
Pace round the piles; three times they ride around
The funeral fire, and raise the warrior's wail.
Tears bathe their arms, and tears bedew the ground,
And, mixt with clamour, comes the clarion's sound.
Spoils of dead Latins on the flames are thrown,
Bits, bridles, glowing wheels and helmets crown'd
With glittering plumes, and, last, the gifts well-known,
he luckless spear and shield, the weapons of their own.

vi. Oxen in numbers round the pyres are slain
To Death's dread power, and herds of bristly swine;
And cattle, snatched from all the neighbouring plain,
And sheep they slaughter for the flames divine.
Far down the sea-coast, where the bale-fires shine,
They guard and gaze upon the pyres, where lie
Their burning comrades, nor their watch resign,
Nor leave the spot, till dewy night on high
olls round the circling heavens, and starlight gilds the sky.

vii. Nor less the sorrowing Latins build elsewhere
Their countless piles. These burying they bemoan;
Those to the town or neighbouring fields they bear.
The rest, untold, unhonoured and unknown,
A mass of carnage, on the flames are thrown.
Thick blaze the fires, and light the plains around,
And on the third dawn, when the mists have flown,
The bones and dust, still smouldering on the ground,
ourning, they rake in heaps, and cover with a mound.

viii. But loudest in Laurentum rose the noise
Of woe and wailing for their friends who died.
Here, mothers, wives, sad sisters, orphaned boys
Curse the dire war, and Turnus and his bride.
"Let him, let Turnus fight it out," they cried;
"Who claims chief honours and Italia's throne,
And caused the quarrel, let his sword decide";
And spiteful Drances: "Ay, 'tis he alone
nom Latium's foes demand; the challenge is his own."

xxix. And voices, too, with various reasons, plead
For Turnus, sheltered by the queen's great name,
And spoils that speak for many a glorious deed.
Lo, in the midst, the tumult still aflame,
With doleful news from Diomede, back came
The envoys. All was useless,—gifts, and prayer,
And proffered gold; his answer was the same:
Let Latins look for other arms elsewhere,
Or beg the Trojan king in clemency to spare.

xxx. Grief bowed Latinus, and his heart sank low.
The wrath of Heaven, the recent funerals,
The graves before them—all Æneas show
The god's true choice. A council straight he calls,
And Latium's chiefs convenes within his walls.
All meet; along the crowded ways the peers
Stream at the summons. In his palace-halls
Amidst them sits Latinus, first in years,
And first in sceptred state, but filled with anxious fears.

xxxi. Forthwith the envoys he invites, each man
To tell his message, and the terms expound,
Then, silence made, thus Venulus began:
"Friends, we have seen great Diomede, and found
The Argive camp, and, safe from peril, crowned
Our journey's end, and pressed the mighty hand
That razed old Troy. On Iapygian ground
By Garganus the conqueror hath planned
Argyripa's new town, named from his native land.

xxxii. "There, audience gained and liberty to speak,
The gifts we tender, and our names declare
And country, who our foemen, what we seek,
And why to Arpi and his court we fare.
He hears, and gently thus bespeaks us fair:
'O happy nations, once by Saturn blest,
Time-old Ausonians, what sad misfare,
What evil fortune mars your ancient rest
And tempts to wage strange wars, and dare the doubtful test?

iii. "'All we, whoever with the steel profaned
Troy's fields (I leave the wasting siege alone,
The dead, who lie in Simois), all have drained
Evils past utterance, o'er the wide world blown,
And, suffering, learned our trespass to atone,
A hapless band! E'en Priam's self might weep
For woes like ours, as Pallas well hath known,
Whose baleful star once wrecked us on the deep,
l grim Eubœa's rocks, Caphareus' vengeful steep.

iv. "'Freed from that war, to distant shores we stray.
To Proteus' Pillars, far remote from men
An exile, Menelaus wends his way;
Ulysses shudders at the Cyclops' den;
Why speak of Pyrrhus, by Orestes slain?
Or poor Idomeneus, expelled his state?
Of Locrians, cast upon the Libyan plain?
Of Agamemnon, greatest of the great,
cenæ's valiant lord, slain by his faithless mate,

v. "'E'en on his threshold, when the adulterer lay
In wait for Asia's conqueror? Me, too,
Hath envious Heaven in exile doomed to stay,
Nor home, nor wife, nor Calydon to view.
Nay, ghastly prodigies my flight pursue.
Transformed to birds, my comrades wing the skies,—
Ah! cruel punishment for friends so true!—
Or skim the streams; from all the shores arise
ir piteous shrieks, the cliffs re-echo with their cries.

vi. "'Such woes had I to look for, from the day
I dared a goddess, and my javelin tore
The hand of Venus. To such fights, I pray,
Persuade me not. Troy fall'n, I fight no more
With Trojans, nor those evil days of yore
Now care to dwell on. To Æneas go,
And take these gifts. Once, hand to hand, we bore
The shock of battle; to my cost I know
r to his shield he towers, the whirlwind of his throw.

xxxvii. "'Had Ida's land two others borne as great,
To Argos Dardanus had found his way,
And Greece were mourning now a different fate.
The stubborn siege, the conquerors kept at bay,
For ten whole years, the triumph's long delay
Were his and Hector's doing, each in might
Renowned, and each the foremost in the fray,
Æneas first in piety. Go, plight
What peace ye may, but shun to meet him in the fight.'

xxxviii. "Thou hast, great king, the answer of the king,
And this, his sentence on the war." So they,
And diverse murmurs in the crowd upspring;
As when big rocks a rushing torrent stay,
The prisoned waters, chafing with delay,
Boil, and the banks in many a foaming crest
Fling back with echoes the tumultuous spray.
Now from his throne, their murmurs laid to rest,
The King, first offering prayer, his listening folk addressed:

xxxix. "I would, ye peers, and better it had been
An earlier hour had called us to debate,
Than thus in haste a council to convene,
And meet, while foemen battle at the gate.
A war ill-omened, with disastrous fate,
We wage with men unconquered in the field,
A race of gods, whose force nor toils abate,
Nor wounds can tire; who, driven back, still wield
The sword and shake the spear, and, beaten, scorn to yield.

xl. "What hope ye had in Diomede, give o'er;
Each for himself must be his hope and stay.
This hope how slender, and our straits how sore,
Ye see; the general ruin and decay
Is open, palpable and clear as day.
Yet blame I none; what valour could, was done.
Our country's strength, our souls were in the fray.
Hear then in brief, and ponder every one,
What wavering thoughts have shaped, our present fate to shun.

LI. "Far-stretching westward, past Sicania's bound,
By Tiber's stream, an ancient tract is mine.
Auruncans and Rutulians till the ground;
Their ploughshares cleave the stubborn slopes, their kine
Graze on the rocks. This tract, these hills of pine
Let Latins yield the Trojans for their own,
And both, as friends, in equal league combine
And share the realm. Here let them settle down,
f so they love the land, and build the wished-for town.

LII. "But if new frontiers, and another folk,
They fain would look for, and can leave our shore,
Then twice ten ships of tough Italian oak
Build we, nor only let us build a score
Can they but man them (by the stream good store
Of timber is at hand); let them decide
The form, the number, and the size. What more
Is wanting, we will grudge not to provide,
Gold, labour, brass, and docks, and naval gear beside.

LIII. "Nay more, to strike the proffered league, 'twere good
That chosen envoys to their camp should fare,
A hundred Latins of the noblest blood,
The peaceful olive in their hands to bear,
With gifts, the choicest that the realm can spare,
Talents of gold and ivory, just in weight,
The royal mantle, and the curule chair,
The marks of rule. With freedom now debate,
onsult the common weal, and help the sickly state."

LIV. Up rose then Drances, with indignant mien,
Whom, spiteful still, the fame of Turnus stung
With carping envy, and malignant spleen;
Lavish of wealth, and fluent with his tongue,
No mean adviser in debate, and strong
In faction, but in battle cold and tame.
From royal seed his mother's race was sprung,
His sire's unknown. He thus with words of blame
iles up the general wrath, and fans resentment's flame.

XLV. "Good king, the matter—it is plain, for each
Knows well our needs, but hesitates to say.
Let *him* cease blustering, and allow free speech,
Him, for whose pride and sullen temper, yea,
I say it, let him threaten as he may—
Quenched is the light of many a chief, that lies
In earth's cold lap, and mourning and dismay
Have filled the town, while, sure of flight, he tries
To storm the Trojan camp, and idly flouts the skies.

XLVI. "One gift, O best of monarchs, add, to crown
Thy bounty to the Dardans,—one, beside
These many, nor let bluster bear thee down.
A worthy husband for thy child provide,
And peace shall with the lasting pact abide.
Else, if such terror doth our souls enslave,
Him now, in hope to turn away his pride,
Him let us pray his proper right to waive,
And, pitying, deign to yield what king and country crave.

XLVII. "O Turnus, cause of all our ills to-day,
Why make the land these miseries endure?
The war is desperate; for peace we pray,
And that one pledge, inviolably sure,
Naught else but which can make the peace secure.
Thy foeman, I—nor be the fact concealed,
For so thou deem'st—entreat thee and adjure.
Blood flows enough on many a wasted field.
Relent, and spare thine own, and, beaten, learn to yield.

XLVIII. "Or, if fame tempt, and in thy bosom glow
Such fire, and so thou hankerest to gain
A kingdom's dower, take heart and face the foe.
Must we, poor souls, that Turnus may obtain
A royal bride, like carrion strew the plain,
Unwept, unburied? If thine arm hath might,
If but a spark of native worth remain,
Go forth this hour; in arms assert thy right,
And meet him, face to face, who calls thee to the fight."

LIX. Fierce blazed the wrath of Turnus, and he wrung
Speech from his breast, deep groaning in his gall.
"Glib art thou, Drances, voluble of tongue,
When hands are needed, and the trumpets call.
The council summoned, thou art first of all.
Not this the hour thy vapouring to outpour,
Though big thy talk, and brave the words, that fall
From craven lips, while ramparts stand before,
To guard thee safe from foes, nor trenches swim with gore.

. "Rave on, and thunder in thy wonted strain,
And brand me coward, thou whose hands can slay
Such Trojan hosts, whose trophies grace the plain.
What worth can do, and manhood can essay,
We twain may venture. Sooth, not far away
Need foes be sought; around the walls they throng.
March we to meet them! Dotard, why delay?
Still dwells thy War-God in a windy tongue,
And flying feet, and knees all feeble and unstrung?

I. "I beaten? Who, foul spawn of earth, shall call
Me beaten? who, that saw swoln Tiber flow
Red with the blood of Trojans, ay, and all
Evander's house and progeny laid low,
And fierce Arcadians vanquished at a blow?
Not such dead Pandarus and Bitias found
This right hand, nor those thousands hurled below
In one short day, when battlement and mound
Hemmed me in hostile walls, and foemen swarmed around.

II. "No hope from war?—Go, fool, to Dardan ears
These bodings whisper, to thy new ally.
Go, swell the panic, spread the coward's fears.
Puff up the foemen's prowess to the sky,—
Twice-conquered churls,—and Latin arms decry.
See now, forsooth, the Myrmidons afraid
Of Phrygian arms, Tydides fain to fly,
Achilles trembling, Aufidus in dread
Shrunk from the Hadrian deep, and cowering in his bed.

LIII. "Or mark the trickster's cunning when he feigns
To fear my vengeance, whom his taunts revile!
Nay, Drances, be at ease; this hand disdains
To take the forfeit of a soul so vile.
Keep it, fit inmate of that breast of guile,
And now, good Sire, if, beaten, we despair,
If never Fate on Latin arms shall smile,
And naught our ruined fortunes can repair,
Stretch we our craven hands, and beg the foe to spare.

LIV. "Yet oh! if aught of ancient worth remain,
Him deem I noblest, and his end renowned,
Brave soul! who sooner than behold such stain,
Fell once for all, and, dying, bit the ground.
But, if fit men and martial means abound,
And towns and tribes, to muster at our call,
Hath Italy; if Trojans, too, have found
Fame dearly bought with many a brave man's fall
(For they have, too, their deaths; the storm hath swept o'er all)

LV. "Why fail we on the threshold, faint with fears,
And sick knees tremble ere the trumpets bray?
Time—healing Time—and long, laborious years
Oft raise the humble; Fortune in her play
Lifts those to-morrow, whom she lowers to-day.
What though no aid Ætolian Arpi lends,
Ours is Messapus, ours Tolumnius, yea,
And all whom Latium or Laurentum sends,
Nor scanty fame, nor slow Italia's hosts attends.

LVI. "Ours, too, is brave Camilla, noble maid,
The pride of Volscians, and she leads a band
Of horsemen fierce, in brazen arms arrayed.
If me the foe to single fight demand,
And so ye will, and I alone withstand
The common good, come danger as it may,
Not so hath victory fled this hated hand,
Not yet so weak is Turnus, as to stay
With such a prize unsnatched, and falter from the fray.

vii. "Though greater than the great Achilles he,
Though, like Achilles, Vulcan's arms he wear,
Fain will I meet him. Lo, to you, to thee,
Latinus, father of the bride so fair,
I, Turnus, I, in prowess past compare,
Devote this life. Æneas calls but me,
So let him, rather than that Drances bear
The smart, if death the wrathful gods decree,
Or, if 'tis glory's field, usurp the victor's fee."

viii. While thus, with wrangling and contentious doubt,
They urged debate, Æneas his array
Moved from the camp. Behold, a trusty scout
Back, through Latinus' palace, speeds his way,
And fills the town with tumult and dismay.
The Trojans—see!—the Trojans,—down they swarm
From Tiber. See the meadows far away
Alive with foes! Rage, turmoil and alarm
n turns distract the town. "Arm," cry the young men, "arm!"

ix. The old men weep and mutter. Clamours rend
The startled skies, and discord reigns supreme,
E'en as when birds on lofty woods descend
In flocks, or in Padusa's fishful stream
The swans sing hoarsely, and the wild-fowl scream
Along the babbling waters. Turnus straight
The moment snatched. "Ah! townsmen, sooth, ye deem
This hour an hour to chatter and debate;
it on, and praise sweet peace, while foemen storm the gate."

x. He spake, and from the council dashed with speed.
"Go, Volusus," he cries, "and arm amain
The Volscians; hither the Rutulians lead.
Messapus, go, with horsemen in thy train,
And Coras, with thy brother scour the plain.
Let these all entrance at the gate forestall,
And man the turrets; let the rest remain
In arms, and wait my bidding." One and all,
The townsmen throng the streets, and hurry to the wall.

LXI. Then, sore distrest, the aged king proclaims
The council closed, and for a happier tide
Puts off debate; and oft himself he blames,
Who welcomed not Æneas to his side,
Nor graced his city with a Dardan's bride.
But hark! to battle peals the clarion's call.
These by the gate dig trenches, those provide
Sharp stakes and stones. Along the girdling wall
Pale boys and matrons stand: the last hour cries for all.

LXII. To Pallas' rock-built temple rides the queen,
Bearing her gifts. The matrons march in line,
And by her side is fair Lavinia seen,
The war's sad authoress, with down-dropt eyne.
They, entering in, with incense fume the shrine,
And from the threshold pour the mournful strain:
"O strong in arms, Tritonian maid divine!
Break thou the Phrygian robber's spear in twain,
And 'neath the gates strike down and stretch him on the plain.'

LXIII. Now in hot haste fierce Turnus dons the mail,
Eager for battle. On his breast he laced
The corselet, rough with many a brazen scale.
Around his legs the golden greaves he placed,
His brow yet bare, and at his side he braced,
The trusty sword. All golden is the glow
Of burnished arms, as down the height in haste
He flies exulting to the field below.
High leaps his heart, and hope anticipates the foe.

LXIV. So, free at length, his tether snapt in twain,
Swift from his stall, in eager joy, the steed
Bounds forth and, master of the open plain,
Now seeks the mares that in the pastures feed,
Now towards the well-known river scours the mead,
Wont there to cool his glowing sides, and neighs
With head erect and glories in his speed,
While o'er his collar and his shoulders plays
The waving mane, flung loose in many a wandering maze.

LXV. Him meets Camilla, with her Volscian train,
And by the gate dismounting then and there
(Down likewise leap her followers to the plain),
"Turnus," she cries, "if confidence can e'er
Befit the brave, I venture and I swear
Singly to face yon Trojans in the fray,
And stem the Tuscan cavalry. My care
Shall be the war's first hazards to essay;
Thou guard the walls afoot, and by the ramparts stay."

LXVI. Then he, with eyes fixt on the wondrous maid,
"O glory of Italia, virgin bright!
What praise can match thee? how shall thanks be paid?
But now, since naught can daunt thee nor affright,
Share thou my labour, and divide the fight.
Yonder Æneas, so the news hath flown,
So spies report, hath sent his horsemen light
To scour the fields, while o'er the mountains' crown
Himself through devious ways is marching to the town.

LXVII. "Deep in a hollow, where the wood's dark shade
Two cross-ways hides, an ambush I prepare,
And armed men shall the double pass blockade.
Thou take the shock of battle, and o'erbear
The Tuscan horse. Messapus shall be there,
Tiburtus' band, and Latins in array
To aid, and thine shall be the leader's care."
He spake, and cheered Messapus to the fray,
And Latium's federate chiefs, and spurred upon his way.

LXVIII. There lies a winding valley, fit for snares
And stratagems, shut in on either hand
By wooded slopes. A narrow pathway fares
Along the gorge, and on the hill-tops, planned
For safety, flat but hidden spreads the land.
Rightward or leftward there is room to bear
The shock of arms, or on the ridge to stand,
And roll down rocks upon the foe. 'Twas there
Young Turnus, screened by woods, lies crouching in his lair.

LXIX. Meanwhile Latonia in the realms of air
Fleet Opis, sister of her sacred train,
Addressed in sorrowing accents, "Maiden fair,
See how Camilla to the fatal plain
Goes forth, in quest of battle. See, in vain
Our arms she wears, the quiver and the bow.
Dearest is she of all that own my reign,
Nor new-born is Diana's love, I trow;
No fit of fondness this, or fancy known but now

LXX. "When tyrant Metabus his people's hate
Drove from Privernum, for his deeds of shame.
His babe he bore, the partner of his fate,
Through war and battle, and, her mother's name
Casmilla changed, Camilla she became.
To lonely woods and hill-tops fain to fly,
Fierce swords and Volscians all around, he came
Where Amasenus, with its waves bank-high,
Athwart him foamed; so vast a deluge rent the sky.

LXXI. "Prepared to plunge, he pauses, sore assailed
By love, and terror for a charge so dear.
All means revolving, this at last prevailed.
Fire-dried and knotted, an enormous spear
Of seasoned oak the warrior chanced to bear.
To the mid shaft the tender babe he ties,
Swathed in the covering of a cork-tree near,
Then lifts the load, and, poising, ere it flies,
The ponderous lance, looks up, and thus invokes the skies:

LXXII. "'O Queen of woods, Latonia, virgin fair!
To thee my daughter I devote this day,
Thy handmaid. See, thus early through the air
She bears thy weapons. Make her thine, I pray,
And safely through the doubtful air convey.'
So prayed the sire, and nerved him for the throw,
Then aimed, and launched the missile on its way.
The babe forlorn, while roars the stream below,
Link'd to the shaft, is borne across the current's flow.

LXXIII. "In plunges Metabus, the foemen near,
And Trivia's gift, safe landing from the wave,
Plucks from the grass,—the maiden and the spear.
No town is his, to shelter and to save,
His savage mood no shelter deigns to crave.
A shepherd's life on lonely hills he leads,
In tangled covert, or in woodland cave.
The milk of beasts supplies his daughter's needs,
And from the wild-mare's teats her tender lips he feeds.

LXXIV. "And when the tottering infant first essayed
To plant her footsteps, to her hands he strung
A lance, and o'er the shoulders of the maid
The light-wing'd arrows and the bow he slung.
For golden coif and trailing mantle, hung
A tiger's spoils. Her tiny hand e'en then
Hurled childish darts; e'en then the tough hide, swung
Around her temples, as she roamed the plain,
Brought down the snowy swan, or swift Strymonian crane.

LXXV. "Full many a Tuscan mother far and near
Has wooed Camilla for her son in vain.
Contented with Diana year by year,
She loves her silvan weapon, free and fain
To live a maiden-huntress, pure of stain.
And O! had battle, and the toils of fight
Not lured her thus to combat on the plain,
And match her prowess with the Teucrians' might,
Mine were the maiden still, my darling and delight.

LXXVI. "Now, since well-nigh the fatal threads are spun,
Go, Nymph, to Latin frontiers wing thy way,
Where evil omens mark the fight begun.
Take, too, this quiver; who the maid shall slay,—
Trojan or Latin—with his blood shall pay
Myself the armour and the corpse will bear,
Wrapt in a cloud, and in her country lay."
She spake, and, girt with whirlwind, and the blare
Of sounding arms, the Nymph glides down the yielding air.

LXXVII. Meanwhile, the Trojans and the Tuscan train,
In marshalled squadrons, to the walls draw near,
Steeds neigh, and chafe, and prance upon the plain,
And lances bristling o'er the field appear.
Messapus, too, and Latium's hosts are here,
Coras, Catillus, and Camilla leads
Her troops to aid. All couch the levelled spear,
And whirl the dart. Hot waxes on the meads
The tramp of hurrying hosts, the snorting of the steeds.

LXXVIII. Each halts within a spear-cast of the foe,
Then, spurring, forward with a shout they dash,
And, darkening heaven, shower the darts like snow.
In front, Tyrrhenus and Aconteus rash
Cross spears, the first to grapple. With a crash,
Steed against steed, went ruining. Breast and head
Shocked and were shattered. Like the lightning's flash,
And loud as missile from an engine sped,
Hurled far, Aconteus falls, and with a gasp lies dead.

LXXIX. This breaks the line; the Latins turn and fly,
Their shields behind them. On the Trojans go,
Asilas first. And now the gates are nigh;
Once more, with shouts, the Latins face the foe;
These, scared in turn, the slackened reins forego.
So shifts the fight, as on the winding strand
The swelling ocean, with alternate flow,
Foams on the rocks, and curls along the sand,
Now sucks the shingle back, and, ebbing, leaves the land.

LXXX. Twice the fierce Tuscans, spurring o'er the fields,
Drive the Rutulians to their walls in flight.
Twice, driven backward, from behind their shields
The victors see the rallying foes unite.
But when the third time, in the fangs of fight,
Man singling man, both armies met to close,
Loud were the groans, and fearful was the sight,
Arms splashed with gore, steeds, riders, friends and foes,
Blent in the deadly broil, and fierce the din uprose.

LXXXI. Lo, here, Orsilochus, too faint with fear
To meet fierce Remulus, a distant dart
Hurls at his steed. Beneath the charger's ear
The shaft stands fixt; the beast, with sudden start,
His breast erect, and maddened by the smart,
Rears up, and flings his rider to the ground.
Here brave Iolas, from his friends apart,
Catillus slew; Herminius next he found,
Large-hearted, large of limb, and eke in arms renowned.

LXXXII. Bare is his head, with auburn locks aglow,
And bare his shoulders. Wounds to him are vain;
Tower-like he stands, defenceless to the foe.
Through his broad chest the javelin, urged amain,
Pierced him, and quivered, and he writhed with pain,
His giant form bent double. Far and nigh
The dark blood pours in torrents on the plain,
As, dealing havoc with the sword, they vie,
And, courting wounds, rush on, a warrior's death to die.

LXXXIII. There, quiver-girt, the Amazonian maid,
One bosom bare, amidst the carnage wheeled,
Camilla, glorying in the war's grim trade.
Her limber darts she scatters o'er the field,
Her arms untired the ponderous axe can wield.
Diana's arrows and the golden bow
Sound at her back. She too, if forced to yield,
Fights as she flies, and well the maid doth know
With flying shafts hurled back to stay the following foe.

LXXXIV. Around her, Tulla and Larinia stand,
Tarpeia too, with brazen axe bedight,
Italians all, the choicest of her band,
In peace or war her glory and delight.
So, battling round Hippolyte, unite
Her Thracians, when Thermodon's banks afar
Ring with their arms. So rides the maid of might,
Penthesilea, in her conquering car,
And hosts, with moon-shaped shields, exulting hail the war.

LXXXV. Whom first, dread maiden, did thy javelin quell?
Whom last? how many in the dust lay low?
Eunæus first, the son of Clytius, fell.
Sheer through his breast, left naked to the blow,
Ploughed the long fir-shaft, as he faced his foe.
Prone falls the warrior, and in deadly stound
Gasps out his life-blood, and the crimson flow
Spouts forth in torrents, as he bites the ground,
And, dying, grasps the spear, and writhes upon the wound.

LXXXVI. Liris anon and Pagasus she slew,
One, flung to earth, and gathering up the rein,
His charger stabbed, the other, as he flew
To aid, and reached his helpless hands in vain,
Amastrus, son of Hippotas, was slain;
Harpalycus, Demophoon, as they fled,
The dread spear caught, and stretched upon the plain,
Tereus and Chromis. For each shaft that sped,
Launched from her maiden hand, a Phrygian foe lay dead.

LXXXVII. On Iapygian steed, in arms unknown,
Rode Ornytus, the huntsman. A rough hide,
Stript from a bullock, o'er his back was thrown.
A wolf's huge jaws, with glittering teeth, supplied
His helmet, and a rustic pike he plied.
Him, as he towered, the tallest in the fray,
Wheeling his steed, Camilla unespied
Caught—in the rout 'twas easy—and her prey
Pinned, with unpitying spear, and jeered him as he lay.

LXXXVIII. "Ha, Tuscan! thought'st thou 'twas the chase? Thy
Hath come; a woman shall thy vaunts belie. [day
Yet take this glory to the grave, and say
'Twas I, the great Camilla, made thee die."
She spake, and smote Orsilochus close by,
And Butes, hugest of the Trojan crew.
First Butes falls; just where the neck doth lie,
'Twixt casque and corslet, naked to the view,
And leftward droops the shield, the fatal barb goes through.

xxxix. Chased by Orsilochus, afar she wheels
Her seeming flight, wide-circling to and fro,
Till, doubling in a narrower ring, she steals
Inside, and follows on the following foe.
Then, rising steep, while vainly in his woe
He pleads for pity, and entreats her grace,
She swings the battle-axe, and blow on blow
On head and riven helmet heaps apace,
And the hot brains and blood are spattered o'er his face.

c. Next crossed her path, but stood aghast to see,
The son of Aunus, from the mountain-seat
Of Apennine. No mean Ligurian he,
While Fate was kind, and prospered his deceit.
Fearful of death, and hopeless to retreat,
He tries if cunning can avail his need,
And cries aloud, "Good sooth, a wondrous feat!
A woman trusts for glory to her steed.
Come down; fight fair afoot, and take the braggart's meed!"

ci. Down leaps the maid in fury, and her steed
Hands to a comrade, and with arms matched fair,
And dauntless heart, confronts him on the mead,
Her shield unblazoned, and her falchion bare.
He, vainly glorying in his fancied snare,
Reins round in haste, and, spurring, strives to flee.
"Fool," cries Camilla, "let thy pride beware.
Think not to palm thy father's tricks on me,
Nor hope with craft like this thy lying sire to see."

cii. So spake she, and on flying feet afire
Outruns his steed, and stands athwart the way,
Then grasps the reins, and deals the wretch his hire,
Doomed with his life-blood for his craft to pay.
So on a dove, amid the clouds astray,
Down swoops the sacred falcon through the sky
From some tall cliff, and fastens on his prey,
And grips, and rends, and sucks the life-blood dry;
The feathers, foul with blood, come fluttering down from high

xciii. Nor Jove meanwhile with unregarding ken,
Throned on Olympus, doth the scene survey.
Watchful of all, the Sire of gods and men
Stirs up the Tuscan Tarchon to the fray,
And plies the war-goad with no gentle sway.
He through the squadrons on his steed aflame
Rides 'mid the carnage, where the ranks give way;
Now chides, now cheers, and calling each by name,
Re-forms the broken lines, and reinspires the tame.

xciv. "Cowards, why faint ye, Tuscans but in name?
Fie! shall a woman scatter you in flight?
O, slack! O, never to be stung to shame!
What use of weapons, if ye fear to fight?
No laggards ye for amorous jousts at night,
Or Bacchic revels, when the fife ye hear.
The feast and wine-cup—these are your delight;
For these ye linger, till the approving seer
Calls to the grove's deep shade, where bleeds the fattened steer.'

xcv. Then, spurring forth, himself prepared to die,
He dashed at Venulus, unhorsed his prize,
And bore him on his saddle-bow. A cry
Goes up, and all the Latins turn their eyes.
Swift with his prey the fiery Tarchon flies,
And, while the steel-head from his spear he rends,
Each chink and crevice in his armour tries,
To deal the death-blow. He, as fierce, contends,
And, countering force with force, his naked throat defends.

xcvi. As when a golden eagle, high in air,
Wreathed with a serpent, fastens, as she flies,
With feet that clutch, and taloned claws that tear.
Coil writhed in coil, the roughening scales uprise,
The crest points up, the hissing tongue defies.
She with sharp beak still rends the struggling prey,
And beats the air. So Tarchon with his prize
Through Tibur's host exulting speeds away.
With cheers the Tuscans charge, and hail their chief's essay.

xcvii. Now, due to fate, aloof with lifted lance,
The crafty Aruns round Camilla wheels,
And tries where fortune lends the readiest chance.
Oft as she charges, where the war-shout peals,
He slips unseen, and follows on her heels.
When back she runs, triumphant from the foe,
He shifts the rein, and from the conflict steals.
Now here, now there, he doubles to and fro,
And shakes his felon spear, but hesitates to throw.

xcviii. Lo, Chloreus, priest of Cybele, aglow
In Phrygian armour, gorgeous to behold,
Urges his foaming charger at the foe,
All decked in feathered chain-work, linked with gold.
Cretan his shafts, his bow of Lycian mould.
Dark blue and foreign purple clothed his breast,
Golden his casque and bow; his mantle's fold
Of yellow saffron knots of gold compressed,
And buskins bound his knees, and broidered was his vest.

xcix. Him the fierce huntress, whether fain the shrine
To deck with trophies, or with envious eyes
Wishful herself in Trojan arms to shine,
Marks in the strife; at him alone she flies,
Proud, like a woman, of her fancied prize.
Blindly she runs, uncautious of the snare,
When, darting from the ambush, where he lies,
The moment snatched, false Aruns shakes his spear,
And thus, with measured aim, invokes the Gods with prayer.

c. "O Phœbus, guardian of Soracte's steep,
Whom first we honour, to whose sacred name,
Thy votaries, we, the blazing pine-wood heap,
And, firm in faith, pass through the smouldering flame,
Grant that our arms may wipe away this shame.
Trophies, nor spoils, nor plunder from the prey
Be mine; I look to other deeds for fame.
If wound of mine this hateful pest shall slay,
Home will I gladly go, and fameless quit the fray."

CI. Apollo heard, and granted half his prayer,
And half he scattered to the winds. To slay
With sudden stroke Camilla unaware
He gave, but gave not his returning day;
The breezes puffed the bootless wish away.
Shrill sang the lance; each Volscian eye and heart
Turned to the queen. The weapon on its way,—
The rush of air she heeds not, till the dart
Strikes home, and, staying, draws the life-blood from her heart.

CII. Up run her friends, the fainting queen to aid,
More scared than all, in fear and joy amain,
False Aruns flies, nor dares to face the maid,
Or trust the venture of his spear again.
As guilty wolf, some steer or shepherd slain,
Slinks to the hills, ere hostile darts pursue,
And clasps his tail between his thighs, full fain
To seek the woods, so Aruns shrank from view,
Sore scared and glad to fly, and in the crowd withdrew.

CIII. With dying hand she strives to pluck the spear:
Deep 'twixt the rib-bones in the wound it lies.
Bloodless she faints; her features, late so fair,
Fade, as the crimson from the pale cheeks flies,
And cold and misty wax the drooping eyes.
Then, with quick gasps, and groaning from her breast,
She calls to faithful Acca, ere she dies,—
Acca, her truest comrade and her best,
The partner of her cares,—and breathes a last request.

CIV. "Sister, 'tis past; the bitter shaft apace
Consumes me; all is growing dark. Go, tell
This news to Turnus; bid him take my place,
And keep these Trojans from the town. Farewell."
So saying, she dropped the bridle, as she fell.
Death's creeping chills the loosened limbs o'erspread.
Down dropped the weapons she had borne so well,
The neck drooped, slackened; and she bowed her head,
And the disdainful soul went groaning to the dead.

cv. Up rose a shout, Camilla fall'n, that beat
The golden stars, and fiercer waxed the fray.
On press the host, in serried ranks complete,
Trojans, Arcadians, Tuscans in array.
High on a hill, fair Opis watched the day,
Set there by Trivia, undisturbed till now,
When, lo, amid the tumult far away
She sees Camilla, in the dust laid low,
Deep from her breast she sighs, and thus in words of woe :

cvi. "Cruel, too cruel, is thy forfeit paid,
Poor maiden, who the Trojan arms would'st dare ;
Nor aught availed thee, in the woodland glade
To serve Diana, and her arms to wear.
Yet not unhonoured in thy death, nor bare
Of fame she leaves thee ; nor in after day
Shall vengeance fail thy prowess to declare.
Whoso hath dared thy sacred form to slay,
His blood shall rue the deed, and fit atonement pay."

cvii. Beneath the hill a barrow chanced to stand,
Heaped there of old, and holm-oaks frowned beside
Dercennus' tomb, who ruled Laurentum's land.
Here, lightning swift, the lovely Nymph espied,
In shining arms, and puffed with empty pride,
False Aruns. "Caitiff! dost thou think to flee?
Why keep aloof? Turn hitherward!" she cried,
"Come here, and die! Camilla claims her fee.
Must Cynthia waste her shafts on worthless knaves like thee?"

cviii. Plucking the arrow from her case, she drew
The bow, full-stretched, till both the horns unite.
Both arms raised level, ere the missile flew,
Her left hand touched the iron point, the right,
Pressed to her nipple, strained the bow-string tight.
He hears the arrow whistle as it flies,
And feels the wound. Sweeping on amain,
Forsakes him. Groaning, with a gasp, he dies.
Upsoars the gladdening Nymph, and seeks the Olympian skies.

CIX. First flies Camilla's troop, their mistress slain,
Then, routed, the Rutulian ranks give way,
And fierce Atinas gallops from the plain,
And scattered chiefs and squadrons in dismay
Spur towards the town for shelter from the fray.
None dares that murderous onset of the foe
To stem with javelins, nor their charge to stay.
Slack from their fainting shoulders hangs the bow,
The clattering horse-hoofs shake the crumbling ground below

CX. Dark rolls the dust-cloud, to the town-walls driven,
And mothers on the watch-towers, pale with fear,
Smite on their breasts, and shriek aloud to heaven.
These, bursting in, their foemen in the rear
Crush in the crowd, and slaughter with the spear,
Slain in the gateway—miserably slain!—
Their walls in sight, their happy homes so near.
Those bar the gates, while comrades on the plain
Stretch their imploring hands, and call to them in vain.

CXI. Then piteous waxed the carnage by the gate,
Some storming, some defending. These without,
In sight of parents, weeping at their fate,
Roll down the moat, swept headlong by the rout,
Or charge the battered doorposts with a shout.
The very matrons, at their country's call,
Their javelins hurl. Charr'd stakes and oak-staves stout
Serve them for swords. Forth rush they, one and all,
Fir'd by Camilla's deeds, to save the town or fall.

CXII. Meanwhile to Turnus, in the woods afar,
Came Acca, and the bitter news made plain,
And told the chief the tumult of the war,—
The panic and the rout—the Volscian train
Swept from the battle, and Camilla slain.
The foemen, flushed with conquest, far and near
In hot pursuit, and sweeping on amain,
And all the city now aghast with fear:—
Such was the dolorous tale that filled the warrior's ear.

CXIII. Then, mad with fury, in revengeful mood
(For Jove is stern, and so the Fates ordain),
He quits his mountain-ambush and the wood.
Scarce, out of sight, had Turnus reached the plain,
When, issuing forth, Æneas hastes to gain
The pass, left open, climbs the neighbouring height,
And leaves the tangled forest. Thus the twain,
Each near to each,—the middle space is slight,—
Townward their troops lead on, and hail the proffered fight.

CXIV. At once Æneas on the dusty plain
Marks the Laurentine columns far away.
At once, in arms, fierce Turnus knows again
The dread Æneas, and he hears the neigh
Of steeds, and tramp of footmen in array.
Then each the fight had ventured, as they stood,
But rosy Phœbus, with declining day,
His steeds was bathing in the Iberian flood;
So by the walls they camp. and make the ramparts good.

BOOK TWELVE

Argument

Turnus realises that he must now redeem his promise to meet Æneas in single combat, and refuses to be dissuaded either by Latinus or by Amata (1-90). The challenge is sent, and the two make ready. Lists are prepared and spectators gather (91-153). Juno warns the Nymph Juturna to aid her brother Turnus (154-180). After the terms of combat have been ratified by oath and sacrifice, Juturna, in disguise, by an opportune omen induces one of the assembled Latins to break the truce and kill a Trojan (181-310). Æneas is wounded while endeavouring to restrain his men from reprisals, and the fray becomes general. Turnus deals death among the Trojans (311-441). Æneas is miraculously healed, and at first pursues only Turnus—who is carried off by Juturna (442-561), but presently gives rein to his anger and slays indiscriminately, until by Venus' advice he attacks the city. Amata kills herself, believing Turnus dead (562-702). Turnus' eyes are opened. Seeing the city outworks in flames, he returns and proclaims himself ready to meet Æneas, who, welcoming the challenge, rushes forward. All eyes are riveted on the two, when Turnus' sword breaks, and once more he flees, pursued by Æneas. Juturna gives Turnus another sword, and Venus restores to Æneas his spear (703-918). Follows a colloquy between Jupiter and Juno.—Turnus must die. Æneas shall marry Lavinia and be king. But the new nation must keep the ancient rites and names of Latium, and be called not Trojans but Latins. Juno yields, and Jupiter warns Juturna to leave the battle (919-1026). Turnus, being beside himself, after a last superhuman effort, is struck down. Æneas is about to spare his life, when he sees upon his shoulder the spoils of Pallas, and kills him (1027-1107).

. When Turnus saw the Latins faint and fly,
Crushed by the War-God, and his pledge reclaimed,
Himself the mark of every scornful eye,
Rage unappeasable his pride inflamed.
As when a lion, in the breast sore maimed
In Punic fields, uprousing, shakes his mane,
And snaps the shaft that felon hands had aimed,
His mouth all bloody, as he roars with pain,
So Turnus blazed with wrath, as thus in scornful strain

. He hailed the king: "Not Turnus stops the way;
No cause have these their challenge to forego,
Poor Trojan cowards; I accept the fray,
Sire, be the compact hallowed; be it so.
Or I, while Latins sit and see the show,
Will hurl to Hell this Dardan thief abhorred,
This Asian runaway, and on the foe
Refute the common slander with the sword,
Or he, as victor, reign and be Lavinia's lord."

. Then, calm of soul, Latinus made reply,
"O gallant youth, the more thy heart is fain
In fierceness to excel, the more should I
Weigh well the risks and measure loss with gain.
To thee belong thy father Daunus' reign
And captured towns. Good will have I and gold,
And other maids our Latin homes contain,
Of noble birth and lovely to behold.
Hear now, and let plain speech the thankless truth unfold.

. "To none of former suitors was I free
To wed my daughter, so the voice ordained
Of gods and men consenting. Love for thee,
And sympathy for kindred blood hath gained
The mastery, and a weeping wife constrained.
I robbed the husband of the bride he wooed,
Took impious arms, and plighted faith disdained.
Ah me! what wars, what bitter fates ensued,
Thou, Turnus, know'st too well, who first hast felt the feud.

v. "Scarce now, twice worsted in the desperate fray,
Our walls can guard what Latin hopes remain,
And, choked with Latin corpses, day by day,
Old Tiber's stream runs purple to the main,
And Latin bones are whitening all the plain.
Why shifts my frenzied purpose to and fro?
Why change and change? If, maugre Turnus slain,
I deign to welcome as a friend his foe,
Why not, while Turnus lives, the needless strife forego?

vi. "What will Rutulian kinsmen, what will all
Italia say, if (Chance the deed forefend!)
I leave thee, cheated of my care, to fall,
The daughter's lover, and the father's friend?
O, weigh the risks that on the war attend;
Pity the parent in his sad, old age,
Left at far Ardea to lament thine end."
Thus he; but naught fierce Turnus can assuage;
The healing hand but chafes, and words augment his rage.

vii. Then he, scarce gathering utterance, spake again,
"Good Sire, thy trouble for my sake forego;
Leave me the price of glory—to be slain.
I too can hurl, nor feeble is my blow,
The whistling shaft, that lays the foeman low,
And drinks his life-blood. Vain shall be his prayer.
No goddess mother shall be there, to throw
Her mist around him, with a woman's care,
And screen her darling son with empty shades of air."

viii. The Queen, with death before her, filled with fears,
Wept sore and checked the fiery suitor's way.
"O Turnus! if thou heed'st me, by these tears;—
Hope of my age, Latinus' strength and stay,
Prop of our falling house! one boon I pray;
Forbear the fight. What fate awaiteth thee,
Awaits me too. If Trojans win the day,
With thee I'll leave the loathèd light, nor see
Æneas wed my child, a captive slave, as she."

IX. With tears Lavinia heard her mother speak.
A crimson blush her glowing face o'erspread,
And hot fires kindled on her burning cheek.
As Indian ivory, when stained with red,
Or lilies, mixt with roses in a bed,
So flushed the maid, with varying thoughts distrest.
He, wild with love, upon Lavinia fed
His constant gaze, but maddening with unrest,
Burned for the fight still more, and thus the Queen addressed ·

X. "Vex me not, mother, marching to the fray,
With these thy tears and bodings of despair.
'Tis not in me the fatal hour to stay.
Thou, Idmon, to the Phrygian tyrant bear
The unwelcome word: to-morrow let him spare
To lead his Teucrians to the fight. Each side
Shall rest awhile; when morning shines in air,
His blood or mine the quarrel shall decide,
And he or I shall win, whose prowess earns, the bride."

XI. Thus speaking, to his home the chieftain hies
And bids his steeds be harnessed for the fight:
Soon for the pleasure of their master's eyes
They stand before him, neighing in their might·
In days of old from Orithyia bright
To King Pilumnus came those coursers twain,
Swifter than breezes and than snow more white;
His ready grooms attend, a nimble train,
And clap the sounding breast and comb the abundant mane

XII. Himself the shining corselet, stiff with gold
And orichalcum, on his shoulders laid.
His sword and shield he fitted to his hold,
And donned the helm, with crimson plumes arrayed,
The sword the Fire-King for his sire had made,
And dipped still glowing in the Stygian flood,
Last, the strong spear-beam in his hand he swayed
(Against a pillar in the house it stood),
Auruncan Actor's spoils, and shook the quivering wood,

xiii. And shouted, "Now, O never known to fail
Thy master's call, my trusty spear, I trow
The hour is come. Once, mightiest under mail,
Did Actor wield thee; Turnus wields thee now.
Grant this strong hand to lay the foeman low,
This Phrygian eunuch of his arms to spoil,
And rend his shattered breastplate with a blow;
Dragged in the dust, his dainty curls to soil,
Hot from the crisping tongs, and wet with myrrh and oil."

xiv. Such furies urge him, and, ablaze with ire,
His hot face sparkles, and his eyes burn bright,
And from his eye-balls leaps the living fire;
As when a bull, in prelude for the fight,
Roars terribly, and fills the hinds with fright,
And, butting at a chance-met tree, would try
To vent his fury on his horns of might,
And with his fierce hoofs flings the sand on high,
And gores the empty air, and challenges the sky.

xv. Nor less, meanwhile, and terrible in arms,—
The arms that Venus to her son doth lend,—
Æneas rages, and the War-God warms.
Pleased with the challenge, singly to contend,
And bring the weary warfare to an end,
His friends he cheers, and calms Iulus' care,
Unfolding Fate, then heralds hastes to send,
His answer to the Latin King to bear:
The challenge he accepts, the terms of peace are fair.

xvi. Scarce Morning glimmered on the mountains grey,
And Phœbus' steeds, uprising from the main,
With lifted nostrils breathed approaching day.
Mixt with the Trojans, the Rutulian train,
Beneath the lofty town-walls on the plain
Mark out the lists, and mid-way in the ring,
Their braziers set, as common rites ordain.
These, apron-girt and crowned with vervain, bring
Fire for the turf-piled hearths, and water from the spring

xvii. Forth, as to war, Ausonia's spear-armed host,
Trojans and Tuscans, to the field proceed,
And to and fro, in gold and purple, post
Asilas brave, Assaracus's seed,
Mnestheus, Messapus, tamer of the steed.
Back step both armies at the trumpet's call,
Their spears in earth, their shields upon the mead.
An unarmed crowd, old men and matrons, all
Stand by the lofty gates, and throng the towers and wall.

xviii. But Juno, seated on a neighbouring height,
Now Alban called, then nameless and unknown,
Gazed from its summit on the field of fight,
And, musing, on the marshalled hosts looked down
Of Troy and Latium, and Latinus' town,
Then straight—a goddess to a goddess—spake
To Turnus' sister, who the sway doth own
Of sounding river and of stagnant lake,
Raised by the King of air, as yielding for his sake.

xix. "Nymph, pride of rivers, darling of my love,
Thou know'st, Juturna, how to all whoe'er
Of Latin maidens climbed the couch of Jove,
I thee preferred, and gave his courts to share.
Learn now thy woe, lest I the blame should bear.
While Fate and Fortune smiled on Latium's sway,
Thy walls I saved, and Turnus was my care.
Now in ill hour I see him tempt the fray;
Fate and the foe speed on the inevitable day.

xx. "Not I this fight, this wager can behold.
Thou, if thou durst, thy brother's doom arrest.
Go; luck perchance may follow thee." Fast rolled
Juturna's tears, and thrice she smote her breast.
"No time to weep," said Juno, "speed thy quest,
And save thy brother, if thou canst, ere dead,
Or wake the war, and rend the league unblest;
'Tis I who bid thee to be bold." She said,
And left her, tost with doubt, and full of wildering dread.

xxi. Forth come the Kings; Latinus, proudly borne
High in his four-horse chariot, shines afar.
Twelve gilded rays the monarch's brows adorn,
His Sire's, the Sun-God's. Wielding as for war
Two spears, comes Turnus in his two-horse car.
There, Rome's great founder, doth Æneas ride,
With dazzling shield, bright-shining as a star,
And arms divine, and at his father's side
Ascanius takes his place, Rome's second hope and pride.

xxii. And clad in robes of purest white, the priest
Leads forth the youngling of a bristly swine,
And two-year sheep, by shearer's hands unfleec'd.
And they, with eyes turned to the dawn divine,
Bared the bright steel, the victim's brow to sign,
And strewed the cakes of salted meal, and poured
On blazing altars bowls of sacred wine;
And good Æneas drew his glittering sword,
And thus, with pious prayer, the immortal gods adored:

xxiii. "Witness, O Sun, thou Earth attest my prayer,
For whom I toil. Thou, Jove, supreme in sway,
And thou, great Juno, pleased at length to spare.
O mighty Mars, whose nod directs the fray;
Springs, Streams, and Powers whom Air and Sea obey.
If Turnus win—so let the vow remain—
Humbly to King Evander, as they may,
Troy's sons shall fly, Iulus quit the reign,
Nor seed of mine e'er vex the Latin field again.

xxiv. "But else, if victory smile upon my sword
(As rather deem I, and may Heaven decree),
I wish not Troy to be Italia's lord,
Nor claim the crown; let each, unquelled and free,
In deathless league on equal terms agree.
Arms, empire let Latinus keep; I claim
To bring our rites and deities. For me
My Teucrian friends another town shall frame,
And bless the rising towers with fair Lavinia's name."

xxv. Thus first Æneas; then with uplift eyes,
His right hand stretching to the stars in prayer,
"Hear me, Æneas," old Latinus cries,
"By the same Earth, and Sea and Stars I swear,
By the twin offering of Latona fair,
And two-faced Janus, and Hell's powers malign,
And Dis unpitying; let Jove give ear,
The Sire whose bolt the solemn league doth sign,
Witness these fires and gods,—my hand is on the shrine,—

xxvi. "No time with Latins shall this league unbind,
Whate'er the issue, or the peace confound,
No force shall shake the purpose of my mind.
Nay—though the circling Ocean burst its bound,
And all the Earth were in a deluge drowned,
And Heaven with Hell should mingle. Sure as now
This sceptre" (haply in his hand was found
The Royal sceptre) "nevermore, I trow,
Shall bourgeon with fresh leaves, or spread a shadowing bough,

xxvii. "Since once in forests, from its parent tree
Lopped clean away, the woodman stripped it bare
Of boughs and leaves, now fashioned, as ye see,
And cased in brass by cunning craftsman's care,
For fathers of the Latin realm to bear."
So they, amid their chiefest, Sire with Sire,
Confirm the league. These o'er the flames prepare
To slay the victims, and, as rites require,
The living entrails tear, and feed the sacred fire.

xxviii. Long while unequal to Rutulian eyes
The combat seemed, and trouble tossed them sore,
Now more, beholding nearer, how in size
And strength the champions differed, yea, and more,
Beholding Turnus, as he moved before
The altars, sad and silently, and seeks
With downcast eyes Heaven's favour to implore,
The wanness of his youthful frame, that speaks
Of health and hope now fled, the pallor of his cheeks.

xxix. Soon as Juturna saw the whispers grow
From tongue to tongue, and marked the changing tone,
The hearts of people wavering to and fro,
Amidst them,—now in form of Camers known,
Great Camers, sprung from grandsires of renown,
His father famed for many a brave emprise,
Himself as famed for exploits of his own,—
Amidst them, mistress of her part, she flies,
And scatters words of doubt, and many a dark surmise.

xxx. "Shame, will ye risk, Rutulians, for his host
The life of one? In number, strength and show
Do we not match them? *Those* are all they boast,
Trojans, Arcadians and Etruscans. Lo,
Fight we by turns, each scarce can find a foe.
He to his gods, whose shrines he dies to shield,
Will rise, and praised will be his name below.
We, reft of home, to tyrant lords shall yield,
And toil as slaves, who sit so slackly on the field."

xxxi. So saying, Juturna to the youths imparts
Fresh rage, and murmurs through the concourse run,
And changed are Latin and Laurentian hearts,
And they, who lately sought the strife to shun,
And longed for rest, now wish the league undone,
And, pitying Turnus, wrongly doomed to die,
Call out for arms. And now, her work begun,
Juturna shows a lying sign on high,
That shakes Italian hearts, and cheats the wondering eye.

xxxii. Jove's golden eagle through the crimson skies
In chase of clanging marsh-fowl, swooped in flight
Down on a swan, and trussed the noble prize.
The Latins gaze, when lo, a wondrous sight!
Back wheels the flock, and all with screams unite,
And darkening, as a cloud, in dense array
Press on the foe, till, overborne by might,
And yielding to sheer weight, he drops the prey
Into the stream below, and cloudward soars away.

xxxiii. With shouts the glad Rutulians hail the sign,
And lift their hands. Then spake the seer straightway,
Tolumnius: "Welcome, welcome, powers divine!
'Twas this—'twas this I longed for, day by day.
To arms! 'Tis I, Tolumnius, lead the way.
Poor souls! whom yon strange pirate would enslave,
Like feeble birds, and make your coast a prey.
He too shall fly, and vanish o'er the wave.
Stand close and fight as one, your captive king to save."

xxxiv. He spake and hurled his javelin at the foes,
Advancing. Shrill the cornel hissed, and flew
True to its quarry. Then a shout uprose,
And the ranks wavered, and hearts throbbed anew
With ardour, as the gathering tumult grew.
On went the missile to where, side by side,
Nine brethren stood, of comely form, whom, true
To her Gylippus, bare a Tuscan bride,
Nine tall Arcadian sons, in bloom of youthful pride.

xxxv. One, where the belt chafes, and the strong clasp bites
The broidered edges,—comeliest of the band,
And sheathed in shining mail—the steel-head smites,
And rives the ribs, and rolls him on the sand.
Blind with hot rage, his brethren, sword in hand,
Or snatching missiles, to avenge the slain,
Rush to the charge. Laurentum's ranks withstand
Their onset, and a deluge sweeps the plain,
Trojans, Agylla's bands, Arcadia's glittering train.

xxxvi. One passion burns,—to let the sword decide.
Stript stand the altars, and the shrines are bare;
Dark drives the storm of javelins far and wide,
The iron tempest hurtles in the air,
And bowls and censers from the hearths they tear.
Himself Latinus, flying, bears afar
His home-gods, outraged by the league's misfare.
Some leap to horse, and others yoke the car,
Or bare the glittering sword, and hurry to the war.

xxxvii. Aulestes first, a king with kingly crown,
Messapus scares, and, spurring forward, fain
To break the treaty, rides the Tuscan down.
He, bating ground, falls back, and hurled amain
Against the altars, pitches on the plain.
Up comes Messapus, with his beam-like spear,
And smites him, pleading sorely but in vain,
Steep-rising heavily smites him, with a jeer,
"He hath it; Heaven hath gained a better victim here."

xxxviii. Up Latins rush, and strip the limbs yet warm,
A brand half-burnt fierce Corynœus there
Flings full at Ebusus, as with lifted arm
He nears him, and the long beard, all aflare,
Shines crackling, with a smell of burning hair.
He with his left hand, following up the throw,
Grasps the long locks, and, planting firm and fair
His knee, beneath him pins the prostrate foe,
And drives the stark sword home, so deadly is the blow

xxxix. Then, fired with fury, Podalirius flew
At shepherd Alsus, as he rushed among
The foremost. With his naked sword he drew
Behind him close, and o'er his foeman hung.
He turning round his broad axe backward swung,
And clave the chin and forehead. Left and right
The dark blood o'er the spattered arms outsprung.
Hard rest and iron slumber seal his sight,
The drooping eyelids close on everlasting night.

xl. Unarmed, Æneas, with uncovered brow,
Stretched out his hands, and shouted to his train:
"Where rush ye, men? what sudden discord now
Is this? Be calm; your idle wrath refrain.
The truce is struck; the treaty's terms are plain.
To me belongs the battle, not to you.
Give way to me, nor fret and fume in vain.
This hand shall make the treaty firm and true.
These rites, this solemn pact give Turnus for my due."

XLI. So spake he, fain the tumult to allay,
And scarce had ceased, when, whistling as it flew,
A feathered shaft came hurtling on its way,
And smote the good Æneas; whose, and who
That shaft had sped, what wind had borne it true,
What chance with fame Ausonia's host had crowned,
What God, perhaps, had aided them—none knew.
The glory of that noble deed was drowned,
And none was found to boast of great Æneas' wound.

XLII. When Turnus saw the Trojan prince retire,
The chiefs bewildered, and their hearts unstrung,
Hope unexpected set his soul on fire,
And, calling for his steeds and arms, he sprung
Upon his chariot, and the reins outflung.
On drives he; many a hero of renown
Sinks, crushed to death; the dying roll among
The dead; whole ranks beneath his wheels go down,
And fast at flying hosts the fliers' spears are thrown.

XLIII. As when grim Mars, by Hebrus' icy flood,
Clashing his brazen buckler, drives apace
His fierce steeds, maddening with the lust of blood;
They o'er the plain the flying winds outrace,
And with their trampling groan the fields of Thrace;
And round the War-God his attendants throng,
Hatred, and Treachery and Fear's dark face;
So Turnus drove the battling ranks among,
And lashed his smoking steeds, and waved the whistling thong.

XLIV. In piteous sort he tramples on the slain;
The flying horse-hoofs spirt the crimson dew,
And tread the gore down in the sandy plain.
Now, man to man, at Thamyris he flew,
And Pholus. Sthenelus aloof he slew;
Aloof the two Imbracidæ lay dead,
Glaucus and Lades, of the Lycian crew,
Both armed alike, whom Imbracus had bred
To fight, or on swift steeds the flying winds to head.

XLV. Elsewhere afield, amid the foremost, fought
The brave Eumedes. (From the loins he came
Of noble Dolon, and to war he brought
The borrowed lustre of his grandsire's name,
The strength and spirit of his sire of fame,
Who for his meed, when offering to explore
The Danaan camp, Pelides' car would claim.
Poor fool! Tydides paid the boaster's score,
And for Achilles' steeds he hankers now no more.)

XLVI. Him Turnus sees, and through the void afar
Speeds a light lance, then bids the coursers stand,
And, lightly leaping from his two-horsed car,
Stamps on his neck, fall'n breathless on the sand,
And wrests the shining dagger from his hand.
Deep in his throat he deals a deadly wound,
And cries, "Now, Trojan, take the wished-for land.
Lie there, and measure the Hesperian ground;
Their meed, who tempt my sword; thus city-walls they found."

XLVII. Asbutes, Sybaris and Chloreus bleed,
Dares the bold, Orsilochus the brave,
Thymœtes, pitched from off his plunging steed.
As on the Ægean when the North-winds rave,
And the fierce gale rolls shoreward wave on wave,
And drives the cloud-rack through the sky; so these
Shrank back from Turnus, as his path he clave,
Urged by his impulse, and each turns and flees;
Loose streams his horsehair crest, blown backward by the breeze.

XLVIII. His fiery onset, and his shouts of pride
Bold Phlegeus brooked not, but himself he flung
Before the car, and caught and turned aside
The foaming steeds. But while, thus dragged along,
Grasping the bridle, on the yoke he hung,
His shieldless side the broad-tipt javelin found,
And pierced, and, staying, to the corslet clung,
With linen folds and brazen links twice bound.
And lightly scored the skin, and grazed him with the wound.

xlix. His shield before him, at the foe he made,
And drew his short sword, turning sharply round,
And trusted to the naked steel for aid,
When wheel and axle, urged with onward bound,
Struck down and dashed him headlong to the ground,
And Turnus, reaching forward, sword in hand,
Room 'twixt the hauberk and the helmet found
And lopped the head with his avenging brand,
And left the bleeding trunk to welter on the sand.

l. While Turnus thus dealt havoc as he flew,
Back with Æneas from the combat went
Ascanius, Mnestheus, and Achates true,
And helped the bleeding hero to his tent.
Faltering and pale, as on the spear he leant,
Fretting, and tugging at the shaft in vain,
Quick help he summons,—with the broadsword's rent
The wound to widen, and the lurking bane
Cut out, and send him back to battle on the plain.

li. Iapis, son of Iasus, was there,
The best-beloved of Phœbus. Long ago
Apollo, fired to see a youth so fair,
His arts and gifts had offered to bestow,
His augury, his lyre, his sounding bow.
But he, in hope a bed-rid parent's days
To lengthen, sought the leech's craft to know,
The power of simples, and the silent praise
Of healing arts, and scorned the great Apollo's bays.

lii. Dark-frowning stands, still propt upon his spear,
Æneas, heedless of his friends around
And young Iulus, weeping in his fear.
Tight-girt like Pæon, with the robes upbound,
Beside him kneels the aged leech renowned.
With busy haste Apollo's salves he tries,
In vain, in vain he coaxes in the wound
The stubborn steel, the pincer's teeth he plies:
Fate bides averse, his help the healing god denies;

LIII. And more and more, along the echoing wold,
The war's wild horror thickens on the ear,
And storm-like, in the darkened skies uprolled,
The driving dust-clouds show the danger near.
Now horsemen, galloping in haste, appear,
And darts and arrows, as the foe draw nigh,
Fall in the tents, and fill the camp with fear,
And a grim clamour mounts the vaulted sky,
The shouts of those that fight, the groans of those that die.

LIV. Then, Venus, for her darling filled with grief,
A stalk of dittany on Ida's crown
Seeks out, and gathers, for his wound's relief,
The flower of purple and the leaves of down.
(To wounded wild-goats 'twas a plant well-known)
This brings the Goddess, veiled in mist, and brews
In a bright bowl a mixture of her own,
And, steeped in water from the stream, she strews
Soft balm of fragrant scent, and sweet ambrosial dews.

LV. Therewith the leech, unwitting, rinsed the wound,
And the pain fled, and all the blood was stayed.
Out came the dart, and he again was sound.
"Arms! bring his arms! Why stand ye thus afraid?"
Iapis cries, and, foremost to upbraid,
Inflames them to the fight. "No hand of mine,
No power of leech-craft, nor a mortal's aid
This healing wrought; a greater power divine,
Æneas, sends thee back, by greater deeds to shine."

LVI. He, hot for fight, the golden cuishes bound,
And shook the spear, then put his corslet on,
And strung the shield, and in his arms enwound,
And gently through the helmet kissed his son.
"Learn, boy, of me, how gallant deeds are done,
Fortune of others. I will guard thee now,
And lead to fame. Let riper manhood con
Thy kinsmen's deeds. Remember, and be thou
What uncle Hector was, and what thy sire is now."

LVII. He spake, and swinging his tremendous spear,
Swept through the gate; then Antheus, with his train,
Rushed forth, and Mnestheus. With a general cheer
Forth pours the host; a dust-cloud hides the plain;
Earth, startled by their trampling, throbs in pain.
Pale Turnus saw them from a distant height,
The Ausonians saw, and terror chilled each vein.
Juturna heard, and knew the noise of fight,
And from the van drew back, and shuddered with affright.

LVIII. On swept he, and the blackening host behind.
As when from sea a storm-cloud sweeps to shore,
The weather breaking, and the trembling hind
Foresees afar the ruin and the roar,
The shattered orchards, and the crops no more,
While, landward borne, the muttering winds betray
The coming storm; so down the Trojan bore
Against the foemen, and in firm array
All knit their serried ranks, and gladden at the fray.

LIX. Thymbræus smites Osiris, Mnestheus fells
Archetius; by Achates smitten sheer,
Falls Epulo, and Gyas Ufens quells.
Falls, too, Tolumnius, the sacred seer,
Who first against the foemen hurled his spear.
Uprose a shout, and the Rutulians reeled
And fled. Æneas, on the dusty rear
Close-trampling, scorns to follow them afield,
Or fight with those that stand, or slaughter those that yield.

LX. Turnus alone, amid the blinding gloom,
He tracks and traces, searching far and near,
Turnus alone he summons to his doom.
Juturna sees, and smit with sudden fear,
Unseats Metiscus, Turnus' charioteer,
And flings him down, and leaves him on the plain,
Then takes his place, and, urging their career,
Loose o'er the coursers shakes the waving rein;
Metiscus' voice and form, Metiscus' arms remain.

LXI. Like a black swallow, as she flies among
A rich man's halls, or in the courts is found
In quest of dainties for her twittering young.
And now in empty cloisters, now around
The fishpools circles, while the shrill notes sound.
So now Juturna, through the midmost foes,
Whirled in the rapid chariot, scours the ground;
Now here, now there triumphant Turnus shows,
Now, flying, wheels aloof, nor suffers him to close.

LXII. So wheels in turn Æneas to and fro,
And tracks his man, and through the war's wild tide
Calls him aloud. Oft as he marks his foe,
And, running, tries to match the coursers' stride,
So oft Juturna wheels the team aside.
What shall he do? While wavering thus in vain,
As diverse thoughts his doubtful mind divide,
A steel-tipt dart Messapus—one of twain—
Aims true, and hurls it forth, uprunning on the plain.

LXIII. Æneas paused, behind his buckler bent.
On came the javelin, and the cone was shorn
From off his helmet, and the plume was rent.
Foiled by this treachery, as he marked with scorn
The steeds and chariot from the combat borne,
He blazed with ire, and, calling on again
Jove and the altars of the truce forsworn,
Rushed on, thrice terrible, and o'er the plain
Dealt indiscriminate death, and gave his wrath the rein.

LXIV. What heavenly muse can sing, what god can say
The scenes of horror wrought on either side,
The varied slaughter of that fatal day,
What chiefs were chased along the field, and died,
As Turnus now, and now the Trojan plied
His murderous sword? Jove, could'st thou deem it right
So dire a broil such peoples should divide,
Two jarring nations met in deadly fight,
Whom leagues of lasting love were destined to unite?

LXV. Æneas first (that fight 'twas first that stayed
The Teucrian rout) caught Suero on the side.
Where death is quickest, 'twixt the ribs his blade,
Deep in the framework of the breast, he plied.
Then Turnus slew Diores; close beside,
His brother Amycus from his steed he tore;
One by the spear, one by the sword-cut died.
Their severed heads the ruthless victor bore,
Fixt to his flying car, and dripping with the gore.

LXVI. Talus, and Tanais, and Cethegus there
Æneas smote, and poor Onytes slew,
Whom Peridia to Echion bare.
Turnus two Lycian brethren next o'erthrew
From Phœbus' fields, and young Menœtes too
From Arcady, who loathed the war in vain.
Poor was his home, nor rich men's doors he knew.
By fishful Lerna he had earned his gain,
Hired was the scanty glebe his father sowed with grain.

LXVII. Lo, as fierce flames drive in from left and right
Through woodlands parched and groves of crackling bay,
As sweep impetuous from a mountain height
Loud, foaming torrents, that withouten stay
Cleave to the sea their devastating way:
So, while in each full tides of anger flow,
Rush Turnus and Æneas to the fray:
Their tameless breasts with bursting valour glow,
On, on they speed amain, nor fear the opposing blow.

LXVIII. There stands Murranus, vaunting in vain joy
His sires, and grandsires, he the princely son
Of Latin monarchs. Him the chief of Troy
Smites with the whirlwind of a monstrous stone,
Huge as a rock. Down from his chariot thrown,
'Twixt reins and yoke, he tumbles on the sward.
The fierce wheels, thundering onward, beat him down;
His starting steeds, to shun the victor's sword,
Tread on his trampled limbs, unmindful of their lord.

LXIX. Here, fronting Hyllus, as he rushed amain,
Fierce Turnus stood; his levelled spear-head clave
The golden casque, and quivered in his brain.
Nor thee, poor Creteus, though of Greeks most brave,
From Turnus had thy prowess power to save.
Nor aught availed Cupencus' gods to aid
Against the dread Æneas, as he drave.
Squaring his breast, he met the glittering blade,
Nor long his brazen shield the mortal stroke delayed.

LXX. Thee, too, great Æolus, Laurentum's plain
Saw trampled down by Turnus, as he flew,
And stretched at length among the Trojan slain.
Thou diest, whom ne'er could Argive bands subdue,
Nor Peleus' son, who Priam's realm o'erthrew.
Thy goal is here; beyond the distant wave,
Beneath the mount where Ida's fir-trees grew,
High house was thine; high house Lyrnessus gave,
Thy home; Laurentum's soil hath given thee a grave.

LXXI. So met the ranks, and mingled, man with man,
Latins and Dardans in promiscuous throng,
Mnestheus and fierce Serestus in the van,
Messapus, tamer of the steed, and strong
Asylas. There in tumult swept along
Arcadian horsemen, and the Tuscan train.
No rest is theirs, no respite; loud and long
The conflict rages, as with might and main,
Each for his own dear life, the warriors strive and strain.

LXXII. Now lovely Venus doth her son persuade
To seek the walls, and townward turn his train,
And deal swift havoc on the foe dismayed.
While here and there Æneas scans the plain,
Still tracking Turnus through the ranks in vain,
Far off the peaceful city he espies,
Unscathed, unstirred, and in his restless brain
The vision of a greater war doth rise;
Larger the War-God looms, and to his chiefs he cries.

LXXIII. Mnestheus, Sergestus and Serestus strong
He calls, and on a hillock takes his stand.
There, mustering round him, all the Teucrians throng,
Each armed with buckler, and his spear in hand,
And from the mound he thus exhorts the band:
"Hear, sons of Teucer, and let none be slack.
Jove fights for us, so hearken my command.
Though strange the venture, sudden the attack,
Let none for that cause faint, none loiter and hang back.

LXXIV. "This town—unless they yield them and obey—
This town, the centre of Latinus' reign,
The cause of war, will I uproot this day,
And raze her smoking roof-tops to the plain.
What! shall I wait, and wait, till Turnus deign
To take fresh heart, and tempt the war's rough game,
And, conquered, face his conqueror again?
See there the fount of all this blood! For shame;
Bring quick the torch; let fire the perjured pact reclaim!"

LXXV. So spake he, and one purpose nerves them all.
They form a wedge, and forward with a cheer
The close-knit column charges at the wall.
Here scaling ladders in a trice they rear,
And firebrands suddenly and flames appear.
These seek the gates, and lay the foremost dead;
Those flash the sword, or shake the shining spear.
Darts cloud the skies. Æneas, at their head,
Stands by the lofty walls, and with his hands outspread,

LXXVI. Upbraids aloud Latinus, twice untrue,
And bids heaven witness and his wrongs regard,
Thus forced reluctant to the fight anew;
How loth again with Latin foes he warred,
How twice the truce the Latin crimes had marred.
Upsprings wild discord in the town; some call
To cede the city, and have the gates unbarred,
And drag the aged monarch to the wall;
Some rush to arms, and strive their entrance to forestall.

LXXVII. As when within a crannied rock some hind,
Returning home, a swarm of bees hath found,
And all the nest with bitter smoke doth blind:
They, in their waxen citadel fast bound,
Post to and fro, the narrow cells around,
And whet their stings in fury and despair:
With stifled hum the caverned crags resound,
The black fumes search the windings of their lair,
And the dark smoke rolls up, and mingles with the air.

LXXVIII. A new mischance now smote with further woe
The Latin town, and fainting hearts dismayed.
As queen Amata sees the coming foe,
The ramparts stormed, their flames the roofs invade,
And nowhere Turnus nor his troops to aid,
Him dead she deems, herself the cause declares,
Herself alone she spares not to upbraid.
She wails,—she raves,—her purple robe she tears,
And from a lofty beam the hideous noose prepares.

LXXIX. The women heard; Lavinia first of all,
Her golden locks, her rosy cheeks doth tear.
All rave around, and wailings fill the hall.
Fast flies the news, and shakes the town with fear.
Then rends his robes Latinus in despair,
His town in ruins and his consort dead,
And, scattering dust upon his hoary hair,
Himself he blames, that ne'er in Turnus' stead
The Dardan prince he chose, his dear-lov'd child to wed.

LXXX. Meanwhile, in chase of distant stragglers, speeds
Fierce Turnus. Slacker is his car's career,
And less he glories in his conquering steeds,
When lo, the breezes from Laurentum bear
The sound of shouting, and the shrieks of fear,
And a dull murmur, as of men that groan,—
The city's roar—strikes on his listening ear.
"Ah me! what clamour on the winds is blown?
What noise of grief," he cries, "comes rolling from the town?"

xxxi. He spake, and madly pulled the rein. Then she,
His sister, like Metiscus changed in view,
Who ruled the chariot, "Forward, Turnus! See
The path that victory points thee to pursue.
This way—this way to chase the Trojan crew!
Others there are, who can the walls defend,
See here Æneas, how he storms. We, too,
Our foes, Troy's varlets, to their graves can send,
Nor thee less tale of slain, nor scantier praise attend."

xxxii. Then quickly answered Turnus, glancing round,
"Sister, long since I knew thee—knew thee plain,
When first thy cunning did the league confound,
And sent thee forth, fierce battle to darrain;
And now thou think'st to cheat me, but in vain,
Albeit a goddess. But what power on high
Hath willed thee, sent from the Olympian reign,
Such toils to suffer, and such tasks to try?
Cam'st thou, forsooth, to see thy wretched brother die?

xxxiii. "What can I do? What pledge of safety more
Doth Fortune give? what better hopes remain?
Myself beheld, these very eyes before,
Murranus die, the dearest of our train,
Stretched by a huge wound hugely on the plain.
I saw, how, backward as his comrades reeled,
Poor Ufens, sooner than behold such stain,
Sank low in death; himself, his sword and shield
The Teucrian victors hold, their trophies of the field.

xxxiv. "What, shall I see our houses wrapt in flame,—
Last wrong of all—and coward-like, stand by,
Nor make this arm put Drances' taunts to shame?
Shall Turnus run, and Latins see him fly?
And is it then so terrible to die?
Be kind, dread spirits of the world below!
To you, since envious are the powers on high,
Worthy my ancestors of long ago,
Free from the coward's blame, a sacred shade I go."

LXXXV. Scarce spake he; through the midmost foes apace
Comes Saces, borne upon his foaming steed,
A flying shaft had scored him in the face.
"Turnus," he cries, "sole champion in our need,
Help us, have pity on thy friends who bleed.
See there, Æneas threatens in his ire
To raze our towers, and with a storm-cloud's speed
Thunders in arms, and roofward flies the fire,
To thee the Latins turn, thee Latin hopes require.

LXXXVI. "Himself, the king, is wavering, whom to call
His new allies, and whom his kingdom's heir.
Dead is the queen, thy faithfullest of all,
Self-plunged from light, in terror and despair.
Scarce fierce Atinas and Messapus there,
Beside the town-gates standing, hold their own.
Dense hosts surround them, and with falchions bare,
War's harvest bristles, by the walls upgrown;
Thou on the empty sward art charioting alone."

LXXXVII. Stunned and bewildered by the changeful scene
Stood Turnus, gazing speechless and oppressed.
Shame, rage, and sorrow, and revengeful spleen,
And frenzied love, and conscious worth confessed
Boil from the depths of his tumultuous breast.
Now, when the shadows from his mind withdrew,
And light, returning, to his thoughts gave rest,
Back from his chariot towards the walls he threw
His eyes, aflame with wrath, and grasped the town in view.

LXXXVIII. From floor to floor, behold, a tower upblazed,—
The tower, with bridge above and wheels below,
Himself with beams and mortised planks had raised.
"Sister," he cries, "Fate conquers; let us go
The way which Heaven and cruel fortune show.
I stand to meet Æneas in the fray,
And die; if death be bitter, be it so.
No more dishonoured shalt thou see me, nay,
O sister, let me vent this fury, while I may."

xxxix. He spake, and quickly vaulting from his car,
Through foes, through darts, his sister left to mourn,
Rushed headlong forth, and broke the ranks of war.
As when a boulder, from a hill-top borne,
Which rains have washed, or blustering winds have torn,
Or creeping years have loosened, down the steep,
From crag to crag, leaps headlong, and in scorn
Goes bounding on, and with resistless sweep
ays waste the woods, and whelms the shepherd and his sheep;

c. So Turnus through the broken ranks doth fly
On to the town-walls, where the crimson plain
Is soaked, and shrill with javelins shrieks the sky,
Then shouts, with hand uplifted, to his train,
"Rutulians, hold! Ye Latin men refrain!
Mine are the risks of Fortune, mine of right,
The truce thus torn, to expiate the stain,
And let the sword give judgment." At the sight
he hostile ranks divide, and clear the lists of fight.

ci. But when the Sire Æneas heard the name
Of Turnus, and his foeman's form espied,
Down from the ramparts and the towers he came,
And scorned delay, and put all else aside,
Thundering in arms, and glorying in his pride.
As Athos huge, as Eryx huge he shows,
Or huge as Father Apennine, whose side
Roars with his nodding oaks, when drifted snows
ine on his joyous crest, and lighten on his brows.

cii. Rutulians, Trojans, Latins,—each and all
Look wondering on, both they who man the height,
And they who batter at the base. Down fall
Their arms. Amazed Latinus views the sight,
Two chiefs from distant countries, matched in might.
The lists set wide, they dash into the fray.
Each hurls a spear, then, hand to hand, they fight.
Loud ring the shields, and quick the broadswords play.
arth groans, and chance contends with courage for the day.

XCIII. As on Taburnus, or in Sila's shade
Two bulls, with butting foreheads, mix in fray:
Pale fly the hinds, mute stands the herd dismayed:
The heifers low, unknowing who shall sway
The grove, what lord and leader to obey;
They, with horns locked, their mutual rage outpour,
And thrust for thrust, and wound for wound repay,
Fast from their necks and dewlaps streams the gore,
And all the neighbouring wood rebellows to the roar;

XCIV. So, when both champions on the listed field,
The Trojan and the Daunian, eye to eye,
Met in the deadly conflict, shield to shield
Clanged, and a loud crash shattered through the sky.
And now great Jove, the Sire of gods on high,
Holds up the scales, and sets the long beam straight,
And in the balance lays their fates, to try
Each champion's fortune in the stern debate,
Whom battle's toil shall doom, where sinks the deathful weight

XCV. Forth springs, in fancied safety, at his foe
Fierce Turnus, rising to his utmost height,
And planting all his body in the blow,
Strikes. A loud shout, of terror and delight
Goes up from Troy and Latium at the sight.
When lo, the falchion, as the stroke he plies,
Snaps short, and leaves him helpless. Naught but flight
Can aid him; swifter than the wind he flies,
As in his hand disarmed an unknown hilt he spies.

XCVI. When first his steeds were harnessed for the war,
In haste he snatched Metiscus' sword, 'tis said,
His sire's forgotten, as he climbed the car,
And well enough that weapon served his stead,
To smite the stragglers, while the Trojans fled;
But when it met, and countered in the fray
The arms of Vulcan, then the mortal blade,
Found faithless, like the brittle ice, gave way,
And in the yellow sand the sparkling fragments lay.

cvii. So Turnus flies, and, doubling, but in vain,
Now here, now there, weaves many an aimless round;
For all about him, as he scours the plain,
The swarming legions of the foe are found,
And here the marsh, and there the bulwarks bound.
Nor less Æneas, though his stiff knee feels
The rankling arrow, and the hampering wound
Retards his pace, pursues him, as he wheels,
And dogs the flying foe, and presses on his heels.

cviii. As when some stag, a river in his face,
Or toils with scarlet feathers, set to scare,
A huntsman with his braying hounds doth chase.
Awed by the steep bank and the threatening snare,
A thousand ways he doubles here and there;
But the keen Umbrian, all agape, is by,
Now grasps,—now holds him,—and now thinks to tear,
And snaps his teeth on nothing; and a cry
Rings back from shore and stream, and rolls along the sky.

cix. Chiding by name his comrades, as he flies,
Fierce Turnus for his trusty sword doth cry.
Nor less Æneas with his threat defies,
"Stand off," he shouts, "who ventures to draw nigh,
His town shall perish, and himself shall die."
Onward, though maimed, he presses to his prey.
Twice five times circling round the field they fly;
For no mean stake or sportive prize they play,
Lo, Turnus' life and blood are wagered in the fray.

c. A wilding olive on the sward had stood,
Sacred to Faunus. Mariners of yore
In worship held the venerable bough,
When to Laurentum's guardian, safe on shore
Their votive raiment and their gifts they bore.
That sacred tree, the lists of fight to clear,
Troy's sons had lopped. There, in the trunk's deep core,
The Dardan javelin, urged with impulse sheer,
Stuck fast; the stubborn root, retentive, grasped the spear.

ci. Stooping, Æneas with his hands essayed
To pluck the steel, and follow with the spear
The foe his feet o'ertook not. Sore dismayed
Then Turnus cried, "O Faunus, heed and hear,
And thou, kind Earth, hold fast the steel, if dear
I held the plant, which Trojan hands profaned."
He prayed, nor Heaven refused a kindly ear.
Long while Æneas at the tough root strained;
Vain was his utmost strength; the biting shaft remained.

cii. While thus he stooped and struggled, prompt to aid,
Juturna, to Metiscus changed anew,
Ran forth, and to her brother reached his blade.
Then Venus, wroth the daring Nymph to view,
Came, and the javelin from the stem withdrew,
Thus, armed afresh, each eager for his chance,
The Daunian trusting to his falchion true,
The Dardan towering with uplifted lance,
High-hearted, face to face, the breathless chiefs advance.

ciii. Then Jove, as from a saffron cloud above
Looked Juno, pleased the doubtful strife to view,
"When shall this end, sweet partner of my love?
What more? Thou know'st it, and hast owned it too,
Divine Æneas to the skies is due.
What wilt thou, chill in cloudland? Was it right
A god with mortal weapons to pursue?
Or give—for thine was all Juturna's might—
Lost Turnus back his sword, and renovate the fight?

civ. "Desist at length, and hearken to my prayer.
Feed not in silence on a grief so sore,
Nor spoil those sweet lips with unlovely care.
The end is come; 'twas thine on sea and shore
Troy's sons to vex, to wake the war's uproar,
To cloud a home, a marriage-league untie,
And mar with grief a bridal. Cease, and more
Attempt not." Thus the ruler of the sky,
And thus, with down-cast look, Saturnia made reply.

v. "E'en so, great Jove, because thy will was known,
I left, reluctant, Turnus and his land.
Else ne'er should'st thou behold me here alone,
Thus shamed and suffering, but, torch in hand,
To smite these hateful Teucrians would I stand.
I made Juturna rescue from the foe
Her hapless brother,—mine was the command,—
Approved her daring for his sake, yet so
As not to wield the spear, or meddle with the bow.

vi. "Nay, that I swear, and a dread oath will take
(The only oath that doth the high gods bind),
By that grim fount that feeds the Stygian lake.
And now, great Jove, reluctant, but resigned,
I yield, and leave the loathèd fight behind.
One boon I ask, nor that in Fate's despite,
For Latium, for the honour of thy kind.
When—be it so—blest Hymen's pact they plight,
And laws and lasting league the warring folks unite,

vii. "Ne'er let the children of the soil disown
The name of Latins; turn them not, I pray,
To Trojan folk, to be as Teucrians known.
Ne'er let Italia's children put away
The garb they wear, the language of to-day
Let Latium flourish, and abide the same,
And Alban kings through distant ages sway.
Let Rome through Latin prowess wax in fame;
But fall'n is Troy, and fall'n for ever be her name."

viii. Smiling, the founder of the world replied:
"Thou, second child of Saturn, born to reign
In heaven Jove's sister, and his spouse beside.
Such floods of passion can thy breast contain?
But come, and from thy fruitless rage refrain.
I yield, and gladly; be thy will obeyed.
Speech, customs, name Ausonia shall retain
Unchanged for ever, as thy lips have prayed.
And in the Latin race Troy's mingled blood shall fade.

CIX. "All Latins will I make them, of one tongue,
And sacred rites, as common good, assign.
Hence shalt thou see, from blood Ausonian sprung,
A blended race, whose piety shall shine
Excelling man's, and equalling divine;
And ne'er shall other nation tell so loud
Thy praise, or pay such homage to thy shrine."
Well-pleased was Juno, and assenting bowed,
And straight with altered mind ascended from the cloud.

CX. New schemes the Sire, from Turnus to repel
Juturna's aid, now ponders in his mind.
Two fiends there are, called Furies. Night with fell
Megæra bore them at one birth, and twined
Their serpent spires, and winged them like the wind.
These at Jove's threshold, and beside his throne
Await his summons, to afflict mankind,
When death or pestilence the Sire sends down,
Or shakes the world with war, and scares the guilty town.

CXI. One, for an omen, from the skies he sends,
To front Juturna. Down, with sudden spring,
To earth, as in a whirlwind, she descends.
As when a poisoned arrow from the string
Through clouds a Parthian launches on the wing,—
Parthian or Cretan—and in darkling flight
The shaft, with cureless venom in its sting,
Screams through the shadows; so, arrayed in might,
Swift to the earth came down the daughter of the Night.

CXII. But when Troy's host and Turnus' ranks were known,
Shrunk to the semblance of a bird in size,
Which oft on tombs or ruined roofs alone
Sits late at night, and with ill-omened cries
Vexes the darkness; so in dwarfed disguise
The foul fiend, shrieking around Turnus' head,
Flaps on his shield, and flutters o'er his eyes.
Strange torpor numbs the Daunian's limbs with dread;
The stiffening hair stands up, and all his voice is dead.

xiii. The rustling wings Juturna knew, and tore
Her comely face, and rent her scattered hair,
And smote her breast: "O cruel me! what more
For Turnus can a sister now? What care
Or craft thy days can lengthen? Can I dare
To face this fiend? At last, at last I go,
And quit the field. Foul birds, avaunt, nor scare
My fluttering soul. Too well the sounds of woe,
Those beating wings,—too well great Jove's behest I know.

xiv. "*This* for my robbed virginity? Ah, why
Did immortality the Sire bestow,
And grudge a mortal's privilege—to die?
Else, sure this moment could I end my woe,
And with my hapless brother pass below.
Immortal I? What joy hath aught beside,
Thou, Turnus, dead? Gape, Earth, and let me go,
A Goddess, to the shades!" She spake, and sighed,
And, veiled in azure mantle, plunged beneath the tide.

xv. But fierce Æneas on his foeman pressed.
His tree-like spear he poises for the fray,
And pours the pent-up fury of his breast.
"Why stay'st thou, Turnus? Wherefore this delay?
Fierce arms, not swiftness, must decide the day.
Shift as thou wilt, and every shape assume;
Exhaust thy courage and thy craft, and pray
For wings to soar with, or in earth's dark womb
Sink low thy recreant head, and hide thee from thy doom."

xvi. Thus he; but Turnus shook his head, and said,
"Ruffian! thy threats are but as empty sound;
They daunt not Turnus; 'tis the gods I dread,
And Jove my enemy." Then, glancing round,
He marked a chance-met boulder on the ground,
Huge, grey with age, set there in ancient days
To clear disputes,—a barrier and a bound.
Scarce twelve picked men the ponderous mass could raise,
Such men as Earth brings forth in these degenerate days.

cxvii. That stone the Daunian lifted, straining hard
With hurrying hand, and all his height updrew,
And at Æneas hurled the monstrous shard;
So heaving, and so running, scarce he knew
His running, or how huge a weight he threw.
Cold froze his blood; beneath his trembling frame
The weak knees tottered. Through the void air flew
The stone, nor all the middle space o'ercame,
Short of its mark it fell, nor answered to its aim.

cxviii. As oft in dreams, when drowsy night doth load
The slumbering eyes, still eager, but in vain,
We strive to race along a lengthening road,
And faint and fall, amidmost of the strain;
The feeble limbs their wonted aid disdain,
Mute is the tongue, nor doth the voice obey,
Nor words find utterance; so with fruitless pain
Poor Turnus strives; but, struggle as he may,
The baffling fiend is there, and mocks the vain essay.

cxix. Then, tost with diverse passions, dazed with fear,
Towards friends and town he throws an anxious glance.
No car he sees, no sister-charioteer.
Desperate of flight, nor daring to advance,
Aghast, and shuddering at the lifted lance,
He falters. Then Æneas poised at last
His spear, and hurled it, as he marked his chance.
Less loud the stone from battering engine cast,
Less loud through ether bursts the levin-bolt's dread blast.

cxx. Like a black whirlwind flew the deadly spear,
Right thro' the rim the sevenfold shield it rent
And breastplate's edge, nor stayed its onset ere
Deep in the thigh its hissing course was spent.
Down on the earth, his knees beneath him bent,
Great Turnus sank: Rutulia's host around
Sprang up with wailing and with wild lament:
From neighbouring hills their piercing cries rebound,
And every wooded steep re-echoes to the sound.

cxxi. Then, looking up, his pleading hands he rears:
"Death I deserve, nor death would I delay.
Use, then, thy fortune. If a father's tears
Move thee, for old Anchises' sake, I pray,
Pity old Daunus. Me, or else my clay,
If so thou wilt, to home and kin restore.
Thine is the victory. Latium's land to-day
Hath seen her prince the victor's grace implore.
Lavinia now is thine; the bitter feud give o'er."

cxxii. Wrathful in arms, with rolling eyeballs, stood
Æneas, and his lifted arm withdrew;
And more and more now melts his wavering mood,
When lo, on Turnus' shoulder—known too true—
The luckless sword-belt flashed upon his view;
And bright with gold studs shone the glittering prey,
Which ruthless Turnus, when the youth he slew,
Stripped from the lifeless Pallas, as he lay,
And on his shoulders wore, in token of the day.

cxxiii. Then terribly Æneas' wrath upboils,
His fierce eyes fixt upon the sign of woe.
"Shalt *thou* go hence, and with the loved one's spoils?
'Tis Pallas—Pallas deals the deadly blow.
And claims this victim for his ghost below."
He spake, and mad with fury, as he said,
Drove the keen falchion through his prostrate foe.
The stalwart limbs grew stiff with cold and dead,
And, groaning, to the shades the scornful spirit fled.

NOTES TO BOOK ONE

I. 'The Lavinian shore,' the coast of Italy near Lavinium, an old town in Latium. See also stanzas xxxv. and xxxvi.

III. Carthage was a Phoenician colony, and Tyre was the leading Phoenician city.

Samos was an island in the Archipelago near the coast of Asia Minor. There was a famous temple on it, dedicated to Juno, who was supposed to take a special interest in the island.

V. 'The choice of Paris' refers to the Greek story that once when the gods were feasting, 'Discord' threw a golden apple on the table as a prize for the fairest. Juno, Minerva and Venus each claimed it, but the Trojan prince Paris, who was made judge, gave it to Venus. *Ganymede* was a beautiful Trojan boy who was carried off to Olympus to be Jove's cup-bearer.

VI. Ajax, son of Oileus, desecrated Minerva's temple at Troy. (Cf. Book II. stanza liv.)

XIV. The 'son of Tydeus' is Diomedes, one of the foremost Greek warriors in the war with Troy. Aeneas narrowly escaped being slain by him.

For *Sarpedon* see Book IX. stanza lxxxix. and for *Simois* note on Book VI. stanza xiv.

XXVI. Acestes was king of Eryx in Sicily, which was called 'Trinacria' from its three promontories. See Book V. stanzas iv. and following.

XXVII. See note on Book III. stanzas lxxi. and following.

XXXII. The legend was that Antenor escaped from Troy and established a colony of Trojans at the northern end of the Adriatic. The *Timavus* was a small river near where Trieste now is.

XXXIII. *Patavium*. The modern Padua.

XXXV. Ascanius or Iulus is the son of Aeneas.

XXXVI. The legend was that Rhea Silvia, a priestess of Mars,

bore the twins Romulus and Remus. The two children were exposed and left to die, but were found and nursed by a she-wolf.

XXXVIII. This prophecy refers not to C. Julius Caesar but to his nephew Augustus, as is shown by the references to the east (the battle of Actium) and to the closing of the 'gates of Janus.' For an account of the latter, see Book VII. stanza xxiv.

XL. The 'son of Maia' is Mercury.

XLII. Harpalyce was the daughter of a Thracian king and a famous huntress.

XLIX. *Byrsa.* This word, originally the Semitic word for 'citadel,' was thought by the Greeks to be their own word *Byrsa* meaning 'a bull's hide.' This mistake was probably the cause of the legend given by Virgil.

LV. *Paphos* in Cyprus was one of the chief centres of the worship of Venus.

LX. Priam was the king of Troy, and the Atridae were Agamemnon and Menelaus. Achilles is described as fierce to both, because he quarrelled with Agamemnon about a captive. It is with this quarrel that the *Iliad* opens.

LXII. *Rhesus*, king of Thrace, had come to help the Trojans. It had been prophesied that if his horses ate Trojan grass or drank the water of the river, Troy could never be taken. Diomedes (Tydides) prevented this by capturing the horses.

LXIII. *Troilus:* a son of Priam slain by Achilles.

LXIV. Memnon, son of Aurora, the dawn-goddess, and Penthesilea, queen of the Amazons, came to Troy as allies. They were both slain by Achilles.

LXV. The *Eurotas* was a river in Laconia, and Cynthus was a mountain of Delos. Both places were supposed to be favourite haunts of the goddess Diana. *Oreads:* mountain-nymphs. *Latona* was the mother of Diana and Apollo.

LXX. *Hesperia*, 'the western land,' means Italy.

The Oenotrian folk were an old Italian race settled in the south of the peninsula, in Lucania. *Italus* is an eponymous hero and was probably invented to account for the name *Italia.* Probably *Italia* means 'the cattle land.'

LXXXII. This Teucer, who was a Greek, must be carefully

distinguished from the founder of the Trojans. He was a son of the king of Salamis, and on his return from the Trojan war was exiled by his father. He fled to Dido's father Belus, and with the help of the latter founded a new kingdom in Cyprus.

XCVII. Bacchus was the god of wine and feasting.

NOTES TO BOOK TWO

XXII. An oracle said that the citadel of Troy would never be taken as long as the *Palladium*, or image of Pallas, remained in it. So Diomedes and Ulysses stole the image.

XXXII. Apollo had conferred on Cassandra the gift of prophecy. But she deceived him, and as he could not take away his former gift, he added as a curse that no one should ever believe her.

XXXV. *Neoptolemus* was the son of Achilles and grandson of Peleus.

XLII. *Sigeum* is the name of the promontory which juts out into the Hellespont from the Troad.

LV. The 'Atridan pair' were Agamemnon, king of Argos, and Menelaus, king of Sparta, the sons of Atreus.

LVI. *Nereus* was one of the chief sea-gods.

LXI. Andromache was the wife of Hector.

LXIII. Pyrrhus is the same as Neoptolemus in stanza xxxv.

LXXVI. Creusa and Iulus were the wife and son of Aeneas.

LXXVII. Helen is called 'Tyndarean' because she was the daughter of Tyndarus. Paris, son of Priam, had carried her off from her husband Menelaus, and so caused the Trojan war.

LXXXIII. The goddess Pallas (Athena) wore on her shield the head of the snaky-haired monster Medusa, one of the Gorgons.

LXXXIV. The walls of Troy were said to have been built by Apollo and Neptune.

CV. *Hesperia*, 'the western land,' here means Italy. The Tiber is called Lydian from a tradition that the Lydians had colonised Etruria.

NOTES TO BOOK THREE

X. The *Nereids* were sea-nymphs, the daughters of Nereus. The island mentioned is Delos, and the story referred to is that Jupiter hid Latona, the mother of Apollo and Diana, on the floating island of Delos, in order to shelter her from the jealousy of Juno. By means of chains Apollo fixed Delos between the two small neighbouring islands Myconos and Gyarus.

XII. 'Thymbrean lord.' Apollo, so called from the town of Thymbra in the Troad, where he was worshipped.

XVI. Crete is called 'Gnosian' from 'Gnossos,' the chief town of the island.

XVII. *Ortygia* was the ancient name of Delos.

XXIII. The 'Ausonian shores' means Italy. For the Ausonians, see Book VII. stanza vi.

XXIX. The Strophades were a small group of islands off the south-west coast of Greece. The story alluded to is that Phineus, king of Thrace, unjustly put out the eyes of his sons. As a punishment the gods blinded him, and sent the Harpies—loathsome monsters with the bodies of birds and the faces of women—to defile and seize all the food that was set before him. Phineus was at last freed from them by Zetes and Calais, the sons of the North Wind, who drove the Harpies from Thrace to the Strophades.

For Celaeno's prophecy, see note on Book VII. stanza xvi.

XXXVI. Ulysses, the most cunning of the Greek leaders before Troy, was king of Ithaca, and son of Laertes.

XXXIX. *Phaeacia* means *Corcyra*, and *Chaonia* is a district of Epirus. Its chief harbour was Buthrotum.

XLIII. *Hermione* was the daughter of Menelaus and Helen. Orestes was the son of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra. He slew his mother on account of her treacherous murder of Agamemnon when the latter returned home from Troy, and killed Pyrrhus for having deprived him of his promised bride, Hermione.

XLVI. *Xanthus* was a river that flowed near Troy. The 'Scaean Gate' was the western gate of Troy and looked towards the sea. It was the best known of the gates, because most of the fighting took place before it.

XLVII. Apollo was called 'Clarian' from Claros (near Ephesus), where there was a shrine and oracle of the god.

LII. *Narycas*, or more properly *Naryx*, was a town of the Opuntian Locri in Greece. Virgil follows the tradition that they went and settled in the south of Italy at the close of the Trojan war.

The 'Sallentinian plain' was the land bordering on the Tarentine Gulf, and 'Petelia' was on the east coast of Bruttium, and had been founded by Philoctetes, after he had been expelled from Thessaly.

LV. *Scylla* and *Charybdis* are taken from Homer. The former was a terrible sea-monster with six heads, and the latter a whirlpool. Tradition fixed their abode as the Straits of Messina. Scylla dwelt in a cave on the Italian side, Charybdis on the Sicilian.

LX. Dodona, in Epirus, was one of the famous oracles in Greece.

LXVIII. The place was called 'Castrum Minervae,' and lay a few miles to the north of the southern extremity of Calabria.

LXXII. The Cyclops were placed by Virgil on the slopes of Aetna.

LXXIV. *Enceladus* was one of the giants who had fought against the gods, but Jupiter struck him down with a thunderbolt and buried him under Mount Aetna.

LXXXVII. *Pelorus* was the most northerly headland of the Straits of Messina.

LXXXVIII. *Plemmyrium* ('the place of the tides') is the headland near the harbour of Syracuse, which was built on the island of Ortygia. The legend which Virgil refers to relates that Alpheus, the god of a river in Elis, fell in love with the nymph Arethusa while she was bathing in his waters. Diana changed her into a stream, and in that guise she fled from Alpheus under land and sea, finally issuing forth in Ortygia. Alpheus pursued her, and mingled his waters with hers.

NOTES TO BOOK FOUR

VIII. '*Sire Lyaeus:*' Bacchus. These gods are mentioned in this place as having to do with marriage—possibly they are invoked as being specially the gods of Carthage.

XV. The name 'Titan' as applied to the sun is curious. Perhaps it is a reference to the Greek tale that Hyperion, one of the Titans, was the father of the sun.

XIX. The *Agathyrsians* were a Scythian tribe, and the *Dryopes* were a Thessalian people who dwelt on Mount Parnassus, the especial home of Apollo; Cynthus is a mountain in Delos.

XXVI. 'Ammon' was the African Jupiter.

XXIX. The 'Zephyrs' were the south-west winds, and so the right ones to take the fleet of Aeneas to Italy from Carthage.

XXXII. Atlas was the giant who held apart heaven and earth. Virgil identifies him with the mountains which lie in North Africa between the sea and the desert of Sahara. Atlas was the father of Maia, the mother of Mercury. The latter is called 'Cyllenius' from his birth-place, Mount Cyllene in Arcadia.

XXXVIII. Mount Cithaeron, near Thebes, was famous for the revels which took place there in honour of Bacchus.

XLIV. Phoebus (Apollo) is called 'Grynoeus' from Grynium, a city of Aeolis in Asia Minor. He was much worshipped in Lycia, hence his oracles are often called 'Lycian lots.'

LV. It was at Aulis in Boeotia that the Greek expedition against Troy mustered.

LX. In this passage Virgil has in mind the *Bacchae* of Euripides, in which Pentheus goes mad, and perhaps the *Eumenides* of Aeschylus, but it is more probable that in the latter case he is merely thinking of Orestes as he is represented in tragedy.

LXVI. *Hecate*, the goddess of the lower world, sometimes identified with Proserpina, and sometimes with Diana. She was worshipped at cross-roads by night.

For *Avernus*, see note on Book VI. stanza xviii.

The ancients believed that foals were born with a lump on

their foreheads. The name given to this was *hippomanes*, and it was supposed to act as a powerful love-philtre.

LXXXII. By the 'unknown Avenger' Virgil clearly points to Hannibal.

NOTES TO BOOK FIVE

IV. Eryx was the son of Venus and Butes, Aeneas son of Venus and Anchises, hence they are called brothers here. Eryx is the legendary founder of the town of that name on the west coast of Sicily, near Mount Eryx.

VI. The story was that Acestes was the son of the Sicilian river-god Crimisus and Egesta, a Trojan maiden.

XI. The myrtle was sacred to Venus. Helymus was the supposed founder of the Elymi, a Sicilian tribe. He was a Trojan who had migrated to Sicily from Troy.

XVI.–XVII. The *gens Memmia* and the *gens Sergia* were two distinguished Roman families who traced their descent from Trojans. The only member of the family of Cluentius we know much about is the disreputable person on whose behalf Cicero made a well-known speech.

XXVI. Cape Malea is the most southerly point of Laconia in the Peloponnesus, renowned for its storms.

XXXII. *Panopea* was one of the Nereids or sea-nymphs. Portunus was an ancient Roman sea-god. Originally he was, as his name implies, a god of harbourage.

XXXIII. Meliboea was a town at the foot of Mount Ossa in Thessaly.

LVI. *Alcides*, a common name for Hercules, who was descended from Alcaeus. Hercules slew Eryx in the boxing-match referred to.

LXVIII. This refers to an incident mentioned in the *Iliad*. A truce had been concluded by the Greek and Trojans but it was broken by Pandarus, who shot an arrow at Menelaus.

LXXII. The meaning of this passage is very obscure. For we are not told what the portent signified either in this or the

succeeding books. The old interpretation was that it referred to the burning of the ships (lxxxii. and following), but it is more probable that Virgil was thinking of the wars between Rome and Sicily.

LXXVII. The mother of Augustus was a member of the Atian family, and this passage was evidently inserted by Virgil with the special idea of pleasing Augustus.

LXXX. For Crete and the Labyrinth, see note on Book VI. stanza iv.

CIII. The temple of Venus on Mount Eryx was very celebrated in antiquity. Venus is called 'Idalian' from Idalium in Cyprus.

CXII. All the names that occur in this stanza are those of sea-gods or sea-nymphs.

CXVIII. The Roman poets placed the Sirens on some rocks in the southern part of the bay of Naples.

NOTES TO BOOK SIX

I. *Cumae* was the most ancient Greek colony in Campania. The tradition was that it had been founded by immigrants from Cyme and Aeolis and from Chaleis in Euboea. Hence its name, and the epithet Virgil applies to it.

II. The 'Sibyl' here mentioned was the most famous of the prophetesses of antiquity. She was directly inspired by Apollo (the Delian seer), and dwelt in a cavern near his temple. *Trivia* is an epithet of Hecate. See note on Book IV. stanza lxvi.

III. Daedalus, who built the labyrinth for Minos, incurred the wrath of the latter and escaped from Crete with his son Icarus, by making wings. He fastened them on with wax, and Icarus flying too near the sun, his wings melted and he fell into the Aegean. Daedalus, however, reached Cumae in safety.

IV. On the gate were carvings representing various Cretan stories. Androgeos was the son of Minos, king of Crete. He won all the contests at the Panathenaic festival at Athens, whose king, Aegeus, slew him out of jealousy. In revenge,

Minos made war on the Athenians, and forced them to pay a yearly tribute of seven youths and seven maidens, who were devoured by the Minotaur. This monster was the offspring of Pasiphaë, wife of Minos, and a bull sent by Neptune, and it lived in the labyrinth built by Daedalus. The tribute continued to be paid until Theseus, son of Aegeus, went to Crete as one of the seven. Ariadne, the daughter of Minos, fell in love with him, and helped him to slay the monster.

XIV. *Xanthus* and *Simois* were two rivers which flowed through the plain before Troy. The new Achilles is of course Turnus, king of the Rutuli.

XV. The Grecian town is Pallanteum, the chief city of Evander's kingdom. See Book VIII. stanza vii.

XVI. Acheron was the fabled river of the lower world. Virgil probably had in his mind the real *Acherusia palus*, a gloomy marsh near Naples.

XVIII. There was a volcanic lake near Cumae called *Avernus*, whose waters gave out sulphureous vapours. It was connected by tradition with the lower world. Orpheus, the mythical poet, so charmed the gods of the nether world by his harp-playing, that he was allowed to take back to the upper world his dead wife Eurydice. Castor was mortal, but his brother Pollux was immortal; so when the former was slain in fight Pollux obtained from Jupiter permission that each should spend half their time in heaven, half in Hades. Theseus descended into Hades in order to carry off Proserpine. He was kept a prisoner there until he was rescued by Hercules (Alcides), who came down to carry off Cerberus, the three-headed dog who guarded the entrance (see stanza lvi.).

XXXII. Virgil alludes to the promontory of Misenum on the north side of the bay of Naples. The legend is a purely local one. There is no mention of Misenus in Homer.

XXXIII. 'Aornos' is a Greek word—'where no bird can come.'

XXXV. 'The Furies' mother and her sister' were Night and Earth.

XXXVII. 'Phlegethon' was the 'burning' river of the lower world.

XXXIX. The beast of Lerna is the Lernean Hydra, slain by Hercules; the others are terrible monsters slain by various heroes.

XLI. Charon was the ferryman of the dead.

LIV. Apollo was called Amphrysian because he tended the herds of Admetus near the river Amphrysus in Thessaly. Here the epithet is strangely transferred to Apollo's servant.

LVII. Minos, king of Crete, became one of the judges of the dead, in the under-world. His brother Rhadamanthus was the other. See stanza lxxv.

LIX. For Phaedra, see note on Book VII. stanza ciii. Procris was accidentally slain by her husband, Eriphyle was killed by her son Alcmaeon, Evadne threw herself on her husband's funeral pyre, and Laodamia also died with her husband. For Pasiphaë, see note on stanza iv.

LXIII. Tydeus, Parthenopaeus, and Adrastus were three of the seven heroes who fought against Thebes. The other names are taken from the *Iliad*.

LXXVII. The two sons of Aloeus were Otus and Ephialtes, who threatened to assail the Immortals by piling Pelion on Ossa and Ossa on Olympus. Salmoneus of Elis was punished for having presumptuously claimed divine honours.

LXXX. Ixion was king of the Lapithae, and being taken to heaven by Jupiter, made love to Juno, for which he was eternally punished. Pirithous was his son, and was guilty of having, with Theseus, attempted to carry off Proserpine.

XCIII. *Lethe* was the river of forgetfulness, and those who drank of it forgot their former life and were ready for a new one.

C.–CI. The kings mentioned in these two stanzas are the earliest mythical rulers of Alba Longa. Numitor was the father of Rhea Silvia (Ilia), the mother of Romulus and Remus.

CV. The Emperor Augustus was the nephew and adopted son of C. Julius Caesar, who claimed to trace his descent back to Iulus, and so through Aeneas to Venus herself.

CVIII. The first king referred to is Numa Pompilius, who was a Sabine born at Cures. Tullus and Ancus were the third

and fourth kings of Rome. They can none of them be considered historical figures.

CIX. This Brutus expelled Tarquinius Superbus, the last king of Rome. His sons tried to restore the monarchy and he ordered them to be executed.

CX. The Decii, father and son, both died in battle, and the family of the Drusi had many distinguished members. Manlius Torquatus was celebrated for killing his son for disobeying orders. Camillus was the great Roman hero of the fourth century B.C. He was five times dictator and saved Rome from the Gauls.

CXI. Virgil is referring to Caesar and Pompey.

CXII. L. Mummius captured Corinth, and so ended the war with Greece, in 146 B.C., and is clearly referred to here. By 'the man who lofty Argos shall o'erthrow,' Virgil probably means Aemilius Paullus, who won the battle of Pydna in 168 B.C. against a king of Macedonia who called himself a descendant of Achilles.

CXIII. Cato was the famous censor of 184 B.C. who vainly tried to check the growth of luxury at Rome. Cossus killed the king of Veii in 426 B.C. The two Gracchi were great political reformers. The elder Scipio defeated Hannibal at Zama in 202 B.C., and his son took Carthage in 146 B.C. Fabricius was the general who fought against Pyrrhus, when the latter invaded Italy in 281–75 B.C. Serranus was a general in the first Punic war. The Fabii of renown are so many that Anchises only mentions the most famous of them. Q. Fabius Maximus Cunctator, the general against Hannibal.

CXV. Marcus Marcellus was a Roman general in the first Punic war.

CXVI. Marcellus was the son of the Emperor's sister Octavia, and at the age of 18 he married Augustus' daughter Julia. He was a youth of great promise, and was destined to succeed his father-in-law, but he died of fever at the age of 20 in 23 B.C., amidst universal grief.

NOTES TO BOOK SEVEN

I. 'Thou too, Caieta,' that is to say, as well as Misenus and Palinurus, mentioned in the last book. Caieta gave her name to the town and promontory which were on the confines of Latium and Campania.

II. 'The coast, where Circe'—Virgil identifies 'the island of Aeaea,' the dwelling-place of Circe in Homer, with the promontory of Circeii in Italy.

VI. 'Say, Erato:' Erato was the Muse of Love, and the invocation is not specially appropriate in this place. But the line is an imitation of Apollonius Rhodius iii, 1.

'Ausonia,' a poetical name for Italy. The *Ausones* were early inhabitants of Campania.

VII. *Latinus* was king of the Latins, a small tribe whose chief town was Laurentum. *Faunus*, a god of the fields and cattle-keepers, was afterwards identified with the Greek Pan. *Picus* was a prophetic god. We are told by Ovid that he was changed into a woodpecker (*picus*) by Circe, whose love he had slighted. *Saturnus* was the old Latin god of sowing, and was later identified with the Greek Kronos, father of Zeus.

XII. 'Albunea': apparently refers to a wooded hill with a sulphur spring. Probably it refers to a shrine near some sulphur springs at Altieri, near Laurentum.

'Oenotria': originally the southern part of Lucania and Bruttium, but Virgil uses it poetically for the whole of Italy.

XIII. See note on Book VI. stanzas xvi. and xviii.

XVI. It was not Anchises, but a Harpy who delivered this prophecy. See Book VIII. stanza xxix. This, and other slight inconsistencies in the *Aeneid* are undoubtedly due to the fact that Virgil died before he had revised the poem.

XVIII. 'Phrygia's Mother' was Cybele, the Phrygian goddess.

XXIV. 'Two-faced Janus.' Janus was an old Latin deity, god of the morning and of gateways. He was represented as 'two-faced,' looking before and behind. There was a double

archway in the forum, called *Janus*, which was closed in times of peace, but opened in time of war. See stanzas lxxxi., lxxxii.

XXVIII. The Auruncans were a tribe living in Campania.

XLI. The *Syrtes* were two great gulfs on the north coast of Africa. For Scylla and Charybdis, see note on Book III. stanza lv. The Lapithae were a Thessalian tribe, ruled by Perithous. The Centaurs came to his marriage feast, and at the instigation of Mars, fought with the Lapithae until the latter were defeated. 'Diana's ire' was caused by neglect on the part of king Oeneus of Calydon to sacrifice to her. She sent a wild boar to ravage the country.

LXIX. 'Trivia's lake' refers to the little lake of Nemi. A famous temple of Diana stood here, tended by a priest who was a runaway slave. He gained his office by slaying his predecessor and held it only so long as he could escape a similar fate. Cf stanza ciii.

'Velia's fountains,' a lake in the Umbrian hills beyond Reate.

LXXXVII. Agylla was the original name of Caere.

XC. Homole and Othrys were mountains in Thessaly.

XCI. The Anio flows through the hills near Tibur, and joins the Tiber close to 'Antemnae's tower-girt height.' Cf. stanza lxxxiv.

Anagnia was the largest town of the Hernici, and Amasenus was a river of Latium.

XCIII. All these places were close to each other in Etruria, a few miles north of Rome.

XCIV. It is probable that this passage was left unfinished by Virgil. The simile is taken from Homer, and used here in two different ways, the poet evidently postponing his final decision as to which he would adopt, until he revised the poem.

XCV. Clausus, according to a legend preserved by Livy, was a Sabine who left his own countrymen and joined the Romans. For this he was rewarded by a gift of land on the Anio. He was regarded as the ancestor of the Claudian family.

XCVI. The name of the Allia was ill-omened because it was on the banks of this stream that the Gauls under Brennus inflicted a crushing defeat on the Romans in 390 B.C.

XCVIII. The Oscans were one of the old non-Latin tribes of Italy. Some fragments of their language still remain.

CIII. The legend was that Hippolytus, the son of Theseus, king of Athens, was loved by his step-mother Phaedra. Hippolytus rejected her love, and she killed herself, leaving a writing accusing him of having tempted her. Theseus in his wrath besought Poseidon to slay his son, and the latter sent a monster from the sea, which terrified the horses of Hippolytus so that they ran away and killed their master. Aesculapius raised him to life, however, and Diana concealed him in the grove of Aricia under the name of Virbius. The Virbius in the text is the son of this Hippolytus, also called Virbius.

CVI. Io, the daughter of Inachus, king of Argos, was loved by Jupiter, and turned by him into a white cow in order to escape the jealousy of Juno. The latter, however, set Argus with the hundred eyes to watch her.

NOTES TO BOOK EIGHT

I. Both here and in Book VII. stanza lxxxvii. Mezentius is called the 'scorner of the gods.' The meaning of this allusion is not known. Perhaps it refers to his claiming for himself the first-fruits due to the gods, a legend mentioned by Macrobius See stanzas lxiii. and lxiv.

II. 'Diomed' dwelt at Argyripa or Arpi, a city in Apulia, where he settled with his Argine followers after the Trojan war.

VII. Pallas is the name of an old Arcadian hero. His grandson Evander is said to have settled with his followers on the site of Rome, and called it Pallanteum, after the Arcadian city of that name.

XIV. Hercules was the son of Alcmena and Jupiter. His worship at Rome dated from very early times, as is shown by the legend—mentioned by Livy—that it was established by Romulus according to Greek usage as it had been instituted by Evander.

XVI. The olive branch was the sign—universally recognised in antiquity—of a desire for peace.

XX. The Daunian race means the Rutulians. Daunus was the father of Turnus. Cf. Book XII. stanza iii.

XXVII. Alcides is one of the names given to Hercules. The killing of Geryon, the three-bodied monster who was king in Spain, and the driving off of his cattle, was one of the famous 'twelve labours' of Hercules.

XXXVI. The gens Potitia and the gens Pinaria were the two tribes to which the care of the worship of Hercules was entrusted.

XXXVIII.–IX. In historic times, the Salians were the twelve priests of Mars who kept the twelve sacred shields in the temple of that god on the Palatine hill. Their priesthood was one of the oldest Roman institutions, and their festival was held on March 1, the first day of the old Roman year.

'*His stepdame's hate*' refers to the story that Juno, being jealous of Alcmena, the mother of Hercules, sent two snakes to destroy the latter as he lay in his cradle, but the infant hero strangled them. *Eurystheus* was the king of Tiryns, whom Hercules had to serve for twelve years, and at whose command he performed his famous twelve labours. *Pholus* and *Hylaeus* were two Centaurs; they were called 'cloud-born' because they were the offspring of Ixion and a Cloud. The Cretan monster is the mad bull sent by Neptune to destroy the land; Hercules came to the rescue and carried it away on his shoulders. There is no other mention in ancient literature of the fight between Hercules and Typhoeus. The latter was a hundred-headed fire-breathing monster, who fought against the gods, and was buried beneath Mount Aetna.

XLII.–XLVIII. Evander shows the town to Aeneas, tells him of the former state of Latium, and points out to him the chief places of interest. *Asylum*—Livy tells us that in order to increase the population, Romulus offered a refuge at Rome to all comers from the neighbouring towns. The *Lupercal* was the sanctuary of Lupercus ('wolf-repeller'), an old Roman shepherd god. The *Capitol* is referred to as 'now golden,' because in Virgil's time the roof of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus was gilded.

L. Thetis, the mother of Achilles, persuaded Vulcan to make arms for her son, and so had Aurora, the goddess of dawn, 'Tithonus' spouse,' when her son Memnon went to Troy to fight against the Greeks.

LV. The island here referred to is Hiera, one of the Aeolian isles, north-east of Sicily. It is now called Volcano. The *Cyclops* were originally gigantic one-eyed cannibals who lived a pastoral life near Mount Aetna. In later legends they are described as the assistants of Vulcan.

LVI. These three names are Greek and mean 'Fire-anvil,' 'Thunder,' and 'Lightning,' respectively.

LXXIV. *Erulus* is not mentioned by any other ancient writer, so we cannot explain the allusion. *Feronia* was a Campanian goddess.

LXXVIII. *Lucifer*, 'the light bringer,' was the name of the morning star, which, rising just before the sun, seemed to bring the daylight.

LXXX. The Pelasgians were a very ancient race, of whom only traces existed in Greece in historic times. They were said to be very wide-spread, but the tales connecting them with Italy are all unhistoric. *Silvanus* was an ancient Latin woodland deity.

LXXXIV. The story, as related by Livy, is that the Romans being in want of wives, Romulus instituted games in honour of Neptune. At a given signal, the Romans seized and carried off the Sabine maidens who had come to see the games.

LXXXV. *Mettus*, dictator of Alba, had been called in to assist the Romans under Tullus Hostilius. He came, but withdrew his troops in the middle of the battle. For this treachery he was punished in the way Virgil describes. *Horatius Cocles* was the hero who guarded the Tiber bridge against Porsenna of Clusium. *Cloelia* was a Roman maiden who had been sent as a hostage to Porsenna. She escaped by swimming across the Tiber.

LXXXVI. The event here referred to is the invasion of Rome by the Gauls in 390 B.C. They captured the whole of the city, except the Capitol, which was successfully defended by Manlius, who had been put on the alert by the cackling of a flock of geese.

LXXXVII. See note on stanza xxxviii. The *Luperci* were the priests of Lupercus. *Catiline* was the author of the conspiracy of B.C. 63. Cicero, the famous orator, was consul for that year and frustrated the plot. *Cato* the younger died at Utica in 49 B.C. In the Roman writers Catiline is always the proverbial scoundrel and Cato is always taken as the model of rigid and exalted virtue.

LXXXVIII. At the battle of Actium, in B.C. 31, the fleet of Augustus met those of Antony and Cleopatra, and owing to the desertion of the Egyptians at the crisis of the fight, gained a complete victory over them.

XC. The Cyclads were the western islands of the Greek archipelago.

XCIV. The Carians lived in the south of Asia Minor, the Gelonians beyond the Danube, and the Morini on the North Sea, near where Ostend now is. The Dahae were a tribe of Scythians, and the Leleges were an ancient people spread over Asia Minor.

NOTES TO BOOK NINE

I. Iris, the rainbow-goddess, daughter of Thaumas, was the messenger of the gods. Pilumnus was an ancient Latin god, and an ancestor of Turnus.

XI. *Ida* was the mountain in the Troad whence the wood for the fleet was taken. *Berecyntia.* Cybele, the mother of the gods. Originally a Phrygian goddess, the centre of whose worship was Mount Berecyntus.

XIV. The 'brother' is Pluto, god of the lower world. To swear by the Styx was the most dread and binding oath; it was inviolable even by the gods.

XVIII. The reference here is to the story of how Paris, son of Priam, king of Troy, seized Helen, the wife of Menelaus, king of Sparta, and so caused the Trojan war. Menelaus and Agamemnon were the sons of Atreus.

XXVIII. For Acestes see note on Book V. stanza vi.

XXXIII. Assaracus was an ancestor of the Trojan race, and his household gods would of course be the tutelary spirits of the Trojan royal family.

LII. *Latonia*. The daughter of Leto, and sister of Apollo, Diana, who was identified with the Greek Artemis, the goddess of the woods and of hunting.

LXXII. 'Jove's armour-bearer' is the eagle.

LXXV. The Symaethus was a river in Sicily.

LXXVII. The 'wily-worded Ithacan' is Ulysses, the hero of the *Odyssey*.

LXXX. *Dindymus* was a mountain in Phrygia, the seat of the worship of Cybele.

LXXXVI. "The Kid-star" The 'kids' are two little stars which first rise in the evening towards the end of September, during the equinoctial gales.

LXXXVII. The *Athesis* is the modern Adige. The *Padus* is the Po.

LXXXIX. Sarpedon was a Lycian prince who had fought for the Trojans at Troy and been slain by Patroclus. 'Theban' here refers to the town of Thebe in Cilicia, mentioned by Homer.

XCI. *Baiae* was a favourite seaside resort of the rich Romans on the bay of Naples.

Prochyta and *Arime* were two rocky islands close to the bay of Naples.

Typhoeus was a hundred-headed monster slain by Jupiter and buried under Prochyta and Arime.

NOTES TO BOOK TEN

I. Olympus was a mountain in Thessaly, and was believed by the Greeks to be the home of the gods. Hence it came to be used for 'heaven'; as in the present passage.

II. Jupiter is referring to the invasion of Italy by Hannibal in 218 B.C.

IV. Diomedes, the son of Tydeus from Aetolia, is said to have

settled, after the Trojan war, in Apulia, where he founded the city of Arpi. The Latins, it will be remembered, had asked him to help them against the Trojans. See Book VIII. stanza ii. And for the result of the embassy, Book XI. stanza xxxi. and following.

VI. For the burning of the vessels at Eryx, see Book V. stanzas lxxxii. and following. For *Aeolia* Book I. stanzas viii. to xx. For *Alecto* Book VII. stanzas xliv. and following.

VIII. Paphos, Amathus, and Idalium were towns in Cyprus. Cythera is an island off the southern coast of Greece. All four were celebrated in antiquity as centres of the worship of Venus.

XIV. The robber was Paris, who carried off Helen.

XXI. *Ismarus* was a prince from Lydia, a district in Asia Minor, called Maeonia in ancient times. The Pactolus was a river in Maeonia, famous on account of the quantity of gold it washed down. The 'Capuan town' is Capua.

XXIII. The lions are there because Cybele the Phrygian goddess, worshipped by the Trojans on Mount Ida, was drawn in her chariot by two lions. The figure-head of Aeneas' ship was probably an image of a goddess, personifying the mountain.

XXIV. Mount Helicon is in Boeotia, and was sacred to Apollo and the Muses. *Clusium* and *Cosae* were Etruscan cities.

XXV. *Populonia:* a town on the coast of Etruria. *Ilva* (the modern Elba): an island off the coast of Etruria near Populonia.

XXVII. Cinyras and Cupavo were sons of Cycnus. The legend tells us that Phaëthon rashly attempted to drive the chariot of the sun, and was killed by a thunderbolt from Jupiter, while so doing. Cycnus, who was devotedly attached to him, was changed into a swan while lamenting his death.

XXVIII. Mantua was Virgil's birthplace. Hence probably the insertion of this tradition as to its origin. Mincius, mentioned in the next stanza, is a Lombard river, the Mincio, and flows out from Lake Benacus (Lago di Garda).

XXXVII. Sirius, the dog-star, whose rising was supposed to coincide with the hot weather, is always spoken of as bringing pestilence and trouble. The connection between Sirius and the hot weather was one of the conventions of poetry which the Augustan writers had borrowed from the Greeks.

LXVII. The story referred to is that of the fifty daughters of Danaus, who were married to the fifty sons of Aegyptus, their cousins. Danaus ordered his daughters to murder their husbands on their wedding night, and they all obeyed except Hypermnestra, who loved her husband Lynceus, and so saved his life.

LXXIII. Trivia here refers to Diana. Gradivus is an archaic Latin name for Mars.

LXXVII. 'Mute Amyclae' was probably so called because the inhabitants had been forbidden, owing to false alarms, to speak of the approach of an enemy. But if Virgil is referring, not to the Amyclae near Naples, but to the original Amyclae in Laconia, then the proverbial taciturnity of those inhabiting the latter country offers sufficient explanation. *Aegeon* was a monster with 100 arms and 50 heads. He is more often called Briareus.

LXXIX. In the *Iliad* Aeneas had been rescued from Diomedes and Achilles. Liger is taunting him with this.

NOTES TO BOOK ELEVEN

XXXI. *Iapygia*, a Greek name for the southern part of Apulia.

Garganus: name of a mountain in Apulia.

See also note on Book X. stanza iv.

XXXIII. The references in this stanza are (1) to the storm which Minerva (Pallas) raised when the Greeks set sail from Troy. (2) To the story of Nauplius, king of Euboea, who hung false lights over the headland of Caphareus, and so caused the wreck of the Greek fleet.

XXXIV. 'Proteus' Pillars' means Egypt, and the stories of Menelaus, as also the adventures of Ulysses with the Cyclops, will be found in the *Odyssey*. For *Pyrrhus* see note on Book III. stanza xxxix. For *Idomeneus*, that on Book III. stanza xvii. Agamemnon was killed by his wife and her lover, when he returned home at the end of the Trojan war.

XXXV. Calydon was the ancient home of Diomedes in Aetolia.

LII. The Myrmidons were the followers of Achilles—Tydides is Diomedes. The *Aufidus* is a river of Apulia.

LXIX. Opis was a nymph of Diana (Latonia).

LXXXIV. Virgil is comparing Camilla to the two famous Amazons, Hippolyte who was married to Theseus, and Penthesilea who fought for Troy and was slain by Achilles.

NOTES TO BOOK TWELVE

XI. Orithyia was the wife of Boreas the North Wind, who according to legend was the father of the royal horses of Troy.

XXV. The two children of Latona were Apollo and Diana.

XXIX. Camers was king of Amyclae. See note on Book X. stanza lxxvii.

XLV. The story of Dolon is taken from the *Iliad*. He offered to spy upon the movements of the Greeks if Hector would give him the chariot and horses of Achilles. He was however captured and slain by Diomedes (Tydides).

LII. 'Paeon': a name used of Apollo as the Healer.

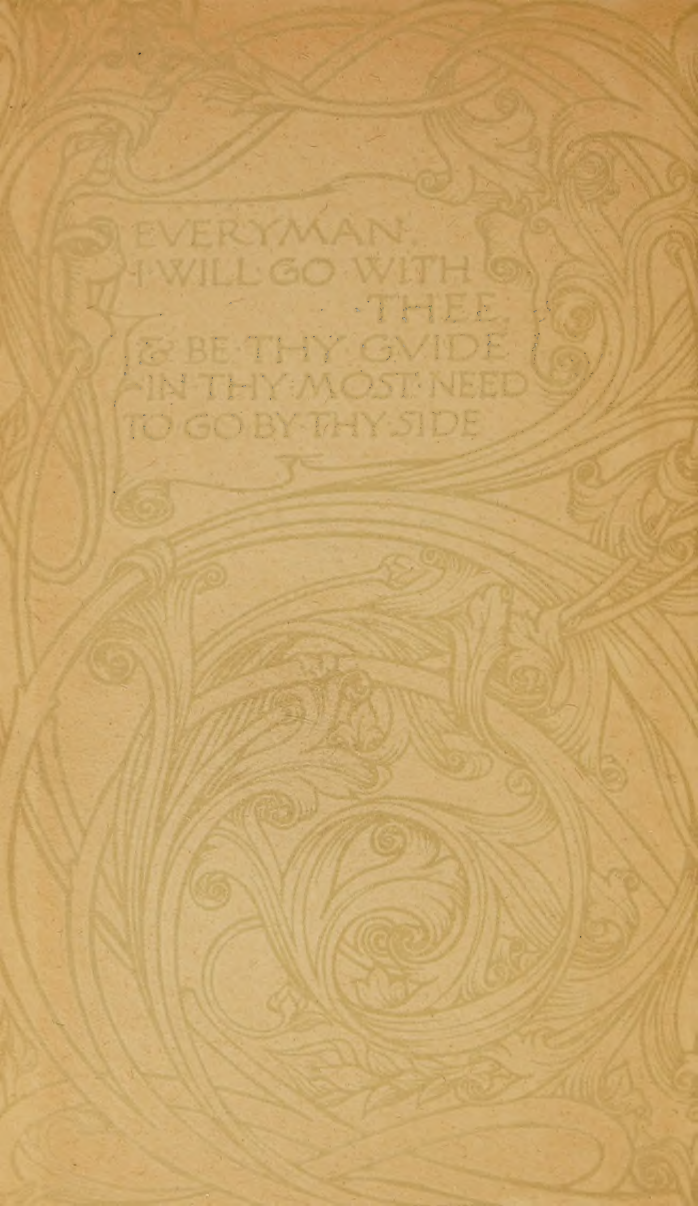
LXIX. 'Cupencus' was the name given by the Sabines to the priests of Hercules.

XCI. *Athos:* the mountain at the extreme end of the peninsula between Thrace and Thessaly. Mount Eryx is in the north-west of Sicily.

XCIII. *Taburnus:* a mountain in Samnium.

Sila: a range of mountains in the extreme south of Italy.

RICHARD CLAY & SONS, LIMITED,
BREAD STREET HILL, E.C., AND
BUNGAY, SUFFOLK.


EVERYMAN
I WILL GO WITH
THEE
& BE THY GVIDE
IN THY MOST NEED
TO GO BY THY SIDE